THE LITERARY DIGEST

PUBLIC OPINION (New York) combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST

Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company (Adam W. Wagnalls, Pres.; Wilfred J. Funk, Vice-Pres.; Robert J. Cuddihy, Treas.; William Neisel, Sec'y), 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

Vol. LIII, No. 9 New York, August 26, 1916 Whole Number 1375

TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

"DESERVING DEMOCRATS" AND REPUBLICAN CRITICS

THAT MR. HUGHES has "got under the skin" of the Administration by his attacks upon its civil-service record is conceded by several independent editors, while leading non-partizan journals like the New York *Evening Post*, Springfield *Republican*, and Chicago *Daily News* agree that the Republican candidate has done a conspicuous public service by pushing this issue to the fore. "Suitable rewards for deserving Democrats" would seem to be the Administration's motto, Mr. Hughes remarked to a North Dakota audience, calling to mind Mr. Bryan's famous letter about the Santo Domingo appointments. Mr. Bryan at once retorted from Kansas City that the "deserving Democrat" is "as much entitled to recognition as a 'deserving Republican,'" and the Democratic press have jeered at the former justice for emphasizing such a party issue, or declared their party's record to be no worse than the Republicans', or endeavored to show the actual high character of most of the Wilson appointments. At least one Republican paper, the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, is willing to agree with some of its political opponents that, while public opinion does indorse the principle of civil-service reform, as a matter of fact, "every party—and faction of party—signalizes its possession of power by peddling out the plums." But most Republican editors look at Democratic civil-service shortcomings far less charitably. The New York *Tribune*, for instance, speaks of the "debauching of the public service," and the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* calls it "wholesale looting." The independent Lowell *Courier-Citizen* has "not the slightest doubt that the Administration has monkeyed with the civil-service list in wholesale fashion." The record, according to the likewise independent but anti-Wilson Providence *Journal*, "is that not since Andrew Jackson's time has the public service been turned over to place-hunters with such conscienceless disregard of the spirit of civil-service reform, and such carelessness about the consequences to the efficiency of the nation's business." What makes it worse, says *The Journal*, is that "Mr. Wilson was supposed to have a soul above such bargains." Indeed, laments the Indianapolis *Star*, one of the Progressive papers now supporting Mr. Hughes:

> "For a President who, it was the boast of his highbrow supporters before his election, represented the loftiest political standards of any candidate in history, this is a sad descent. And the worst of it is that he can never be put back on his pedestal. He fell from that permanently when he united with Mr. Bryan in placing 'deserving' but incompetent Democrats in important places. . . . . . .
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> "The record the Democratic party has made in the last three years is a disgraceful reversion to the old spoils system. . . . Public office is not looked upon as a public trust but as an opportunity to feed at the public crib. This Government never will be economically and efficiently administered until that theory has been swept into the discard.
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> "The citizen who sincerely desires good government does not care whether the postman who brings his mail is a Republican or a Democrat. If that man is competent the people on his route believe he should not be displaced because there has been a change of Administration in Washington. Yet that he should be ousted is, in effect, the Democratic position as illustrated by its attitude toward public service wherever it has been possible to force changes. Mr. Hughes proposes to put an end to such partizanship and to handle the public's business in a business-like way."

This proposal has been made again and again by the Republican leader on his way from the Great Lakes to the Pacific. It is part of what he means by "America efficient." One group of hearers were told how the one-time investigator of the insurance scandal would "like to have the authority to investigate this Administration for about six months." They heard him say deliberately and emphatically:

> "I don't believe in paying debts with public office. We don't want to maintain a political almshouse."

Speaking in Montana, Mr. Hughes called for "pitiless publicity with respect to the incompetence of the appointments of this Administration," and declared that "there is not a public office in this country that should not have written in letters of gold over its portals—because it is the one lesson needed to be learned —'Public office is not a private snap.'" A few days earlier, in the Chicago Coliseum, where the Republican convention met last June, Mr. Hughes outlined what he intended to do to make our Government more efficient:

> "One of the very serious charges which must be laid against the present Administration is the charge of putting incompetent men into important positions. That is not for the benefit of Democracy. And I now, in this place, where I was nominated, without any regard to political future, say this: That if I am elected President of the United States I propose that every man that I put in charge of an important department shall be a man eminently fit to discharge the duties of that department.

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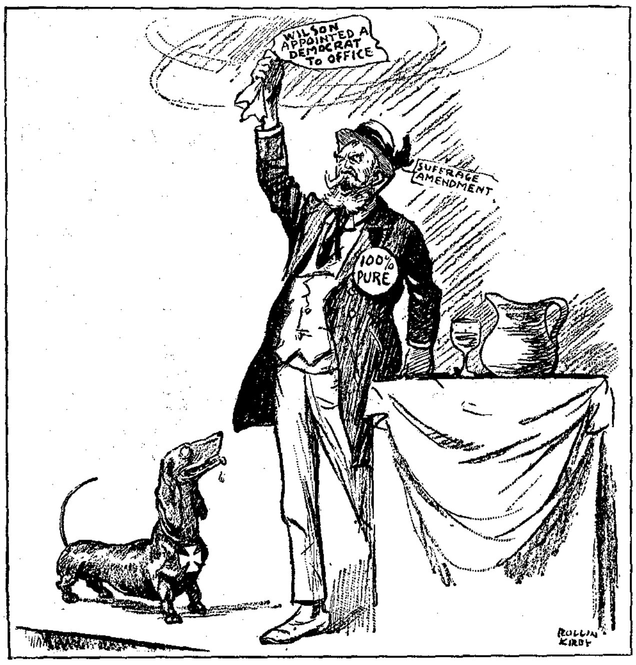
Published weekly by Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, and Salisbury Square, London, E. C.

Entered at the New York Post-office as second-class matter.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post-office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

I propose that in diplomatic service training shall count something. I propose that when a man goes from this country to represent the great American people in another nation—and I do not care whether it is a small nation or a big nation, for we want our influence in small and great—I propose that that man shall be a worthy representative to whom the people whom he is accredited to will look with respect and esteem, seeing in him the efficiency of the great United States. . . . . . .



HIS NEW ISSUE.

—Kirby in the New York *World*.

"Now there is another side that I wish to speak of with respect to a businesslike Administration. Four years ago the Democratic party in its platform accused the Republican party of waste and extravagance. They said that they were going to be economical. When they got in they were more wasteful and more extravagant than any Administration had ever been. I don't care, if I am elected President, what becomes of my personal political fortunes. I propose that we shall have government in a businesslike way. We won't have any more, if I can stop it, of these 'kiss-me-and-I'll-kiss-you' appropriations in Congress. We have to-day no conspectus, no examination in a critical and proper way of the demands upon the Government, such as any corporation would expect. I am glad that the Republican platform put forth a key-note when it demanded a businesslike, responsible budget, and if I am elected President I propose to see, so far as executive authority will permit, that we get rid of this travesty of Administration and have a businesslike budget by which we can understand what we ought to pay, what our comparative needs are, what our income is to satisfy them and by which responsible administration can be secured.

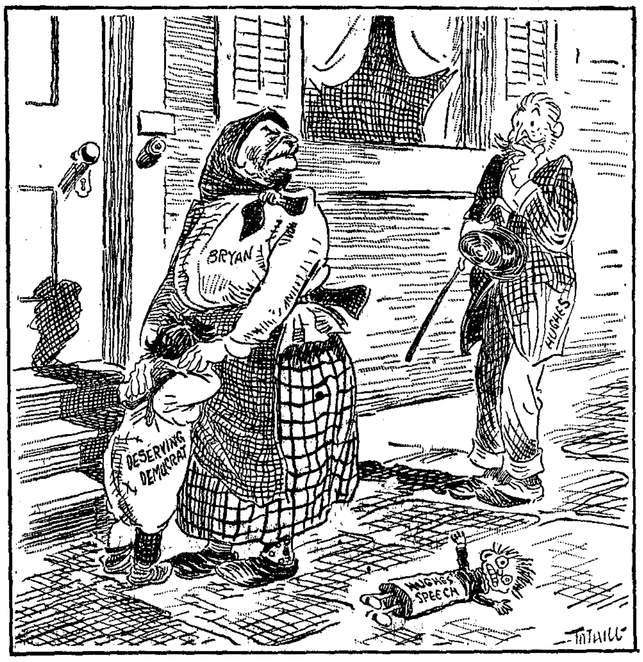
"I am a lawyer, but I have grown up alongside of business men, and I have respect for facts. I do not want any hot air in mine. I have no respect for the idea that because Democratic government is a government of the people, by the people, and for the people it is a government of the foolish, for the foolish, and by the foolish."

Coming from Mr. Hughes, says the Chicago *Evening Post* (Prog. Rep.), these promises represent a real issue "of efficient Administration" against "the slipshod, opportunistic, mossback Democratic Administration." *The Daily News*, commenting on the same speech, found Mr. Hughes "better as an efficiency expert, an effective enemy of pork legislation and slovenliness in Administration," than "as a critic of Mr. Wilson's foreign policy. He is a man of facts and forthrightness rather than a man of vision." If Mr. Hughes becomes President "there will be a new standard of performance," the New York *Globe* is convinced. Other Presidents have compromised, we are told, but Mr. Hughes refused to do so when Governor of New York, and "equipped with the greater power of the Presidency, he will stand true to his convictions," for "he would prefer to go out of office rather than to sacrifice what to him is a vital principle of good government."

That Mr. Hughes is "doing good work" in calling attention to the Democratic Administration's political appointments is as clear to the Springfield *Republican* (Ind.) as it is to its Republican contemporaries. The President, it says, "entered office a civil-service reformer. He has been a disappointment, on the whole. Some, not all, of Mr. Hughes's attacks on Mr. Wilson's appointments are justified." As *The Republican* sums up two cases which have been widely discust since Mr. Hughes brought them into the campaign: "the Republicans score in the Durand case; the Democrats score in the Tittmann case. For Dr. Tittmann makes it clear that he voluntarily resigned from the post of Superintendent of the Coast and Geodetic Survey solely on account of ill health." On the other hand, "Mr. Durand's statement that his retirement as head of the Federal census bureau was not in reality voluntary will be accepted as final. The Administration was justly criticized when the change was made." *The Republican* continues:

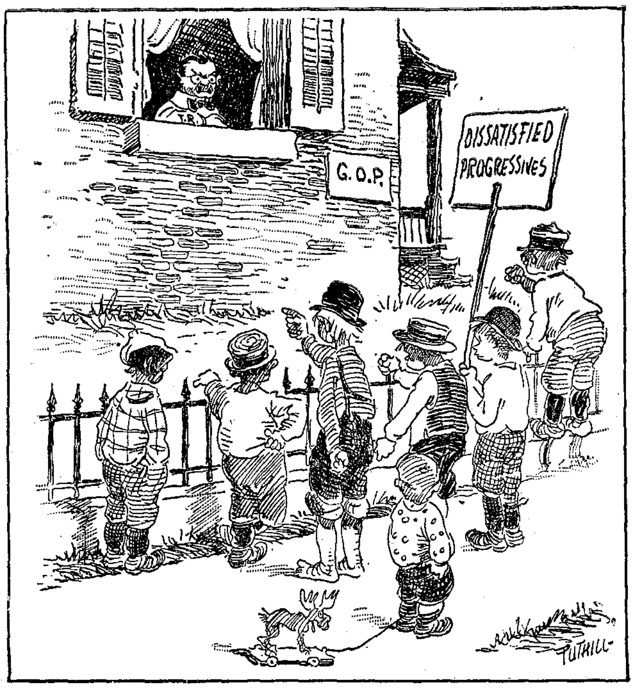
> "The President doubtless consulted political expediency in adjusting his course, preferring to accomplish something big in legislation by keeping his party solidly at his back in Congress rather than invite constant ruptures with senators and representatives over the patronage. He has gained certain big things, but, on the whole, the civil service has deteriorated because of the infusion of so many new, inexperienced office-holders.
>
> "It is a deplorable fact that public sentiment is still insufficiently developed to make possible a highly efficient administrative service in this country. . . . The American people can have civil-service reform when they demand it, and not before. Under the next Federal Administration, whoever may be President, it is to be hoped that the standard will be raised so that future backsliding will be rendered more difficult than ever before."

Of course, says *The Republican*, Mr. Hughes can not "make the people believe that the Democrats are the only sinners." And "even if it be conceded, which is conceding a great deal, that the Democrats have not been any more loyal to the civil-service principle than their opponents, it is," in the Brooklyn *Citizen's* (Dem.) opinion, "mere folly to imagine that any question of so trivial a character can blind the public to the real issues of the campaign—issues which bear upon peace and war, and upon the whole industrial life of the country." Candidate Hughes, thinks the Norfolk *Ledger-Dispatch*, "is pitching his

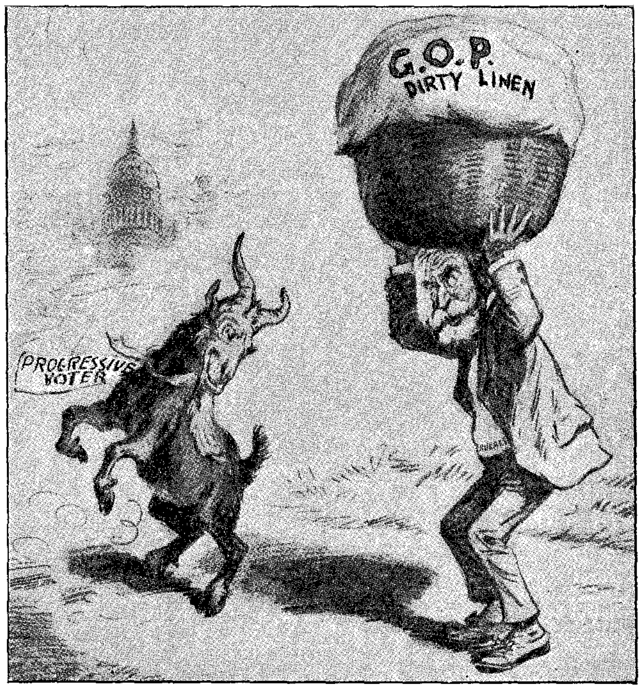


YOU BRUTE!

—Tuthill in the St. Louis *Star*.



WAIT TILL WE GET YOU!
—Tuthill in the St. Louis *Star.*



CAN YOU TRUST A GOAT?
—Johnson in *The Saturday Evening Post.*

PITILESS INTENTIONS OF PARTYLESS VOTERS.

campaign on a weak plane when he ignores the things of moment and takes up 'the cases' of a few disgruntled office-holders who have lost their jobs." "In the midst of the greatest crisis known to modern history," observes the New York *World* (Dem.):

"The most important issues in Mr. Hughes's mind are the substitution of a Democratic director of the census for a Republican director of the census, the appointment of a son of Battery Dan Finn to a place in the customs service, and the failure of the President, occupied with matters of the first magnitude, to keep all the petty pork out of a River and Harbors Bill. It is like abusing Abraham Lincoln because the streets in Washington were not better paved during the Civil War, and declaring that in consequence his Administration was a failure."

But the Democrats do not rest their case there. The St. Louis *Republic* goes through the list of important Wilson appointments in the diplomatic service. It notes the retention of Ambassador Morgan in Rio de Janeiro, and the promotion of Mr. Fletcher from Chile to Mexico. It finds Messrs. Walter H. Page, Thomas Nelson Page, Van Dyke, Reinsch, Whitlock, Penfield, and Stinson no whit inferior to their predecessors in the capitals, respectively, of Great Britain, Italy, Holland, China, Belgium, Austria, and Argentina. And it asks in all confidence of a universal affirmative answer: "Has there ever been a time when the United States was represented more capably throughout the length and breadth of the diplomatic field than now?"

Similarly, the New York *Times* (Ind. Dem.) prints a letter from Edwin G. Conklin, a Princeton professor and zoologist, who declares it "unfair and untrue" to charge Mr. Wilson with making unfit scientific appointments. The fact is, he declares, "that no President within recent years at least has taken so much pains to obtain the advice of scientific societies and of scientific men regarding appointments to scientific positions within the Government; and none has more faithfully followed that advice, as is shown, for example, in his appointment of the present Commissioner of Fisheries, the Chief of the Weather Bureau, and the Chief Chemist of the Department of Agriculture."

"In all fairness," writes Mr. David Lawrence from Washington to the New York *Evening Post*, tho there have been blunders,

"it must be said that the Democratic Administration has maintained in office more Republicans than anybody ever dreamed would be the case. In fact, Mr. Wilson's personal unpopularity with Congress has been due to an extent to his refusal to turn out of office the Republicans he inherited from previous Administrations. Mr. Wilson has made fewer changes than even the Republicans themselves expected."

There is not the slightest indication, as the independent New Haven *Journal-Courier* sees it, that the voters are interested in the unfolding of Mr. Hughes's "vague plan for the regeneration of American Government, while there are signs that the old boys in the trenches feel the goose-pimples crawl up their spines as they learn of his pledge to keep them where they are should he be elected. For the moment he is appealing to neither the independents nor the regular Republicans." And it likewise seems to the Washington *Post* (Ind.) that,

"As a campaign-issue, the so-called abuse of the civil-service system is likely to be a two-edged sword. If the political workers are told that they need not expect to be recognized with appointments to the Government service, they are hardly likely to be very active in the campaign. Organization has been found to be a necessary part of the representative system of government. Without two well-defined political organizations it would be difficult to thrash out political principles, and without political leaders and workers there would be no organization.

"On the whole, the United States Government is run pretty well. One party going out of power covers all its appointees into the civil service, and naturally the party coming into power lifts the political embargo, temporarily at least, in order to reward the faithful. It is a game that has been going on in the United States almost since the foundation of the republic. It will continue as long as human beings remain human.

"It is idle to talk of running the United States Government like a private corporation. If that were possible, there would be no need of civil-service restrictions. In fact, the civil-service law has been known to interfere very frequently with efficiency, enabling men with mere book-learning and little actual experience to get into the service and remain there. Private concerns go into the open market and pick the best men. The civil-service laws are merely a check upon the spoils system, and while the regulations may be evaded occasionally for political purposes, they must be evaded also now and then for efficiency's sake."

Echoes of the Hughes charges have naturally been heard in Congress, where the Durand and Tittmann cases were freely discust, and where Senator Penrose (Rep., Pennsylvania) read a list of Democratic office-holders, and stated the sum each contributed to the 1912 Democratic campaign fund.

THE PRESIDENT'S HAND IN THE RAILWAY CRISIS

WHEN THE PRESIDENT took charge of the railroad controversy it meant that the "crisis itself was passed," as the New York *Times* remarks, tho the President's act brought no immediate solution for the problem. President Wilson's intervention was inevitable, the New York *Evening Post* points out, as soon as efforts at mediation failed, for there arose "a challenge to the national power, and the man in whose hands that power is placed for the time being could not but act." In this, as the Brooklyn *Eagle* notes, he followed the example set by two of his predecessors. In the days of Debs, the Brooklyn editor remembers, "Grover Cleveland said that a postal card would go through to the Pacific coast tho it should take every soldier and all the gold in the country to get it there. That numbered the days of Debs." In his turn, "Theodore Roosevelt summoned the parties to a dispute threatening to culminate in a coal-famine. He said: 'I do not invite a discussion of your respective claims and positions.' He appealed to the spirit that makes individual sacrifices for the general good. There was no coal-famine." Each of these Presidents "grasped the nettle danger" in a characteristic fashion, tho they had no such serious situation as Mr. Wilson had to deal with. President Wilson, as the New York *World* describes his action, "went over the heads of the nothing-to-arbitrate chiefs of the railroad brotherhoods," and talked "face to face with the 600 district chairmen of the brotherhoods": he went "over the heads of the unyielding committee of railroad managers to meet the responsible executives of the leading lines." Neither side in the present railroad controversy, the Springfield *Republican* thinks, "has ever expected that a final show-down would come until the President of the United States had intervened and appealed for a pacific settlement." Indeed,

> "By reason of the precedents established in several controversies of this character, the President of the United States has come to play a well-understood and well-established rôle as a conciliator in railroad troubles, altho no law has conferred upon him the least authority to coerce anybody or has recognized such a function as part of the duties of the chief magistrate. There are several reasons why this state of affairs has been brought about. First of all, the railroad brotherhoods, even before they agreed to fight together instead of fighting separately, had shrewdly fixt on the years of Presidential or Congressional elections for bringing out their demands on the railroads. . . . The brotherhood leaders reckon that the politicians of the party in power want no railroad strike to happen, and therefore will use their influence to have the workers' demands complied with or compromised. . . . . .
>
> "There are other reasons for putting such a controversy up to the President, as a last resort. Railroads are public utilities and are the channels of interstate commerce. A President may intervene, after a railroad strike has started, with unpleasant results, as Cleveland did in 1894. . . . . .
>
> "Then, too, the game has been played so that both the railroads and the brotherhoods, if they will yield anything at all of their contentions, prefer to yield to the direct request of the President of the United States rather than to surrender to each other's demands. They save face by so doing; for to yield to the request of the President may be made to seem like an act of patriotism."

Then, if they would not yield, the President could act, continues *The Republican*—

> "He could go before Congress, remind it that under the Federal constitution its power to regulate interstate commerce is absolute, and ask it for a specific and comprehensive grant of authority, in a great national emergency, to take possession, in the name of the United States Government, of every railroad which had ceased to perform its normal function and to restore it to the uses of the people as soon as operating staffs could be found. No railroad property would need to be confiscated; the purpose would be to utilize it in the safeguarding of traffic and this temporary utilization under Government authority would continue until the companies and their employees' representatives could agree upon a settlement of their dispute."

Or, as the New York *Times* suggests, the President could refer an issue to Congress, which would have the power of establishing an eight-hour day in interstate commerce, if it desired. The railroad brotherhoods, it will be remembered, asked for an eight-hour day with the present pay for ten hours, and "punitive" time-and-a-half pay for overtime. *The Times* thinks this "an unfair combination in the railway business." It quotes the decision of the arbitrators of the 1913 Eastern railroads' case to the effect that "punitive overtime is an unsound principle when applied to the running of trains," and comments as follows:

> "The difference between a fixt working-day for railways and shops is fundamental. In shops and trades generally the eight-hour day means work for eight productive hours, no more, no less. If the men work longer, they produce more, and the increased production is the source of the increased pay for overtime. The employer has the option to take or leave the orders which necessitate overtime. If he takes them, he passes the cost to the buyer of the goods. Punitive overtime for the railways is appropriately named. It produces no more income for the railways, and is imposed by conditions beyond control. If there is a delay for a connection, if congested tracks run a train upon a siding, if the weather is bad and the trains are slowed, the men get their pay by time, altho they fail to produce the mileage which is the source of the railways' income. If they produce the mileage, the men are excused from working the full day. It is an alternative standard in which the railways get the worst of it both ways and the men the best of it either way."

Much of the discussion at the White House conferences revolved about this principle of the eight-hour day, and the President soon arrived at the conclusion that it might well be granted, perhaps temporarily, or under the supervision of a commission to observe its practical workings, while the other points of controversy could be referred to arbitration. The railroad managers have asserted that it would cost them $100,000,000 annually to put the eight-hour day into effect, but the representatives of the employees have reduced this estimate to $20,000,000 a year. The Sioux City *Tribune* has considered the employees' argument and found it "reasonable." For one thing, "safety first" for the traveling public "demands that men on railroads be not overworked," and "trainmen also offer the hint to the shipper that if the eight-hour law goes into effect, it will solve the freight-car famine to a great extent. Railroads will then speed up their freight-schedule, in order to avoid overtime wages, and freight-cars will be rushed to their destination and unloaded instead of ding-donging along on the road for weeks." The Springfield *Republican*, which has discust at some length the various phases of the railroad crisis, sees "nothing inherently objectionable in the eight-hour-day demand." It says:

> "While on railroads the trainmen can not hope to make an eight-hour day a reality in actual working conditions in the same sense that mechanics in a factory make it a reality, there are reasons for thinking that the nearer the reality can be approached the better for the employees and the public. It is within the power of Congress to establish an eight-hour day on railroads by law, and, before the employes strike for it, they should seek it through legislation. Meanwhile, the railroad companies may well concede the eight-hour day, as the base-line of wages, rather than challenge the men to strike. . . . . .
>
> "If the railroads should concede the basic eight-hour day, the brotherhoods should be willing to hold in abeyance their demand for time and a half as the rule for overtime pay."

Besides the 18 per cent. of the railroad employees who are trainmen, says a writer in *The Railway Age Gazette*, there are the other 82 per cent. to whom the result of the brotherhoods' campaign "will be not only unfavorable, but harmful." A strike would throw them out of work, as the Dallas *News* notes, and the granting of the brotherhoods' demands would leave the railroad cupboard "too nearly bare to satisfy any hopes the shopmen, the trackmen, the office men, and the rest of railroad employees may entertain of having their wages increased soon."

TRIUMPH OF THE BIG-NAVY BILL

THE MOST EFFECTIVE MEANS to enlighten foreign nations with regard to the true sentiment of this country, observes the Washington *Post*, is employed by the House of Representatives in agreeing to the Senate increases in the naval building program and the provision for an enlarged Navy personnel. The "big-navy" bill appropriation is $315,000,000, and, according to a statement of Secretary Daniels, this is the largest "ever carried in a single appropriation bill by any country," and he tells us further that, according to "naval authorities abroad," this authorization will make our navy the "second largest in the world in every unit that goes to make a powerful fighting force." Parenthetically, it may be recalled to our readers that in THE LITERARY DIGEST's poll of 500 editors on the size of the Army and Navy (March 11, 1916) 40 per cent. of the opinions favored a navy second only to Great Britain's, and 60 per cent. a navy as large as any in the world. Recurring to the Washington *Post*, we are advised that the United States is entered upon a naval policy that "can not fail to command the immediate attention and profound respect of the world's greatest nations." This independent journal is also imprest because, despite the imminence of a Presidential election, when the majority in Congress usually tries to hold down appropriations, the two parties have "swept politics aside and with patriotic zeal have made provision for the early protection of the New World." This fact is also noted by the New York *Globe* (Rep.), which points out that in the vote of 283 to 51 both parties contributed in about the same degree to majority and minority. From a Washington correspondent of the New York *World* (Dem.) we learn that the personnel amendment to the bill increases the Navy's strength in men to 74,400, and, as to vessels, this informant adds:

> "The program adopted to-day authorizes 157 new ships for the Navy, 66 of which are to be begun as soon as practicable, and the construction of the remainder to be begun prior to July 1, 1919. The ships authorized are as follows: 10 battle-ships, 6 battle-cruisers, 10 scout-cruisers, 50 torpedo-boat destroyers, 9 fleet submarines, 58 coast submarines, 1 submarine with Neff system of propulsion, 3 fuel-ships, 2 ammunition-ships, 1 hospital-ship, 1 repair-ship, 1 transport, 2 destroyer tenders, 1 fleet submarine tender, 2 gunboats.
>
> "Of this number the following are to begin at once: Four battle-ships, 4 battle-cruisers, 4 scout-cruisers, 20 torpedo-boat destroyers, 30 coast submarines, 1 fuel-ship, 1 ammunition-ship, 1 hospital-ship, 1 gunboat.
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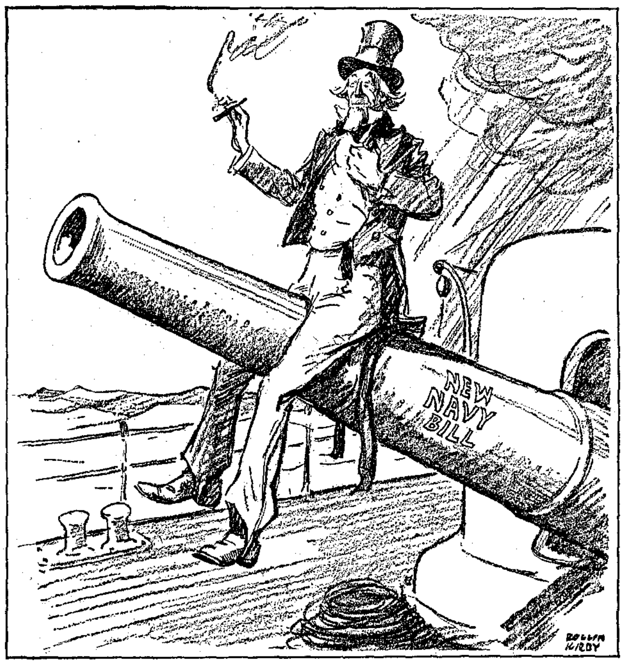
> "The amount carried toward the 66 ships is $110,726,160. The total cost of the whole program of 156 vessels is estimated at $588,180,576, leaving to be appropriated, $477,454,416."

For official information in this matter we may turn to the statement to the press by Secretary Daniels, in which he said in part:

> "The eight capital ships—four dreadnoughts and four battle-cruisers—to be constructed at once, will carry the heaviest guns and will surpass any capital ships yet constructed by any nation.
>
> "Probably the best way to understand the true significance of the three-year building program authorized is to state that its construction, together with the other ships authorized under Wilson's Administration, will cost $655,289,806.
>
> "In order to show the increase in recent years I have examined the record since 1900, and it shows that the total cost of naval craft authorized in the quadrennial period is as follows: During the McKinley-Roosevelt four years, $107,006,642; during the Roosevelt four years, $83,192,938; during the Taft four years, $127,747,113; during the Wilson Administration, $655,289,806. I give *the total authorizations* by each Administration."

A feature of the debate on the bill was the opposition of Representative Claude Kitchin, Democratic leader of the House, who is quoted in Washington dispatches as follows:

> "I denounced this building program two months ago and I can not see any difference now. If it was wrong then it is wrong now, and more so, because since then two great naval Powers have lost 100,000 tonnage each in battles.
>
> "I tell you that we are now in second place among the navies of the world. I want to call attention to the enormity of this program. It increases within three years by more than $120,000,000 *the construction program of all the nations on earth* for ten years prior to the outbreak of the European War. And yet you say that this country is not crazy; that we are sane and conservative. By this action you are taking to-day you make the United States in dollars and cents the greatest militaristic naval nation the world has ever seen."



I SHOULD WORRY!

—Kirby in the New York *World*.

The New York *Commercial* (Fin.) gives credit to Representative Kitchin for "obeying the dictates of his conscience, no matter what the cost to himself," but thinks he "certainly occupies an anomalous position when he opposes an Administration for which he speaks when an Administration measure is before the House." In approving the Senate naval increases, we learn from a Washington dispatch to the New York *Sun* (Ind. Rep.), the national-defense program is virtually completed and the appropriations are "far in excess of those ever before voted by this Government in time of peace," and we read that:

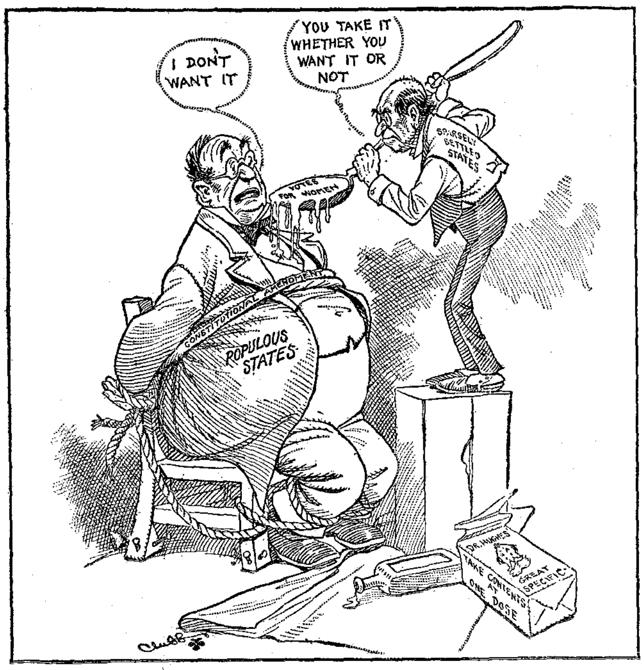
> "The national-defense bills passed provide for expenditures aggregating $637,344,000, divided as follows: Army, $267,000,000; Navy, $315,000,000; fortifications, $25,748,000; military academy, $2,238,000; Army and Navy deficiency, $27,558,000; total, $637,344,000."

Vast as this sum is, says the Brooklyn *Eagle* (Ind. Dem.), it is not too much to spend for the sense of security which an enlarged Army and Navy will produce in the public mind, and this journal adds:

> "We have witnessed in Europe the worthlessness of treaties and the futility of arbitration courts. We have been taught that in the present state of civilization—or perhaps of barbarism—we are dependent for our safety upon our demonstrated ability to protect our rights and resist aggression. It is idle to say that no one is challenging our rights, that no nation is contemplating aggression at our expense. That sort of talk is beside the mark. Our rights have been challenged in the past; we have been threatened with aggression. What has occurred may occur again. The recognition of that liability by the people of the United States has been somewhat belated, but it is still timely enough to make the future reasonably secure."

WESTERN WOMEN'S DRIVE ON DEMOCRACY

NOTHING MORE FOOLISH in political strategy can be imagined, according to the Philadelphia *Record* (Ind. Dem.) than the action of the National Woman's party at Colorado Springs on August 11, in pledging itself to work in the twelve equal-suffrage States to defeat the Democratic candidate for President. Other Democratic papers are equally severe, while a daily of no political leaning, the New York *Journal of Commerce* (Fin.), regrets that this organization has done something to "discredit the cause of woman suffrage with reasoning people." *The Record* thinks that it may be too much like attaching importance to these "misguided women, who are novices in politics," to point out the folly of arousing the antagonism of one of the great political parties by opposing it in a Presidential campaign; still, it would remind them that if they are to get the franchise through a Constitutional amendment, they must have the support of Democrats as well as Republicans. An amendment proposed must receive the votes of "two-thirds of both the United States Senate and the House of Representatives, and then must be ratified by three-fourths of the States." If thirty of the present forty-eight States are opposed to a suggested change, it can not be made, and *The Record* remarks that there are sixteen Southern States which, for purely local reasons, are strongly opposed to extending the suffrage to women. Of the remaining thirty-two States, the Democrats control, at a low estimate, fully a third, wherefore this journal concludes that it is "political idiocy" to excite the enmity of such a powerful party through "threats to oppose in the few sparsely settled States where women now vote." The resolution of the National Woman's party thus sharply criticized is reported by the press as follows:



WILL IT COME TO THIS?

—Clubb in the Rochester *Herald*.

> "Whereas, The present Administration, under President Wilson and the Democratic party, has persistently opposed the passage of a national-suffrage amendment, and
>
> "Whereas, Each of the other national parties, either by their platform or through their candidates, are pledged to the passage of a Federal amendment enfranchising women, therefore be it
>
> "Resolved, first, That the National Woman's party, so long as the opposition of the Democratic party continues, pledges itself to use its best efforts in the twelve States where women vote for President to defeat the Democratic candidate for President, and in the eleven States where women vote for members of Congress to defeat the candidates of the Democratic party for Congress.
>
> "Resolved, secondly, That we congratulate the Progressive, Prohibition, and Socialist parties upon the definite stand which they have taken in their indorsement of suffrage for women by national action.
>
> "Resolved, thirdly, That we commend the position of the Republican candidate for President, Charles Evans Hughes, for the unequivocal stand which he has taken for human liberty by his indorsement of suffrage for women by national action, and assure him of our appreciation of his statesmanlike position."

The decision of the National Woman's party in the West, we are informed by a Washington correspondent of the New York *Times*, is approved by suffragists in the capital, and he quotes Miss Lucy Burns, vice-chairman of the Congressional Union for Woman Suffrage, as saying that this movement will "receive the hearty support, both moral and financial, of women throughout the whole country," because—

> "The Democratic party has for four years treated with open contempt the movement for the enfranchisement of women. They have not only opposed a Federal suffrage amendment, but have refused to allow it to be discust and voted on by the representatives of the people.
>
> "President Wilson opposed the Federal suffrage amendment without giving it due consideration, in the first place; and now continues his opposition through sheer unwillingness to admit a bad error of judgment and tactics.
>
> "Women will certainly not return to power a party that has denied them justice."

On the day following the conference of the National Woman's party at Colorado Springs, President Wilson addrest a letter on equal suffrage to the Jane Jefferson Democratic Club of Denver, which the press quote in part, as follows:

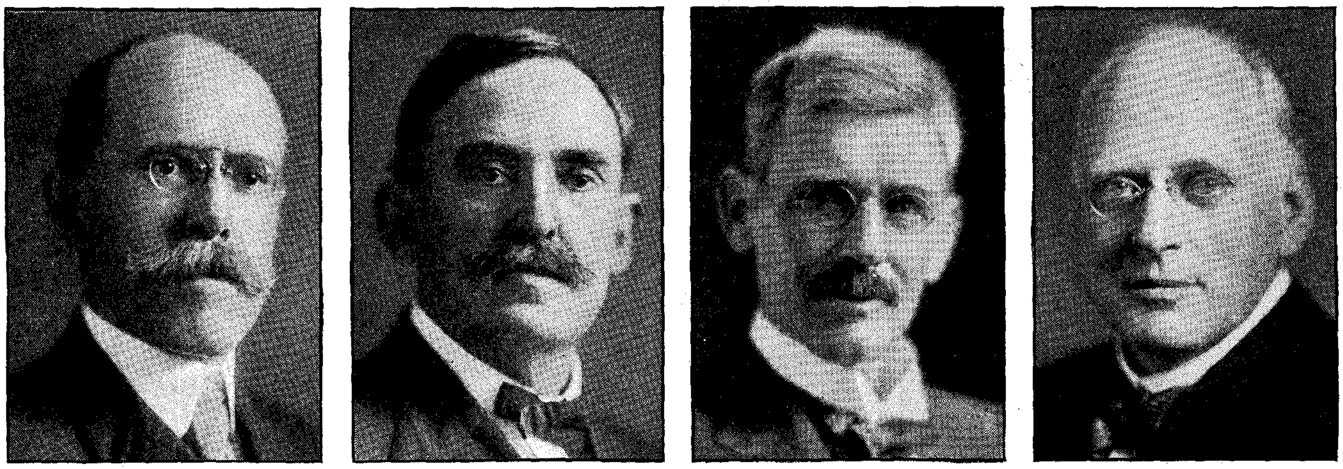
> "Both great political parties of the nation have in their recent platforms favored the extension of suffrage to women through State action, and I do not see how their candidates can consistently disregard these official declarations. I shall endeavor to make the declaration of my own party in this matter effectual by every influence that I can properly and legitimately exercise."

Further, he stated that woman's part in the progress of the race is "as important as man's," that "suffrage and service go hand in hand," and that the "war in Europe has forever set at rest the notion that nations depend in times of stress only upon their men." Critics of Mr. Hughes, who take him to task for coming out in favor of the Susan B. Anthony Federal amendment, may find his defense in a speech at Spokane, Wash., on August 14, in which he is quoted by the New York *World* correspondent in part as follows:

> "Feeling that the people were entitled to know my personal position in respect to the proposed Federal amendment, I took early occasion to state it. I did not see how it was possible, altho the matter was not mentioned in the platform, to go through a political campaign with my views upon that question concealed. I had no desire to conceal them. I had long entertained them.
>
> "I think the question is one which should be settled for the entire country, and settled as speedily as possible; and, therefore, while I did not propose to attempt to add, and could not add, to the platform of my party, I stated my personal conviction that the amendment should be submitted and ratified."

The Springfield *Union* (Rep.) charges President Wilson himself with disregarding the Democratic platform declarations "in regard to the single term, in regard to the enforcement of the civil-service rule, in regard to waste and extravagance in public appropriations, in regard to toll exemption for American coastwise traffic passing through the Panama Canal, and in various other particulars," and this journal adds:

> "As a matter of fact, the platform declarations have meant absolutely nothing to him, except now and then, as in the case of woman suffrage, to be used as a pretext to cover up his real reason for opposing some project. He put himself on record in this respect early in his Administration, when he declared that 'a party platform is not a program.' His real reason for opposing woman suffrage is because the solid South does not want it, but he lacks the consistency and the sincerity to admit this fact."



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GEORGE W. NORRIS. CHARLES E. LOBDELL. W. S. A. SMITH. HERBERT QUICK.

THE FEDERAL FARM-LOAN BOARD.

The Democratic New York *World* is particularly critical of the Republican Presidential candidate because, in order to get the 2,000,000 women votes, he proposes that "the Constitution of the United States shall be put on the auction block, and that the legislatures of States that represent a minority of the population shall regulate the suffrage in the domestic affairs of States that represent a majority of the population."

FARM-LOAN ACT UNDER WAY

"THE MAGNA CARTA of American farm finance," one enthusiastic advocate calls the Federal Farm-Loan Act, which was treated in these pages under the date of July 29, when even some of its stoutest opponents admitted that it might have good results if its control were entrusted to "real" representatives of the farmers. Since then the President has appointed a Farm-Loan Board of four members, with Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo as ex-officio chairman, and we learn from the press that they are making a journey covering the country from Maine to California to establish Federal land-banks, and, as a Washington correspondent of the New York *Times* relates, to "determine the best means of placing all the advantages of the system at the disposal of the farmers." To accomplish this, a close study of farm conditions and farm-loan means will be made in each State, and witnesses at the hearings will advise the board as to the needs of the farmers, the extent to which they expect to use the system, and present difficulties in obtaining credit on farm mortgages, together with the cost of loans, including interest and commissions.

In this connection we read in *The American Agriculturist* (New York) that the ultimate effect of the farm-loan act should be "a gradual lowering of farm-mortgage interest-rates throughout the country," and it claims that the measure is "rich in possibilities of good to every farmer," and especially to those who need long-term loans. As to the members of the board, this journal believes that they are all "practical men closely in touch with farmers and their needs." They are Mr. George W. Norris, of Philadelphia, Loan Commissioner and executive head; Judge Charles E. Lobdell, of Great Bend, Kan.; Capt. William S. A. Smith, of Sioux City, Iowa, and Mr. Herbert Quick, of Berkeley Springs, W. Va., and *The American Agriculturist* sets forth their qualifications as follows:

> "Judge Lobdell has had extensive experience in farm-loans in Kansas, where he is president of the First National Bank of Great Bend and a string of Kansas banks which make extensive loans to farmers. He is a lawyer of prominence and has been president of the Kansas Bar Association and the Kansas Bankers' Association. George W. Norris, of Philadelphia, has had an extensive experience in bond investments. He is a director of the Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia. Captain Smith is engaged in large farming operations in western Iowa, where he is also connected with the Stock Yards National Bank in Sioux City, which transacts millions of dollars of business with farmers. He is a student of rural credits for many years and an authority on farm-loans. Herbert Quick is widely known to farmers as a student of rural credits and a farm-paper editor.'

For a less optimistic point of view about these men, we may turn to *The Financial Age* (New York), which says that "not much can be said one way or the other" as to the personnel of the board because "none of the appointees has any special reputation as a financial expert." Mr. Lobdell, we are told, has been a lawyer and a judge, "but his experience in banking extends only five years back, altho he is said to have had an extensive experience in farm-loans." Yet this journal admits that he has been "remarkably successful" as president of the First National Bank of Great Bend, Kan., and thinks it possible that in his new and wider field "he will not fail to measure up to President Wilson's confidence in his abilities." Mr. Norris, of Philadelphia, *The Financial Age* goes on to say, has no doubt acquired much valuable knowledge of investments as member for some years of a private banking firm in Philadelphia. Then, having been a director of the Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia, he will no doubt be able to advise his fellow directors as to policies best calculated to facilitate the operations of the new system. Captain Smith is described as an expert in farm practise, and as possessing a broad knowledge of farm conditions throughout the country, while Mr. Quick is said to be a student of rural credits, and, as former editor of *Farm and Fireside,* must be well known to the farming community, "altho his qualifications for his new office are not quite so apparent to the financial community." After all, however, "perhaps when the members of the board begin to wrestle with the intricacies and complexities of the land-bank scheme, the country will be in a better position to judge their abilities," according to this journal, which adds:

> "That these will be subjected to the most rigorous of tests is apparent from the nature of the law itself, which is a most complicated affair, and one which will require no end of study to unravel its mysteries.
>
> "One of the innumerable pitfalls which beset the course of the new system, and the one above all others which must be avoided if the plan is to prove the financial success the Administration hopes for, is the danger of permitting the Federal land-banks to encroach upon the business, rights, and prerogatives of State institutions. It requires no extraordinary gift of prophecy to foresee the time when competition of the fiercest sort will mark the relations between the Federal land-banks and the thousands of small State banks which have heretofore controlled

the great bulk of the country's farm-loan business. This means that sooner or later the country banks will find it expedient to test the constitutionality of the whole land-bank scheme on the ground that it provides for an unwarranted exercise of Federal power in the several States. If this test ever is made, it will, without doubt, make an end of the system. In the meanwhile the experiment will have a free field and the nation will have another opportunity of figuring up the cost of what obviously is a mere vote-catching device."

To show the workings of the Federal Farm-Loan Act, the above-quoted *American Agriculturist* explains that it authorizes farmers in any school district, township, or county to organize their own club through which to borrow money at reasonable rates on long-time and easy terms of repayment upon the security of first farm mortgages. Ten or more persons, we are told, who are the owners or about to become the owners of farmland qualified as security for a mortgage may form such a national farm-loan association, and *The American Agriculturist* adds:

"Membership may be denied and a loan rejected by the directors. In this way the farmers' own local borrowing society, called a National Farm-Loan Association, may control its membership in the interest of responsible farmers, bona-fide settlers, and actual workers upon or cultivators of the farms proposed to be mortgaged. Thus speculators in land, non-resident landholders, landlords who own simply to let out their land to tenants, or other persons who are not bona-fide farmers, may be excluded.

"Furthermore, the Federal land-bank has the right to reject the application for a loan from any association for any member of the latter. Thus, the land-bank could reject a loan which had 'got by' the local branch if in the judgment of the land-bank such loan were for purposes foreign to the act."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

PROBABLY the highest explosive in Europe is Maximilian Harden.—*New York Sun.*

HUGHES should abandon trying to be "human." He should be just natural.—*Buffalo Enquirer.*

Too bad there is no national convention to stop the favorite-son movement at Verdun.—*Cleveland Leader.*

HAVE primaries eliminated the wicked bosses or are the wicked bosses eliminating the primaries?—*New York Sun.*

ONE advantage a baseball-player has over a railroad man is that it takes three strikes to put him out.—*Washington Post.*

AGENT Buying Munitions Here for Venezuela.—*Headline.* Probably merely preparing for a Presidential election.—*New York World.*

THE shade of Moses must look down with keen interest upon the latest Sinai expedition that is followed by a line of water-pipes.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

MARQUIS OKUMA says it was not Commodore Perry, but a Russian envoy, that opened Japan. But we were speaking of the front door.—*Boston Herald.*

THE followers of Hughes, who agree that it is a crime to give offices to pay political debts, undoubtedly base their hopes wholly on the ground of fitness.—*Newark News.*

APPARENTLY, when a German drops a bomb, he hits only women and children, while an Allied aviator can throw one into a crowd and never touch a soul except soldiers in uniform.—*Indianapolis Star.*

AFTER these political orators finish the campaign and are all through telling the public what they really think of one another, they shouldn't complain if a lot of us fail to vote for any candidate.—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

MAX HARDEN is unpopular in Germany, Shaw is unpopular in England, Romain Rolland is unpopular in France—the offense of each being that he is unwilling to believe that the present enemies of his country are altogether iniquitous, altogether deserving of complete destruction, root and branch. A man pays for his ability to be a citizen of the world by losing out in his own voting precinct.—*New York Evening Sun.*

MR. WILSON now learns how it feels to be held to strict accountability.—*Boston Transcript.*

WHEN President Wilson acts, that is Words. When Mr. Hughes talks, that is Deeds.—*New York World.*

WE are inclined to predict that the European struggle will end through lack of a quorum.—*Washington Post.*

THE Allies' "big push" seems to have deteriorated into a series of stiff nudges.—*Des Moines Register and Leader.*

No one ever knows how many art-treasures a village possesses until it has been effectively bombarded.—*Washington Post.*

WELL, anyway, when Pershing does come out of Mexico, he will leave a pretty good auto-road behind him.—*Memphis News Scimitar.*

BREAD and milk may be going up, but the price of at least one essential of life—the small motor-car—has been again reduced.—*Baltimore News.*

IF Colonel Roosevelt had been nominated, he would have had President Wilson under suspicion of stealing Fords by this time.—*Columbus Ohio State Journal.*

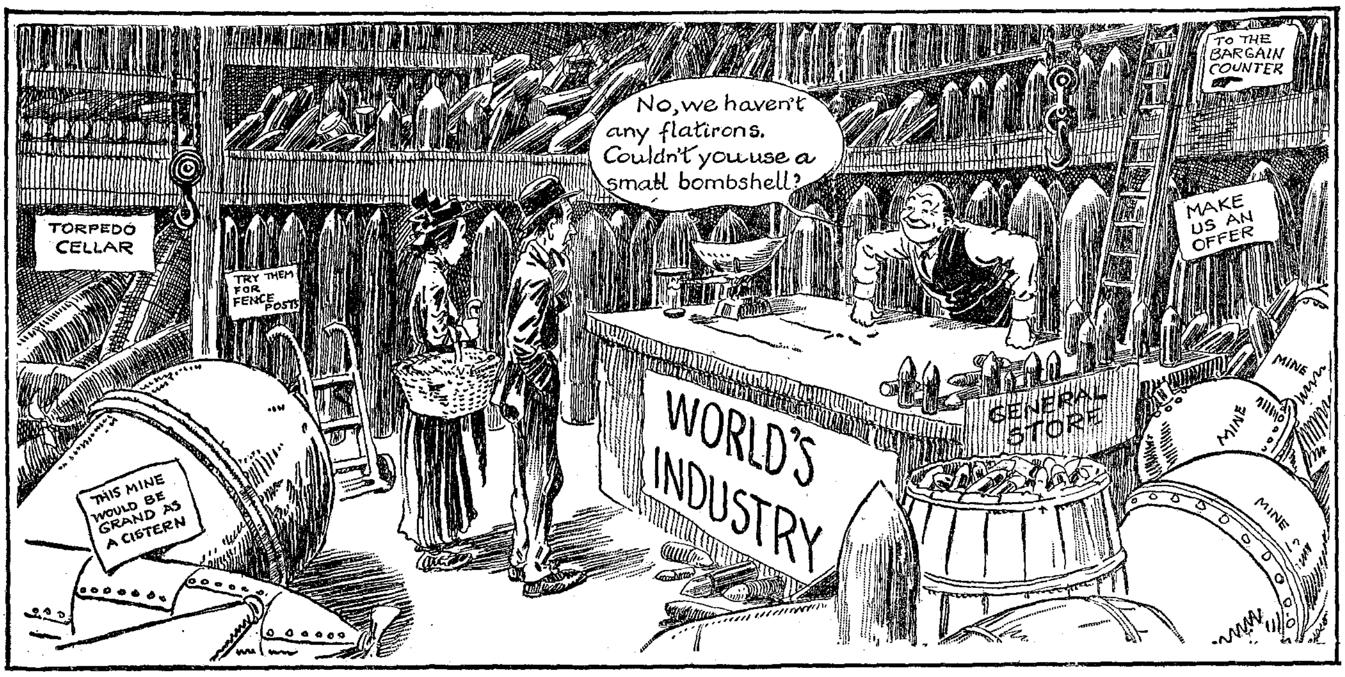
AUSTRIANS felt so secure, they opened beer-gardens in some of their trenches. This will probably stimulate the Allies to greater efforts.—*New York Evening Telegram.*

DENMARK may be inclined to put enough of a price on those islands to compensate her for the embarrassment she suffered at the hands of our Dr. Cook.—*Washington Star.*

THERE will be no occasion for believing that the Allies are having things all their own way on the Eastern front until von Hindenburg experiences his first serious illness.—*Washington Post.*

THERE are so many campaign issues that Mr. Hughes deserves great credit for going unerringly to the heart of things and charging that Mr. Wilson has been giving the Republicans' jobs to the Democrats.—*Grand Rapids Press.*

A WASHINGTON writer says that the White House lawn and grounds are in better kept condition than they have been before in years. It is refreshing to find one thing on which the Administration apparently is not open to criticism.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*


TO THE BARGAIN COUNTER
No, we haven't any flatirons. Couldn't you use a small bombshell?
TORPEDO CELLAR
TRY THEM FOR FENCE POSTS
MAKE US AN OFFER
WORLD'S INDUSTRY
GENERAL STORE
MINE
MINE
MINE
THIS MINE WOULD BE GRAND AS A CISTERN

INDUSTRIAL POSSIBILITY—IF PEACE EVER COMES.

—Bradley in the Chicago *Daily News.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

GERMANY'S PEACE CAMPAIGN

NOT PEACE BUT WAR seems to be the true object of the great nation-wide campaign inaugurated on August 1 by the German "National Committee for Securing an Honorable Peace." This organization started operations in some thirty-five cities by holding meetings at which speakers of national fame appeared, and, from the remarkable unanimity of sentiment shown, it would seem that it is desirable to explain to the people the necessity for another year of war. This is made clear by the utterances, at Leipzig, of Dr. Friedrich Naumann, the originator of the Central Europe Economic Union scheme. He said:

> "To-day we must face the fact that our achievements so far have not convinced the enemy that the historic decision has fallen in our favor."

Like most of the other speakers, he went on to urge a sharper prosecution of the war as the surest way to peace, and in what some of the editors term "his discreetly veiled plea for the resumption of unlimited submarine-warfare," said:

> "We, in the German fatherland, believed that a final decision of the war could be brought about by a particular blow. This was essentially a military and technical question, but we made almost a moral question of it. On the first day of the third year of war we must be prepared to travel a still longer and roundabout road. We must follow our destiny in order that we may not lose what we have won by the heroic death of so many of our sons."

Speaking at Bochum, Mr. Georg Bernhard, editor of the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung*, preached the same doctrine in still more emphatic terms. His view runs:

> "It is understandable that at the end of the second year of the war the desire for peace stirs more strongly than ever before in all the nations, but perhaps most of all in Germany, despite our great successes in the East and West, altho we have not felt the horrors of war in our own land. The German nation was ever peace-loving, but love of peace is not indicative of weakness and quitting.
>
> "Since we must continue the war, it must be carried on with all the means which our superiority in science and in technology places in our hands, and without hesitation, to the end. Germany's future invincibility and economic development must be secured thereafter. Under all circumstances our boundaries must be where our military experts demand, and, on the other hand, Germany's economic development is only possible when our capital strength in relation to that of England remains unweakened. To surrender a war of intensity means surrendering Germany's economic future. We must either collect an indemnity in cash, or if, in place of cash, we are compelled to take land, this will have nothing to do with the principle of whether one approves or disapproves of annexation. Our goal can be reached if we fight on with firm determination."

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PRINCE VON WEDEL.

An intimate friend of the Kaiser, once a Governor-General of Alsace-Lorraine, and now president of the new German Committee for Securing an Honorable Peace.

Referring, in his speech at Frankfort, to the controversy over the reemployment of submarine-warfare, Geheimrat Friedrich von Payer, the Wurttemberg statesman, said:

> "The best thing about the fight over the submarine-warfare was that it is gradually losing its intensity.
>
> "The Government and nation are one on the proposition that we have no occasion for showing tender considerations toward England and its population, which is trying to starve us to death. But one must not consider the submarine question as separate from all other military and political questions. The same holds largely true in the discussion regarding sparing the use of *Zeppelins* against England."

Perhaps the clearest indication of a renewal of submarine-warfare was given at Stuttgart by Professor Franz von Liszt, of Berlin University, the well-known authority on criminal law. In his view, peace can only come by displaying—

> "implicit confidence in the men who are guiding the destinies of the German Empire, and the sharpened submarine-warfare will come in that moment when the reasons for its postponement cease to exist."

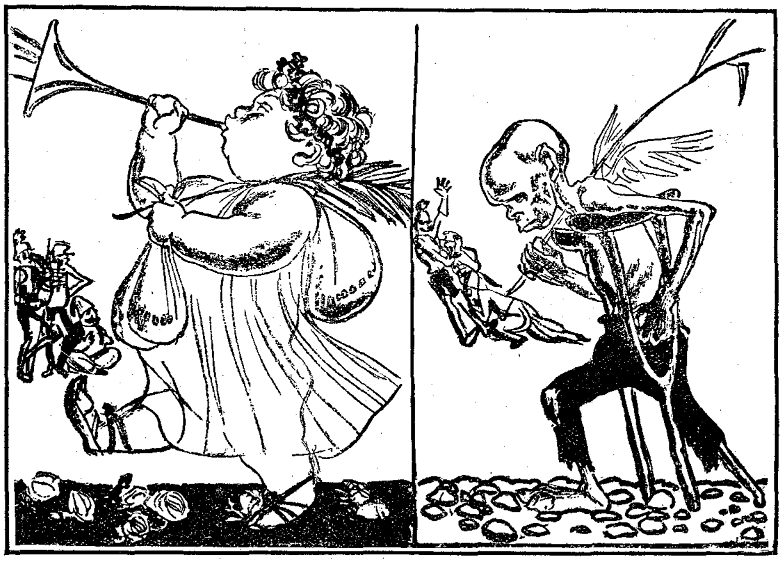
Such utterances have roused to fury the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, always a determined opponent of the extreme submarine school. It remarks:

> "The power of judgment of these men seems to us to be best characterized by their reference to the abrogation of the Declaration of London as a reason for a renewal of the submarine torpedo. As one of them assures us, many of the 'best men' are taking up this standpoint. But has it never dawned upon any of these 'best men,' and has it only been reserved to us simpletons, to suggest that the English may have decided to abrogate the Declaration, which was already practically non-existent, in the spirit of provocation; that is, in order to involve us in submarine-war and its consequences?"

Maximilian Harden also warns the nation to abandon all hope of an early peace. In an article in his paper, the Berlin *Zukunft*, entitled "At the Tree of Disillusion," he lays it down as an axiom that peace overtures must come from the Allies, who, at present, seem to have no inclination to make them. He asks:

> "Is it the enemy who wants peace? On a recent occasion in the French Senate when such sentiments might well have found expression not one single solitary voice was raised to that end. Premier Briand never sat so firmly in the saddle; Joffre's star was never more in the ascendent. The French are meditating over the possibility of the fall of Verdun, but no one dreams of peace. France still believes, or believes again, in victory. That this belief will crumble if Verdun is captured, or a bank of the Meuse taken, or the entire city falls, sounds like nothing but a well-meant and flattering fairy-tale."

Notwithstanding the fact that the President of the National Peace Committee is Prince von Wedel, one of the Kaiser's most intimate friends and a man who would not assume such a position without the Kaiser's sanction, exprest or implied, the Peace campaign seems to have had its own troubles with the authorities. This we gather from a Berlin dispatch to the Copenhagen *National Tidende*, which tells us that the military governor of the Prussian capital suppress the powerful *Berliner Tageblatt* for indorsing the movement and editorially advocating an early peace. The police also prohibited Peace meetings organized by the committee in Kiel, Königsberg, and Stettin.

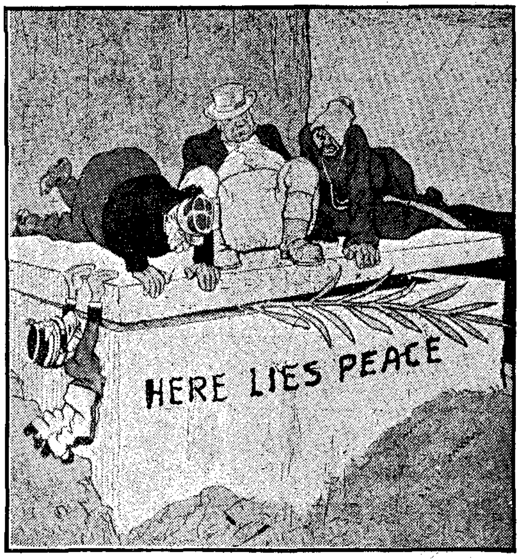


THE ADVENT OF PEACE.

As the Germans imagine it will come to them. . . .

As it actually *will* come to them. . . .

—*Novi Satirikon* (Petrograd).



THE HOME OF PEACE.

"Be careful! She must not get out."

—*Wahre Jacob* (Stuttgart).

WHY PEACE IS SHY: EXPLANATIONS FROM RUSSIA AND GERMANY.

GERMANY'S CIVILIAN PRISONERS

INTENSE INDIGNATION has been aroused in England at the treatment of the British civilian prisoners interned at Ruhleben, near Berlin. The allegations are that the prison authorities are providing so inadequate a quantity of food that their charges are dependent upon the somewhat precarious supplies they receive from their friends in England. This charge is based upon highly technical official reports made by Dr. A. E. Taylor, of the American Embassy in Berlin, and are the result of his personal investigations. The matter has been discust in the British House of Lords, and a very serious view of the situation was taken by Lord Newton, the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He told the assembled peers that he had tried to remedy conditions by an exchange of civilian prisoners, but that Germany did not conduct such exchanges according to the rules of the game. According to the London *Times*, he said:

"The exchanges which were agreed upon had not been carried out by the German Government in a fair and honorable manner. They deliberately retained men who were entitled to be released, and sent home men younger and comparatively sound, some of whom, owing to their character and antecedents, had to be interned in this country on their arrival. . . . . . .

"There were something like 4,000 of these unfortunate men, at Ruhleben, in a deplorable condition, to whom the German Government refused to supply adequate rations. The German Government knew perfectly well, not only from official reports but from private information, that the treatment of German civilians in this country was absolutely unimpeachable. They had absolutely no excuse for their action. Here we had 26,000 or 27,000 German civilians, and it was obvious that if we had chosen to retaliate we might have abolished all the privileges these men enjoyed, and even then they would have been better treated than our prisoners in Germany. We should have been amply justified in adopting this course, but we had not done so."

A graphic account of the conditions at Ruhleben, which produced threats of reprisal in England, is found in the Manchester *Guardian*, contributed by one of the exchanged prisoners. He says:

"The conditions that have led to England's threat of retaliation were already in full swing when I left Ruhleben on the 6th of June. Not only had the meat become scarce and inferior, but the potatoes, too, had become scantier. The maximum amount of meat allotted to each prisoner is supposed to be eight ounces per week, but this includes fat, bone, and gristle; and as the meat is boiled up in bits in the soup, the man is lucky who finds a morsel of it in his bowl. It was amusing to watch the men scrutinizing the contents of their dinner-bowl or 'billy-can' as they marched back from the kitchen to their barracks, announcing to one another the result of their search. 'I do believe I've got some meat this time!' exclaims one, espying a dark little solid. 'Don't be too sure!' cries out his companion, 'it may be a bone—or a drowned fly!' Sometimes small pieces of meat that had not been boiled in the soup were served out, but they were invariably so hard and leathery that, after an unsuccessful attempt to chew a bite, a man would fling his portion into the waste-barrel."

The London *Lancet*, perhaps the foremost English medical journal, discusses Dr. Taylor's report in great detail and provides us with this significant table:

"In the following table the Ruhleben diets are compared with ordinary standards of living:

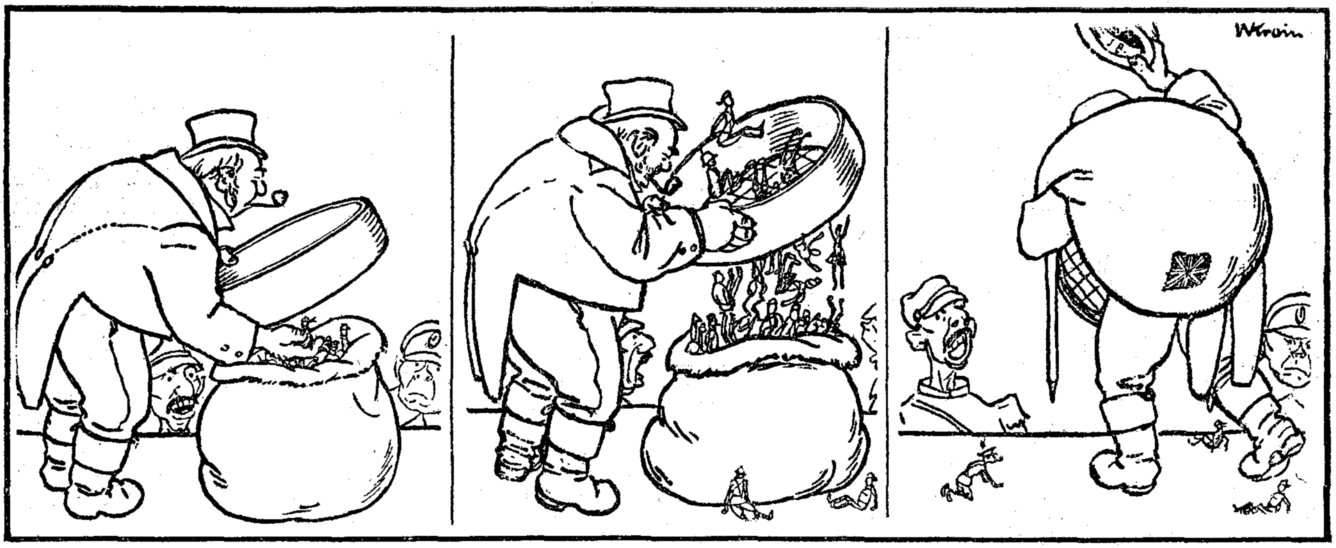
	Calories	*Protein*	*Fat*	*Carbohydrate*
English laborer	3,655	184	71	570
German farm-laborer (Ranke)	4,696	143	108	788
Standard diet for a man of moderate activity	2,820	100	100	360
Military prisoners of war in Germany	2,700	80	29	500
Ruhleben diet before reduction	1,580	59	12	308
Diet actually taken when increased by food left by other prisoners receiving supplies	2,725	98	24	523
Ruhleben diet since reduction	*1,220*	*39*	*6*	*255*
Reduced diet when increased by food left by others	*1,930*	*55*	*10*	*410*

"Such a diet, both as regards its heat value and its constituent foodstuffs, is wholly inadequate. If doubled it would be barely sufficient. Even when the food not eaten by more fortunate prisoners is added, it appears that a civilian in Ruhleben living on the camp food—and there were 2,070 such—could only get 1,930 calories a day, with 55 grams of protein and 10 of fat. This might prevent starvation if it were in a suitable form, but it is not. Fat, sugar, and vegetables are not supplied. Further deductions must, therefore, be made for food which is unpalatable or not digestible. It is, indeed, too clear that a large number of the interned civilians are not getting enough to eat."

Some of the English papers have suggested, but without adducing the slightest shadow of proof, that the supplies sent from England do not reach the prisoners. The *Kölnische Zeitung* indignantly repels this charge and says:

"That Germany intentionally allots the English civilian prisoners at Ruhleben less than half the provisions arriving for them is an odious supposition for which the British Government is certainly unable to furnish any proof.

"That restrictions in maintenance allowances to prisoners



"Well, children, look at my sackful of conscripts! You'll soon get all the necessary cannon-fodder." . . .

"I must pass them through the sieve, then what remains is yours."

"Good-by, I have done my share."

—© *Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).

BRITAIN'S ARMY OF MILLIONS.

become necessary with time can not excite surprize. England's blockade aims at starving us. We meet it by adapting ourselves to the available supplies. If it comes to starving, if it is desired so to call the necessary and possible reduction, it is quite natural to us that subjects of a country which desires to starve us should starve first. Every complaint about that is ridiculous, and we shall know how to protect ourselves against reprisals."

FRANCE PRAISES BRITAIN'S ARMY

THE LITTLE BRITISH ARMY, as it existed before the War, has gone forever; little was left of it after the retreat from Mons, and war's attrition has reduced that little band till now only a few hardy old veterans are left to stiffen the ranks of the new army that Lord Kitchener's grim influence brought into being. Two years ago the members of this new army were clerks, schoolteachers, coal-miners, men about town, and even clergymen, all of whom seemed destined to a life of purely civilian activity. At Kitchener's call these men flocked to the colors and, according to Premier Asquith, an army of some 5,000,000 men had been created before conscription was introduced into England. Under the acid test of the trenches, these new soldiers seem to have shown themselves strong enough to withstand the attacks of their German adversaries, who are admittedly better trained. In the *Berliner Tageblatt* Major Moraht pays them an indirect compliment, when, commenting on their recent advance, he says that they fought less well than the war-seasoned veterans of France. French opinion is unanimous in praise of these new troops, many of whom are undergoing their "baptism of fire" in the advance on the Somme. The Paris *Humanité* says:

"The energy and determination of Britain's new army, which has thrown the best German troops into confusion on the north of the Somme, disposes of the old doctrine that long training in barracks is necessary to make a soldier."

Another influential Paris organ, the *Petit Journal*, writes:

"Britain has the right to be proud of the results achieved by her soldiers, whom a few days back the Germans affected to consider a negligible quantity. In several engagements they have beaten the *élite* of the German Army."

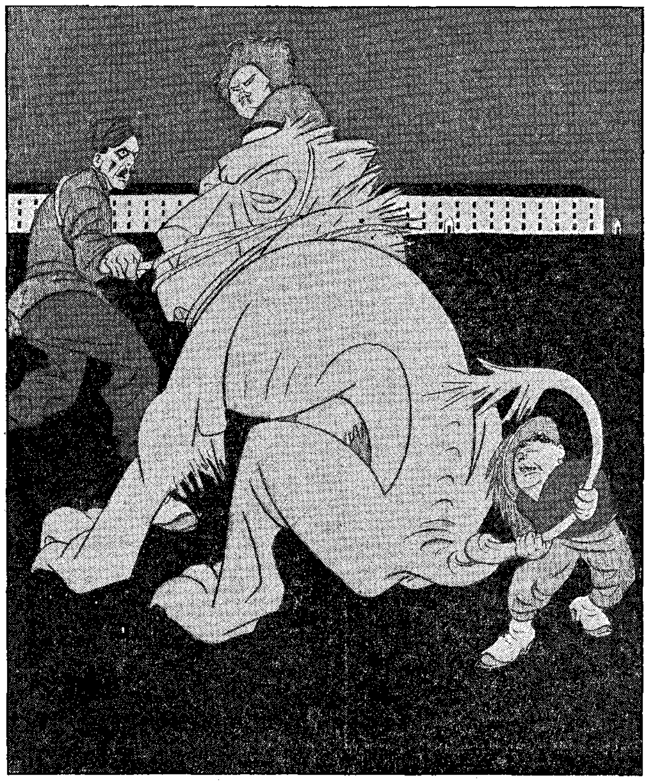
In his paper, the Paris *L'Homme Enchaîné*, Mr. Clemenceau pays tribute to the British troops in these words:

"The British troops, previously despised by William, are now giving his generals a sample of their strength, before which, in the long run, the *Boches* will have to turn tail. The superior quality of the British Army has got the better of all the *Boche* counter-attacks, and the magnificent success of the little Army, now grown big, has already made the invader feel the first effect of a military force upon whose intervention he had not reckoned."

The thing that has most aroused French admiration is the way the British have improvised a new artillery, perhaps the most technical of all the military arms. Commandant de Civrieux, writing in the Paris *Matin*, says:

"The brand new British artillery has straightway shown itself the equal of the oldest and most tried. The sureness of its aim and the concentration of its rapid fire guarantee the total destruction of its objective, levelling trenches to the ground and overwhelming the defenders.

"The great British Army, altho it has been formed in accordance with the lessons which the present war has taught, is none the less the true descendant of the old bulldog spirit, the source of the most famous British victories in days gone by. This army appears on the scene, well trained and powerful, at the moment when Germany is beginning to count her last reserves."



COURAGEOUS BRITAIN.

The rest of the Entente has a mighty hard job getting the British lion into barracks.

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STATE-RIGHTS' COMPLEXITIES IN INDIA

STATE RIGHTS WORRY the British administrators of India even more than they do our Federal authorities, for the maharajas, rajas, and nawabs, who are at present serving with the British forces in several theaters of war, and the others who have been sending troops and contributing to the war-chest, at times, cause many an anxious moment to British statesmen. We learn from a book, "The King's Indian Allies: The Rajas and Their India," recently issued in London, by Mr. St. Nihal Singh—the well-known Sikh writer—that, owing to the States belonging to Indian rulers being surrounded by British districts, almost "every question known to international law and ethics is liable to arise from this propinquity, supplying food for thought, anxiety, wonderment, humor, and gossip." He goes on to say:

"This juxtaposition of India of the British and India of the rajas raises, for the Indian rulers, the problems of maintaining their prestige, powers, and privileges, and preserving their States in their integrity. At the same time it forces the British to consider how to uphold their authority against a possible combination of rajas who might become ill disposed toward them—fortunately, an unlikely contingency, as proved by the European War of 1914–15. The British are also impelled by necessity to ponder how they may keep the means of communication, trade, commerce, and justice from suffering, because all India is not under one administration.

"To avoid clashing, there must be a definite understanding between the two sets of rulers. The exigencies of the modern civilization, which is being introduced all over India, make constant readjustment of such arrangements an imperative necessity. With the best of good-will, contention is bound to arise in matters relating to communication, travel, customs, excise, the extradition of criminals, the policing of the frontiers, the delimitation of boundaries, the military strength of the rajas, their relations with one another, their connection with the outside world, and their spirit and attitude toward the British.

"The questions thus arising are complicated by the fact that at present no board of arbitrators, composed of both elements exists to settle them. As matters stand, the British alone sit in judgment over disputes to which they themselves form a party, while one or more rajas constitute the other."

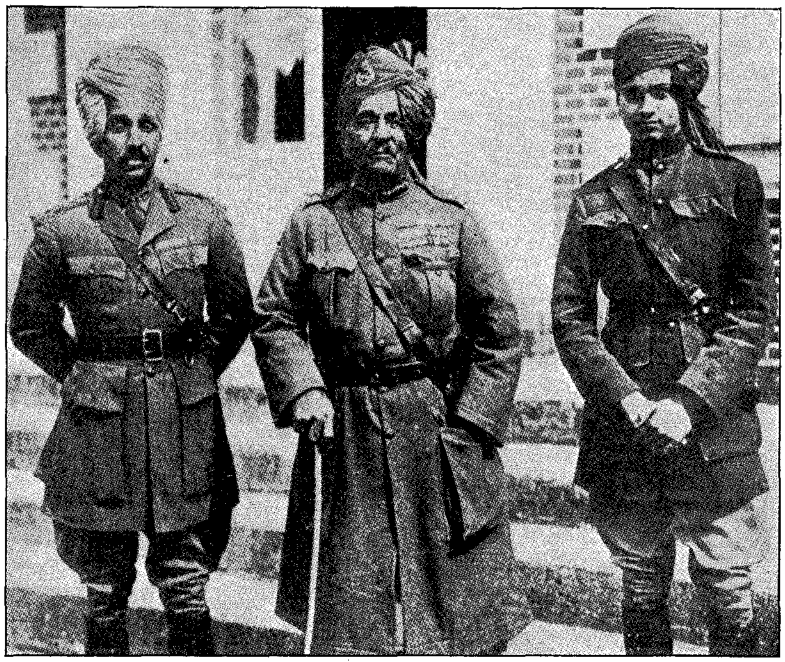
The writer adds that the rajas do not, as a rule, make much trouble for the British. He explains:

"A spirit of compromise regulates their relations, and generous impulses on both sides make settlements possible.

"If the world but knew, it would unstintingly praise the statesmanship employed in India in the adjustment of intergovernmental affairs. The Indians and the Britons engaged in this work are diplomats of the highest order. Many of them would be an acquisition to any embassy.

". . . It appears to me that the good-will that they (the rajas and the British) cherish for one another is based upon the fact that each is convinced that the other is serving an important purpose in the scheme of Indian evolution. In the dominions of the rajas, Indians are initiating and carrying on important political, social, and economic experiments, while in British India Britons are exerting themselves to the same end. In this manner the genius of both finds full scope. They can compare notes, and each can benefit from the efforts and successes, and even gain experience from the failures, of the other."

The British have found the rajas a tower of strength during their crises. Many of them fought for them in the Tirah campaign of 1897, on the northwest frontier of India, and in the Boxer Rebellion, in China, of 1900–01. Sixteen of them have been fighting during this war. One of them, the Nizam of Hyderabad, gave a donation of $2,000,000 in a lump sum to the British war-chest, and another, the Maharaja of Mysore, gave $1,650,000 for the same purpose.


INDIA'S GRAND OLD FIGHTER.

The central figure, Major-General Sir Pertab Singh, is a Raja of the Rajas, and has led Indian troops in every campaign in which they have fought since 1878. He resigned the throne of the State of Idar to his eldest son, in order to act as regent of the State of Jodhpur during the minority of his nephew. To Sir Pertab's right is the Raja of Rutlam, another of his family; to the left is his youngest son. Sir Pertab is Commander-in-Chief of the Indian troops at the front.

The author explains that the British do not permit the rajas (with the exception of the ruler of Nepal) to have any official communication with one another or with the outside world. They "do not go out of their states for travel in India, or abroad, without the knowledge of the British Government." They have no "criminal plenary jurisdiction over Europeans, Americans, and Anglo-Indians (formerly known as Eurasians, which term aptly indicated their mixed origin), settled in their states, and "can not employ Europeans or Americans without the express permission of the British." They must cede land for the residence of the British agent (whom they *must* receive) and his military guard, for British cantonments and garrisons, and for railways and telegraphs. The important Indian rulers, however, have full powers to govern their own states and subjects. To quote Mr. Singh:

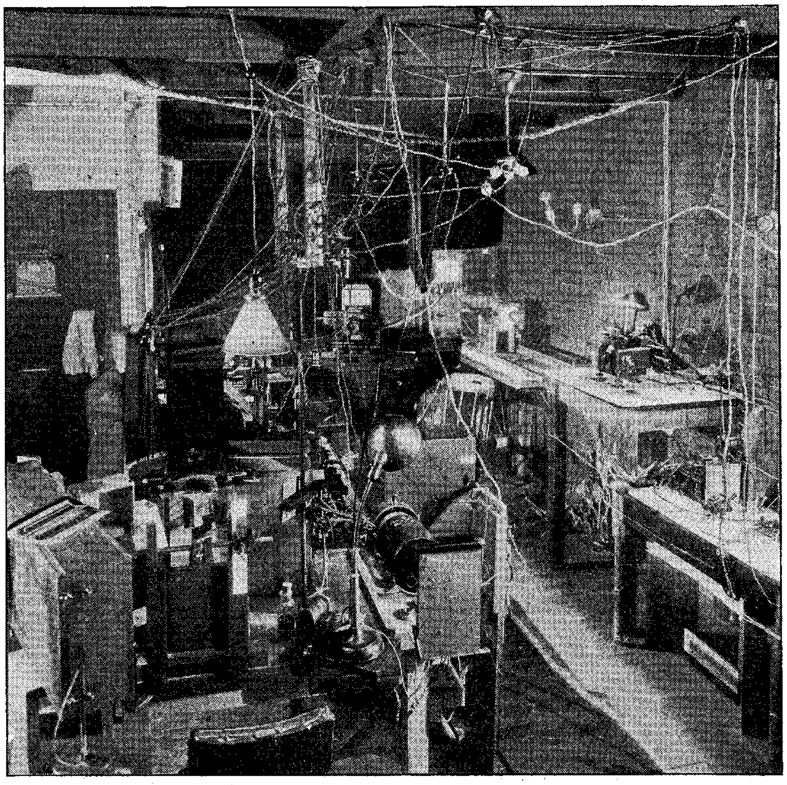
"They impose and collect taxes. They meet the expenditure incurred by them to maintain their civil administration, military establishments, and households. They protect life and property, administer justice, hang, imprison, or pardon criminals, and reclaim delinquents. They enact and codify laws. They guard the health of their subjects, put down epidemics, and improve sanitation. They diffuse knowledge. They foster agriculture, industry, art, trade, and commerce, and fight famine and scarcity. They build and repair public works—roads, bridges, railways, telephones, irrigation-canals, tanks, executive and judicial offices, and educational, medical, and other institutions. They promote representative institutions."

The Indian writer is greatly annoyed that the British refer to the Indian monarchs as "princes" and "chiefs," and not as "kings." He points out that these terms are not dignified, and that "they fail to convey an idea of the true rôle of the rajas—which is that of administrators, not of grandees." According to the writer's calculation, 850,000 square miles of India (or nearly one-third the area of the United States) and 78,000,000 Indians (or more than four-fifths the population of the United States) are under Indian rule. Yet he says that the world believes that all India belongs to the British.

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

THE UNPREJUDICED STUDY OF ALCOHOL

IT WOULD SEEM that if ever a chemical substance had received thorough and scientific study, that substance is alcohol. Yet, probably, ninety-nine words out of every hundred that have been written about it have been inspired by prejudice, on one side or another, rather than by an attempt to get at and state the plain, unvarnished truth. That alcohol is a food, in the sense that it may supply energy, tho not in the sense that it may repair tissue, was demonstrated by Professor Atwater many years ago. Does this fact make the general use of alcohol desirable? Apparently, neither its friends nor its foes have troubled to find out. Every lover of truth must rejoice that the Nutrition Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution has taken up this problem and presumably intends to follow it to a finish. The Laboratory has adopted what it calls an "alcohol program" for immediate study, with special reference to the psychological effects of moderate doses on man. The program is described by Dr. Francis G. Benedict, in an address given before the New York Academy of Medicine, and printed as a leading article in *Science* (New York, June 30). It would appear that altho Dr. Benedict admits the food-value of alcohol he denies that any recent investigations show true "stimulating" action on its part, except so far as accelerating the action of the heart may be deemed such. In all other respects it is nothing but a depressant, no matter how small the dose. If one wants to utilize alcohol as a source of energy, therefore, he must be willing to pay the price in the depression of his nervous forces. But these are questions to be solved by the series of investigations which are being carried on, not to prove this or that, but to find out precisely what effects alcohol has on man's capacities, whether good or bad. Dr. Benedict says:



WHERE ALCOHOL IS STUDIED WITHOUT BIAS.

Interior of the special psychological laboratory of the Carnegie Nutrition Laboratory in Boston, where the psychological effects of alcohol are being investigated by Drs. R. Dodge and W. R. Miles on a purely scientific basis.

> "Alcohol in not too large doses, taken by the mouth, is undoubtedly burned in the body and, in this burning, gives off heat which replaces equivalent energy ordinarily derived from food or body substance. This has been absolutely demonstrated by Professor Atwater and his associates with the respiration calorimeter at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn. This scientific proof of the important rôle that moderate doses of alcohol may play in the human energy economy finds verification in the masterly, statistical studies of Armand Gautier in Paris, who has shown that there are certainly several million people who regularly receive in their daily diet somewhat more energy in the form of alcohol than they do in the form of protein. What has been demonstrated of the French is probably true of many others. Thus we see that a physiological study of alcohol is, on abstract, scientific grounds, essential to a complete understanding of the materials regularly ingested which serve as the sources of energy to the body.
>
> "Altho protein, fat, and carbohydrates have long been studied in a systematic manner, alcohol in recent years has, in spite of the agitation regarding its moral, economical, and sociological importance, received but scant, irregular attention in a relatively few scientific laboratories. With regard to its physiological action there exist much speculation and a minimum of verified facts. This condition should be reversed. . . . . . .
>
> "As the outcome of two extended foreign tours, when the general subject of physiological and psychological research on alcohol was discust with many scientists, it became evident that:
>
> "1. Alcohol investigations are, as a rule, undertaken with diffidence, owing to the fact that relatively few investigators can afford the time or funds necessary to make the observations sufficiently numerous and extended to meet the stringent requirement of critics who, while frequently unscientific, are invariably captious.
>
> "2. Objectivity in writing on the subject of alcohol is as rare as uncontaminated scientific evidence.
>
> "3. Interpretations of the results of alcohol investigations made outside of the source of experimental evidence have been usually so confused by preconceived ideas of the reader as to lead to the most divergent interpretations of one and the same collection of data. In general, an interpretation has been the resultant of scientific record plus the personal, ethical opinions of the reader, with the last-named factor usually playing the controlling rôle. . . . . . .
>
> "The rapid advances in physiological research, especially in the study of the energy factors, both by direct and by indirect calorimetry, the availability of physiological instruments of precision, such as the string galvanometer, sphygmomanometer, electrical resistance-recording thermometer, and appliances for the study of muscular work on an accurate basis, and an adequate technique for certain psychophysiological observations made it seem feasible for the Nutrition Laboratory to begin a study of this general question, with the idea of using its resources and staff in such a manner as to convince all but the most captious of critics of the reliability of the data if not, indeed, of the legitimacy of the interpretation of results. . . . . . .
>
> "In this program for experimental researches on alcohol, the effect of only moderate doses is considered, since the effect of excessive doses with final, complete narcosis is obvious. . . . . . .
>
> "Furthermore, emphasis was laid upon those points which, in

> previous alcohol investigations, had been most severely attacked. Thus, particular attention was given to the size of the dose, the character of the subject experimented upon, the question of repeated *versus* single doses, the method of administration, *i.e.*, by mouth and by rectal enema, the time relations between the ingestion of alcohol and of varying foods as well as during fatigue, and the importance of securing adequate controls or base-line measurements. This last point was especially emphasized, for in an alcohol investigation controls play as important a rôle as do the alcohol experiments."

A CLAWLIKE SUBSTITUTE FOR A HAND.

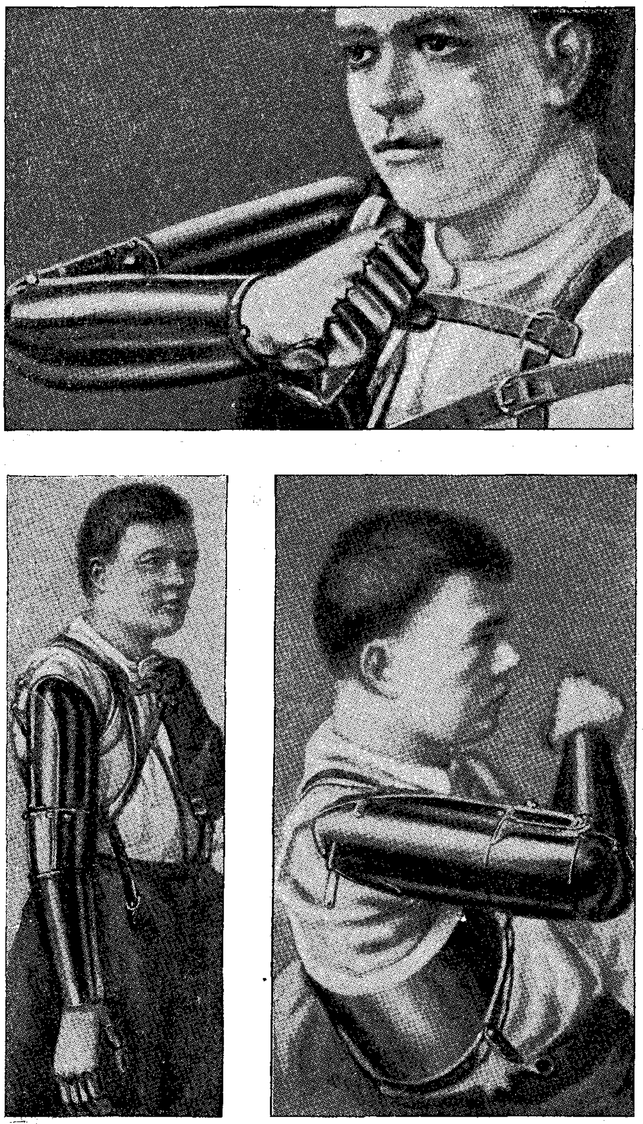
Compare this device with the artificial hand shown in the next column.

With regard to what has already been accomplished, Dr. Benedict tells us that the special investigator, Dr. Dodge, has already shown that moderate doses of alcohol slow up the reflexes, raise the "sensory thresholds" (make sensation more difficult), and, in short, interfere with processes that can not be controlled voluntarily. The higher processes, since they can be controlled, are apparently not so much affected. In some cases, however, control is lessened or removed. For instance, after a subject has learned to hold his eyelid open, without winking, when a motion is made toward it, a dose of alcohol makes it impossible for him to avoid winking. This is apparently, in simple form, a case of the wider fact, well known to all, that alcohol weakens the hold that a man has over himself, "loosens his tongue," and makes it difficult for him to "behave." Dr. Benedict concludes:

> "It will doubtless be considered of enormous practical significance that in none of our data have we any indication of the pure facilitation effect of alcohol. Contrary to the theory of Kraepelin, we not only found no facilitation of the motor processes, but the depression of the simplest forms in the finger- and eye-movements seems to be one of the most characteristic effects of alcohol. Certain it is that, in conjunction with the pulse acceleration, the general neuromuscular depression may be regarded as presumptive evidence of the effect of alcohol on organic efficiency. It is, however, of vital importance in seeking to transfer the results of such laboratory demonstrations as have been here reported to a general consideration of alcohol on industrial efficiency to recall that the higher central processes by reason, we believe, of autogenic reenforcement showed the least effect. Industrial processes are by no means solely confined to motor coordination, and I must emphasize that the data of this report may not be uncritically applied to industrial situations. More complex processes, such as typewriting, which seem to apply more directly to industrial environment, are being studied, and their various factors analyzed by my colleague, Dr. Walter R. Miles, experimental psychologist of the Nutrition Laboratory. It is only upon the basis of such analysis that justifiable conclusions may be made with regard to the effect of alcohol upon the mental and physical demands of industrial environment."

AN EFFECTIVE ARTIFICIAL HAND

THE CONSTRUCTION of an artificial hand that shall be capable of natural movements and of the exertion of strength through attachment to the muscles of the forearm is now, apparently, approaching very near solution, owing to the investigations of two Swiss professors, Dr. Sauerbrüch, a surgeon, and Dr. Stodola, a professor of mechanics, both of Zurich. The problem has two parts, a physiological one—the adaptation of the muscles to the artificial fingers, and a mechanical one—the construction of an artificial hand that shall be



A LIFELIKE ARTIFICIAL HAND.

The upper picture shows how the hand is shut with the forearm bent. Below, on the reader's left, is shown the method of attachment. In the third picture the wearer is bending the arm with the hand open. The forearm muscles control the fingers.

as strong and as capable of varied motion as the real one. Professor Sauerbrüch relates his experiences in an article contributed to the *Medizinische Klinik* (Vienna), part of which we translate below. Despite the progress already made and the still greater progress likely in the immediate future, he warns us at the outset that the patient's own skill, as developed by practise, will remain an important factor in the successful use of artificial limbs. Says Dr. Sauerbrüch:

> "Of all limbs, the most delicate is of course the hand, and the most arduous problem, consequently, is to impart natural movement to artificial fingers. Even the artificial hand of the newest model, with its electrical springs, and so on, lacks the spontaneous faculty of seizing objects.
>
> "We have had heretofore no surgical or mechanical solution of the problem. When I returned from the front, I met by chance Dr. Stodola, professor of mechanics at the Polytechnical Institute of Zurich. He suggested the possibility of constructing a normal hand, provided the surgical part of the problem could be satisfactorily solved. I immediately began to experiment with various animals and soon reached the conclusion that it was possible, after the amputation of a limb, to preserve in the remaining sinews and muscles sufficient plastic strength for purposes of motion. After this I operated on human bodies, and finally on six wounded soldiers, with most satisfactory results.
>
> "That the operation may be successful, it is absolutely necessary that the sinews and muscles to be used be sufficiently retracted. The formation of a solid arm-stump is also of great importance. The problem is both surgical and physiological, and every case demands individual, careful treatment. If the operator proceeds too soon, he may lose all chances of success.
>
> "After I had published Professor Stodola's and my own first results, my attention was called to the fact that in 1899 an Italian surgeon, Dr. Vanghetti, had described the theoretical and experimental basis of the process, and had given to the world his further researches in a monograph, published in 1906. After this, Professor Ceci, of Pisa, made three successful operations. To my great surprize I found, in the course of my own investigations, that as far back as 1867 Larrey had proposed to use the muscles of the stump to impart motion to an artificial hand. To come down to our own time, a Hungarian physician, Dr. Nagy, suggested, in 1915, that in the loss of single fingers, the sinews might be energized by enveloping them with skin. Professor Körte also has written me that he has experimented successfully on a Russian invalid, using the sinews of a forearm-stump for the vivification of an artificial hand.
>
> "The Prussian War Department placed at my disposition a military hospital at Singen, and here our success was beyond expectation, so far as the surgical end of the operation was concerned. We found, for instance, that in a plastically transformed forearm, by shortening its muscles by 1½ to 2 inches, a lifting force of 22 pounds may be developed. The flexing muscles of a forearm-stump perform, on an average, a work of 2 to 3 foot-pounds. The fear that these wonderful results might be but temporary has not been justified. On the contrary, with constant use the strength of the artificial hand grows.
>
> "The technical part of the problem has a long and successful history behind it. . . . Relying partly on the experiments of his predecessors, Professor Stodola constructed his hand, whose fingers are put in motion through a set of pulleys. The transfer of force to the single fingers does not depend upon the position of their neighbors. Thus it is possible to embrace completely objects of any shape, the fingers being able to conform to the irregularity of the surface.
>
> "We have, of course, to admit that, so far, most of our artificial hands have been constructed with an insufficient knowledge of the physiology and anatomy of that limb, and are therefore practically useless for the new purpose. Henceforth, surgeon, physiologist, and technician will have to work together.
>
> "In brief, in view of the results so far obtained, I am justified in making the statement that the surgical part of the problem can be considered solved, and that there is no doubt that, in the course of time, the technicians will satisfactorily solve their part of the task also.
>
> "Almost every trade develops its own hands. Thus, the weaver, after losing his arm, is again able to work, if he can, at will, open and close two hooks modeled after thumb and forefinger, this motion being necessary to fix properly the treads at the weaving-loom. With the new method we are confident that we shall solve this problem of vocational differentiation.
>
> "And let us not forget the psychological result. How happy our invalids will be in regaining their former appearance!"

DEATH OF THE APOSTLE OF LONG LIFE

ÉLIE METCHNIKOFF, head of the Pasteur Institute of Paris, noted for many scientific theories and discoveries, but best known to the public for his persistent views that human life is capable of great lengthening, died in Paris on July 15. He was born in Kharkof, Russia, on May 15, 1845, was educated in Germany and, after holding a chair in Odessa, Russia, resigned to take up research work. In 1888 he was invited to become an associate of Louis Pasteur, the great French scientist; and in 1895 he became subdirector of the Pasteur Institute. In 1908 he was awarded a Nobel medal, and only a few weeks before his death the Albert medal was conferred upon him for his investigations into the cause of immunity. Altho he had strenuously upheld the theory that what we call death "from old age" is premature, and that a normal man should live to be 150 years old, he died, as may be seen from the dates given above, at less than half that age. Says the writer of an appreciative biographical and critical notice in *The Lancet* (London, July 22):

ÉLIE METCHNIKOFF.

> "To Metchnikoff we owe the first serious attempt to explain the resistance of the body to bacterial invasion. Setting aside the crude and speculative views put forward by Pasteur and Chauveau, who regarded the animal body as a mere culture medium for the growth of microorganisms, which flourished in it until the necessary pabulum was exhausted or their own products choked them, Metchnikoff formulated the conception of an active bodily defense finding its mechanism in the functions of the leucocytes. Panum and Roser had previously suggested that bacteria might be ingested by these cells, but to Metchnikoff is due the entire development of the idea that leucocytes possest as a normal function the power of digesting and destroying foreign particles and, among them, the invading parasitic organisms. . . . . .
>
> "Metchnikoff was, by up-bringing, a biologist, and his views were naturally founded upon a long series of patient studies on the lower forms of life, enabling him to trace the phagocytic process from the lowliest up to the most specialized members of

the animal kingdom. The central fact of his theory could readily be verified by any one, and the theory of phagocytic defense immediately gained a wide acceptance. At that time, the properties of the microbe were but very imperfectly understood, and the influence upon them of the fluids of the body had not entered any one's mind. During the fifteen years which followed Metchnikoff's first announcement a knowledge of the properties of the fluid-elements of the blood gradually accumulated. The bactericidal power of the blood-serum was first noted by Foder and expounded by Büchner in his alexin theory in fundamental antagonism to Metchnikoff's views. Pfeiffer's enunciation of the doctrine of bacteriolysis, in 1894, paved the way for Ehrlich's comprehensive study and for a very wide acceptance of the theory which ascribed the dominating influence in the body's defense to the fluid-elements of the blood.

"It is a matter of recent history how these two apparently widely divergent views can be harmonized in a theory of the resisting powers of the whole blood as a complete tissue, on which the symmetrical modern structure of immunity is being firmly built up."

The following estimate of Metchnikoff's work and its value to science is from an editorial in *The Evening Post* (New York, July 17):

"That Metchnikoff was an able and unwearied scientist; that as one of the directors of the Pasteur Institute he helped apply the organization under him to the really significant problems of modern medical investigation; that certain of his discoveries were of direct benefit to mankind, everybody knows. . . . Since his association with Roux he has been looked upon as one of the commanding old men of his field, one to be thought of with Poincaré, Haeckel, and Virchow. . . . Even his highly debatable speculations have been recognized as offering fruitful impulses to investigation, and as tending to broaden scientific horizons. What has not been generally recognized is that his impulse to creative, as opposed to plodding, scientific thought, made him also one of the minor philosophers of our time, as Poincaré, Ostwald, Haeckel, and Wallace are philosophers—if not in the speculative, in the scientific sense.

"The direct basis of his later thinking lay in his theories of the spread of the scientific spirit, of the widening observance of the rules of sound health, of the development of reason and human equality—and, above all, of the possibility of greatly increased longevity. From the purely medical standpoint, his ideas about old age attracted exaggerated attention. He believed that the chief hope for improvement in the health of mankind now lies in the conquest of the non-infectious diseases—gout, diabetes, arteriosclerosis, cancer, nephritis, and so on. Many of these diseases he thought traceable to the immense number of microbes that people our intestines, and especially the microbes of putrefaction. Denying Pasteur's assertion of the necessity of these microbes to nutrition, at least for adults, he believed that their place might profitably be taken by the addition of artificial ferments to food. Especially should the three main microbes of putrefaction be as far as possible eliminated, for, in feeding in the intestines, they secrete dangerous poisons. The acidity produced by lacteal ferments he considered effective in preventing the germination of such microbes, especially when taken for months and years. Hence came his recommendation of the use of pure lacteal cultures, of the form common in the curdled milk of the Balkan peninsula, but carefully served in sterilized milk or sugared bouillon. Since he thought that intestinal microbes played a large part in the general exhaustion of the organism, as well as in producing specific diseases, he was assured that lactic ferments, with abstention from raw or unclean food, would gradually prolong human life.

"But this prolongation of life was to Metchnikoff only a chief element among many by which human existence of the future would be a far richer lot than now. No 'meliorist' had more definite opinions as to the value of scientific knowledge to man's well-being. His book on 'Human Nature' was an original series of illustrations of man's failure, as yet, to adjust himself to his necessary natural surroundings. He based his optimistic philosophy on the consideration that if what he called the period of 'life zest' could be greatly extended, it would be much more worth while, from both the individual and the social standpoint, to live. This period of full adult health he regarded as limited to twenty years, but felt that there was no reason why it should not in time expand to forty or sixty. So far as his thought was based on biological, bacteriological, and psychological theories, many scientists pronounced it highly dubious. Carrel, for example, pointed out the obvious slowness with which medicine advances, the reluctance of men to act upon sound principles of health, the dependence of the careful upon the careless, and the probable inevitability of decay in old age.

"But, however untenable some of the conclusions of Metchnikoff, however radical some of his beliefs, there is no doubt that his startling theories were one expression of the qualities that made him great. He combined a wide range of vision with the ability to apply himself closely to single problems; and his bent for philosophy was related to the imagination necessary to his best work."

THE LICKING OF POSTAGE-STAMPS

THOSE WHO ENJOY the prospect of transferring to their systems a miscellaneous collection of germs may be pleased to know that the common custom of moistening stamps by licking them is one of the best ways to effect this result. Of fifty stamps recently tested in the University of Pennsylvania only two were free from germs. No germs of actual disease were found, but the result shows plainly that the gum on the stamp is a favorable place for bacteria, and that when disease is about, its bacterial messengers would be very likely to gather there. If one could examine the stamp and tell by sight whether the bacteria on it were those of disease or not, one could then lick it or not, as the case might be. As this is impossible, it is probably best to stop licking altogether. This is the course recommended by Dr. Keilty and Mr. McMaster, the Pennsylvania investigators, who contribute an account of their work to *The Medical Record* (New York, July 22). They say:

"The purpose of this study was to determine the normal bacterial flora of postage-stamps, that is, to get some idea of the general character of bacteria found on stamps with especial emphasis in the search for tubercle bacilli, the colon group, and diphtherial forms.

"The literature on this subject is surprizingly meager and but little record is made of the bacteria of stamps. The subject is usually approached from the view-point of the spread of infection by the postal service as a whole, the infection by letters and the fumigation of letters, and but little record is made of infection by stamps or of the bacteria of stamps.

"In order to determine this, fifty stamps were bought in various stores in Philadelphia, including the central office, branch offices, almost all the large department-stores, many drug-stores, and some of the small general stores. Most of the stamps were bought from sheets and a few (three) from stamp-books. The character of the place was noted, its general cleanliness, the clerk and his appearance, and whether the stamps were placed on the counter with the change or not. In almost all cases they were presented with the glue side up, showing that the precepts of public hygiene have had this much effect."

The clerk was then asked to place the stamp in a sterile tube, in which it was taken to the laboratory. Of the results obtained by examining stamps obtained in this way, the authors say:

"The majority of the stamps showed one or more organisms, but in no single instance were they found to be pathogenic in type. This does not exclude the fact that under favorable conditions certain pathogenic types, which would resist drying to a certain extent, might not be carried on a postage-stamp. On the other hand, the work proves the stamp to be a carrier of organisms, and these could readily be transferred from one individual to another. This would be of importance only where the organism was pathogenic. We have in mind a drug-store where one of the members of the druggist's family had advanced tuberculosis. . . . During busy times he often served customers, and not infrequently dispensed stamps to children who would immediately moisten them with their mouths and paste them to letters. A single exposure in this case might prove negative, but the constant exposure in some cases would undoubtedly end in infection. . . . . . .

CONCLUSIONS

"1. A study of fifty stamps obtained from as many different sources, clean, dirty, and indifferent, showed bacteria in every instance except two.

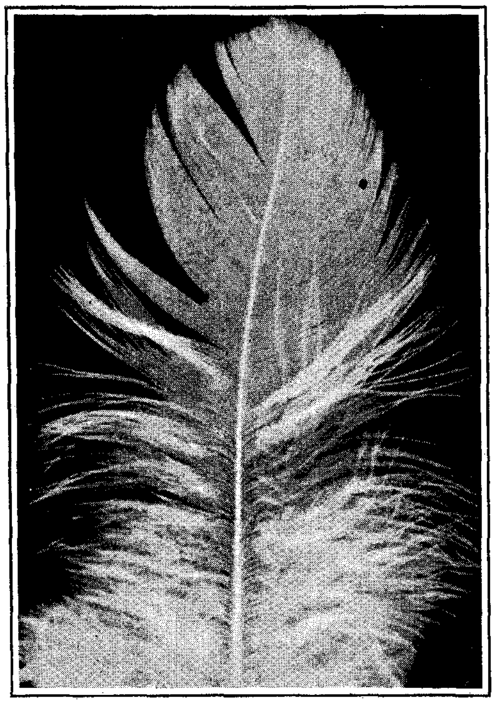
"2. With the possible exception of two cases no organism pathogenic in type was encountered.

"3. Aside from hygienic reasons, it is dangerous to lick postage-stamps on the ground that the stamps are bacteria-laden and under favorable conditions might easily convey pathogenic types, especially colon, diphtheria, and tubercle bacillus.

"4. We would therefore advocate a movement to have installed in all places dispensing postage-stamps a moistening device of some type. This movement could be started with beneficent results in the post-offices of the United States Government."

A NEW SHADOW-PHOTOGRAPHY

A METHOD of taking shadow pictures that give outline and structure with quite startling fidelity and clearness has been invented by Dr. Paul Lindner, a German professor, and is described by him in *Die Umschau.* We quote from an abstract made for *The Scientific American Supplement* (New York, July 29). These photographs or 'bright-shadow pictures,' as they have been named by one of the inventor's colleagues, are taken by parallel rays of light, by instantaneous exposure, 1/100 of a second sufficing. Says Professor Lindner:



A "BRIGHT-SHADOW" PHOTOGRAPH OF A CHICKEN FEATHER.

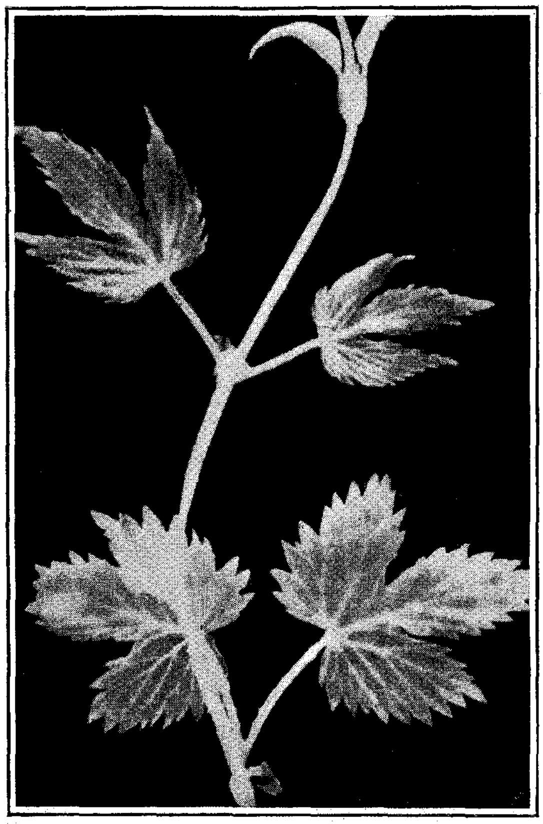
"I had occasion one day to make a microphotograph of the minute animalcules thickly populating a specimen of fermenting gentian-mash sent me by my colleague, Professor Henneberg, from the Engadine. This was soon done, since I have acquired some skill in taking instantaneous photographs of highly enlarged objects. But the animalcules soon presented a new problem. They began to climb the walls of the Erlenmeyer flask in which they were placed, forming the most beautiful network in their continual serpentine motions. The rapid alteration of form of the network on the curved walls of the flask made it seem inadvisable to attempt to get an ordinary photographic negative with the camera, since such a one could not fail to lack sharpness of definition.

"Then I bethought myself of a copying process which I had repeatedly employed in getting prints of my finger-cultures in so-called 'roll-cylinders.' This process consists in wrapping the copy-paper closely around the cylinder and then exposing it to the light of the ground-glass pane in the dark room. But this light would have been too feeble for an instantaneous negative of the swiftly moving animalcules. I therefore placed the Erlenmeyer flask in the rays of an arc light, with an exposure of 1/90 of a second. I had previously taken care to cut off all side lights. The very first picture was entirely successful, showing with great clearness over the whole surface of the gas-light paper the network figures and the separate wandering cells within their meshes. This clearness was evidently the result of the fact that the rays were parallel and not crossed by rays from side-lights.

"I now went a step further and replaced the instantaneous shutter by a large pasteboard disk with an adjustable slit; furthermore, I insured, by the use of mirrors, that the light should fall always from above. These arrangements made it easy for me to handle the process alone. The first thing I did was to plunder my old herbaria and copy all the specimens of delicate structure—grasses, etc. I then undertook fresh plants, which I placed in their natural condition on the gaslight paper, *i.e.*, without flattening them. I next proceeded to subjects possessing motion, such as flies, spiders, ants, and living fresh-water animals, which were placed in a thin layer of water in a low glass dish with as even a bottom as possible. Finally I took for subjects plate-cultures of yeast, bacteria, or mildew."

The most striking characteristic of these "bright-shadow pictures" is the vividness of the appeal made to the eye by outline and structure. Dr. Lindner explains this by noting that in the object the attention is involuntarily attracted by color and superficial structure, so that we fail to perceive outline and essential structure. For this reason we are blind to the beauty and harmony of design inherent in many of the commonest objects. An ordinary chicken feather, for instance, is quite exquisite in its delicacy of outline. To quote further:

"It is quite obvious that such photographs as these may be very stimulating and helpful to artists, decorators, and students of design. The author quotes a remark once made to him by the famous German painter Lenbach, that he preferred trees in the winter-time, before their foliage had obscured the development and arrangement of bough and branch. Lindner remarks, too, on the clear-cut beauty of the patterned foliage thrown on the walks of cities by overhead electric lights. These shadows are thus beautiful, surpassing those made by the sun, precisely because they are cast by nearly parallel rays. Similar clearness is attained by sunlight only on cloudless days and in places where no bright reflex light is thrown by white walls, etc. This explains why these shadow-pictures have a marked advantage as to clearness over those taken by the camera; furthermore, they escape the imperfections due to the unavoidable defects of glass lenses.



A YOUNG HOP-VINE.

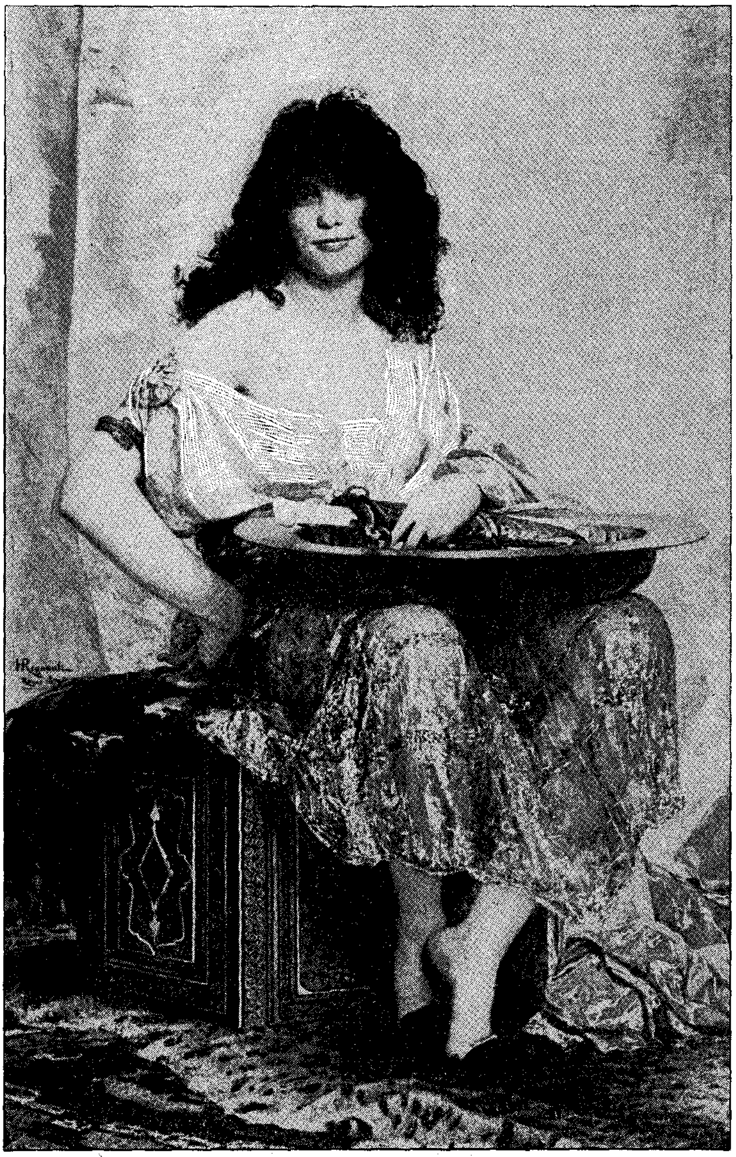
"In taking transparent objects, however, such as crystals, cut stones, portions of plants which have been made transparent by this method, there may be some divergence of the rays. . . . . . .

"When we enlarge the original shadow-picture of the chicken feather 40–50 times by means of the microscope, structures are revealed which are completely hidden from the naked eye. Peculiarly instructive, too, was the study of the microscopic enlargement of shadow-pictures of thin sections of stones. Thus a great number of parallel lines were often shown in a clear surface of the section or 'slice,' corresponding to the cleavage surfaces of the crystal. Therefore my 'bright-shadow pictures' should be looked at under a lens or in a microscope."

LETTERS - AND - ART

REGNAULT'S "SALOMÉ"

A PICTURE THAT PROMISED to cause something like international complications between France and America has come finally to lodge in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It is Regnault's "Salomé," presented to the Museum by one of the trustees, Mr. George F. Baker. Report has it that the donor paid more than $125,000 for the canvas. Upon its first appearance in the Salon of 1870 it made a great sensation, and tho its price gives it a certain sensational interest to-day, coming among us, "it creates less stir now," as the New York *Evening Post* points out, "than it would have twenty years ago," because "the school of art exemplified in this picture has for the present gone out." At the time of its sale in Paris in 1912 there was strong competition for its possession, the representatives of the Louvre being participants, and the final success of the American bidder, Mr. Roland Knoedler, brought forth hisses from the audience. Mr. Knoedler later offered to hand it over to the Louvre for the price he paid for it. A public subscription was started in France, but a sufficient amount was not raised, says the New York *Times*, and, early in 1913, the painting was brought to America, "much to the disgust of French art-lovers, who resented what they called the capture by American dollars of another European masterpiece." The French people are said to have been particularly fond of the picture because of the artist, who lost his life in the siege of Paris in 1871. This sketch of the picture and the artist is given in *The Times:*



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A "SALOMÉ" OF THE LAST CENTURY.

This painting by Henri Regnault, the young French artist killed at the siege of Paris, now rests in the Metropolitan Museum.

> "The picture was started in 1868, when Alexandre Georges Henri Regnault was at the Villa Medici in Rome, whither he had gone two years before as the winner of the Prix de Rome. It was finished at Rome in 1870, a few months before the artist met death in a skirmish before Buzenval at the siege of Paris, January 17, 1871. He was only twenty-seven years old.
>
> "In Regnault's 'Correspondence,' edited by Arthur Duparc, it is told that the artist's first idea was to make a mere study of the model, to be called the 'Study of an African Woman.' Then he decided to add accessories and to paint a picture of 'The Favorite Slave.' Afterward he conceived the idea of 'Salomé.' He wrote of draperies, and shawls, and the like that he utilized before he achieved his memorable final effect. After its first exhibition, Regnault was amused by some of the critics, who credited him with philosophical and profound intentions, and he wrote to a friend:
>
> "'I have wished, however, to express certain things, and I am glad you have understood them. Yes, a caressing ferociousness is the foundation of her nature, as she is, as you have perceived, a sort of tame, black panther, but always savage and cruel.'
>
> "The picture shows the dancer at the end of her performance before Herod, seated, holding on her lap the platter to receive the head of John the Baptist, which her mother has told her to ask as the price of her dance. Resting on the platter, her hand playing with the hilt, is a sheathed simitar. It is said that the artist considered placing on the platter the head of John the Baptist, but he did not, and the picture was sent to the Salon of 1870, where its success was instantaneous."

The most famous description of the painting is that by Théophile Gautier, written in 1870, when "Salomé" was first exhibited:

> "Have you never in summer entered a room with the blinds drawn so that the obscurity would bring freshness?' he wrote. 'All is bathed in sleeping shadow, where the forms are lost and the colors blend together. However, a ray of sunlight has slipt in by a crack and throws its sharp light on a picture hung against the wall. At this magical contact the picture takes on a strange intensity of life: it sparkles, it shines, it melts into the light and almost dazzles one. In the gallery in which it is exhibited, the 'Salomé' of Mr. Regnault produced this effect. It is long since work of this value has been shown at the Salon, and, when one thinks of Mr. Regnault as still a student at the Villa Medici, one questions what such a student will be able to do in time, when he becomes a master.
>
> "Happily, there is not in Mr. Regnault what the philosophers and the critics call thought; he has but the ideas of a painter, and not those of a litterateur, a widely different thing. His effects are the effects of painting: contrasts, combinations of color, lights, and shadows, surprizes and delights of the eyes. He gives you these sensations, this voluptuousness, these joys

> which are of the pure domain of sight and which no other art is able to evoke.
>
> "A curtain of yellow satin of the most startling effect fills the background of the canvas. Here is his theme propounded. It is now a question of developing it and varying it without destroying the harmony, and never has colorist chosen a more difficult problem.
>
> "Salomé has just finished her salacious dance, and, according to the advice of Herodias, her mother, she claims for reward the head of St. John the Baptist. Salomé is alone in the picture. She is seated on one of those inlaid stools on which in the Orient dishes are placed. The artist has given her the physiognomy of a strange character which does not resemble the Hebraic type, and still less the Grecian regularity. In Spain they would describe her in one word in saying she is *muy gitana*, which means endowed with a bizarre and savage grace and a fascination diabolically irresistible, even with a touch of ugliness; for correct beauty is not necessary to these charmers. A forest of coal-black hair in rebellious disorder, all crumpled up, frames her visage and falls in heavy locks on her shoulders. This black note, violently thrown into the middle of the canvas, supports and dominates the whole gamut of yellows, and the artist leads up to it daringly by black ebony earrings.
>
> "In this abundant hair there is something wild, barbarous, bestial, that contrasts with the delicate and almost infantile features, colored under their amber pallor with a faint pinkish glow. The mouth has the vague smile, somewhat out of breath, of the dancer after her exertion. The eyes, cruelly and tranquilly voluptuous, look out and seem to await the sign of consent. Salomé holds on her knees a great platter of repoussé copper, on which is a kandjar, a great knife with ivory handle and a scabbard of red velvet with bands of silver. This platter, in which the head will fall, is for her like the tambourine of the mountebank after the performance, and the Oriental indifference to human life has never been better painted than in this girl whose hand plays with the handle of the kandjar while the other rests on her hip.
>
> "The costume of Salomé does not belong to any epoch, to any country; it is pure fantasy, and such as might be arranged by the caprice of a dancer who wishes to please and turn the head of the public. A tunic of Naples yellow is fastened at the right shoulder by a medallion of silver and ivory, leaving the bosom exposed to the breasts. A bracelet of green enamel, representing a viper with eyes of rubies, encircles the arm, delicate and round, but a little undeveloped still, as is to be expected in a very young woman. On the shoulder is thrown a shawl of tender pink whose tint is almost that of the flesh. A violet sash with large folds is tied about her waist, forming the complementary harmony with the pale yellow of the tunic, as the black of the hair makes with the yellow of the background. A skirt of golden gauze, with luminous spangles and a white mantle bordered with yellow, thrown back, completes the mad toilet of a courtezan and dancer."

But the fact that Théophile Gautier admired it "in his softest caresses of words" matters not to the present generation, says the New York *Evening Post*, and continues:

> "Art, like nearly everything else, has grown more strenuous. Every field has been worked by intensive cultivators. The general practitioner of the art of painting is disappearing. Greatness is measured by intensity of feeling, power to move. Aubrey Beardsley still thrills the young decadent, and outdoes the text he merely hoped to decorate. This text itself hangs heavy on the spirit of posterity like the odor of a tropical jungle. Snakes twine in and out among the parasitic hanging plants, and death steals away one's senses with mortally sweet fragrances—and over all hangs suspended in the breathless murk of sky a dead moon. That is, if you are still young enough to take Wilde and Beardsley seriously. Regnault's Salomé knows not these hectic climes. Later times may like her all the better for that."

Vanity Fair (New York) recounts this bit of history:

> "Regnault sold the picture for $1,000 to a dealer, from whom it was purchased by the Marquise Carcano for $2,000. The canvas, officially assessed at $100,000, passed under the hammer at the Carcano sale in the Salle Petit, Paris, May 30, 1912. The sum of $30,000 had been raised, with the aid of Baron Henri Rothschild and others, to purchase the picture for the Louvre. Mr. Roland Knoedler did not bid until it was clear that the subscribed amount was too low. The prize was knocked down to him at $96,000 amid hisses from the crowd."

OUR LITERARY INDEPENDENCE

NOW THAT THE CONTENTS of the melting-pot has come to separate into its constituent elements, the question is more and more put of what metal we be. A writer in a Southern magazine sees that from the time of the Revolution to the present we have grown less and less Anglo-Saxon in blood. For all that, our nineteenth-century literary worthies—Brown, Irving, Cooper, Bryant, Emerson, Stowe, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Prescott, Motley, Poe, Lanier, Stedman, Harte, Aldrich, Clemens, and Howells—were names essentially British in sound save only Thoreau and Lanier. Comparing this list with familiar contemporary American literary names—Van Dyke, Repplier, Bynner, Guiterman, Cawein, Roosevelt, Oppenheim, Dreiser, Kauffman, Niehardt, Knoblauch, Santayana, Schauffler, Viereck, Benét, Hagedorn, and Untermeyer—the question is asked, "Is our literature still English? A writer in *The Sewanee Review* (July), H. Houston Peckham, of Purdue University, recalls that Andrew Lang once "made so bold as to regard our literature as a sort of colonial branch of English literature, belonging to the same category as the writings of Canada and Australia." He takes Victorian England as the period whose literature expresses the most quintessential British flavor, with Tennyson as the supreme example of "correctness of form, a spirit of scientific discovery, a tendency toward religious and philosophical questioning, . . . a distaste for things ugly and repulsive, a provincially English mental attitude," and with Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot showing "a thoroughly subjective point of view (in contradistinction to Continental objectivism); an accompanying tendency to intersperse one's story with philosophic moralizing and general 'editorial comment,' and, finally (in contrast to relentless Continental naturalism), a bent for tingeing all realism with the idealistic." Whereupon he addresses himself to the query whether our literature is still English in character:

> "We encounter plenty of difficulties; for American literature is so heterogeneous, so sectional, so lacking in traits that are peculiarly national, that it defies a comprehensive definition. Nevertheless, our writers from New England to the Pacific coast, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the lakes, show a few common tendencies so marked that we have a certain criterion, after all. Take, for instance, the New England stories of Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman, the Southern stories of Thomas Nelson Page, the New York stories of Edith Wharton, and the Western stories of Hamlin Garland and Owen Wister. Their striking objectivism will become entirely obvious if we compare them with Victorian fiction, or if we compare them with the fiction of such present-day English writers as Mrs. Ward, Hewlett, De Morgan, Locke, and even Bennett. To be specific, note the difference between Mrs. Wharton's impartial, reportorial, objective way of telling a tale, and the impertinent comment which Thomas Hardy makes about the Immortals at the end of 'Tess of the d'Urbervilles.' Take the gloomy, oversexed plays of Eugene Walter, of the late Clyde Fitch, and of numerous lesser American dramatists, and, if you would find an English parallel to them, you will be almost obliged to turn to the problem plays of Sir Arthur Pinero—who, by the way, is not a Briton at all, but the son of a Portuguese Jew. Take the 'challenge' poetry of Louis Untermeyer, the whimsical poetry of Nicholas Vachel Lindsay and John Hall Wheelock, and the futurist poetry of Ezra Pound and all his ilk, and where shall you find anything approaching an English counterpart? Where, indeed? Perhaps in the buried annals of Preraffaelitism; possibly, to a small degree, in Masefield, Yeats, and D. H. Lawrence; certainly not in such characteristic twentieth-century English poets as Kipling, Watson, Noyes, Binyon, Newbolt, Drinkwater, or Davies."

Then the writer asks "if a tendency to follow Continental methods" is necessarily resultant from the fact that the Continental elements in our population are becoming relatively stronger and stronger numerically." Continuing:

> "Whether one answers this question affirmatively or negatively, one can at least assert that two facts stand out side by side: first, that the American race is much more Continental than

> it was fifty years ago; and, secondly, that the same is true of American literature. The first of these two facts is a matter of simple figures; and, as regards the second—it will scarcely be denied, for instance, that Hawthorne's *Arthur Dimmesdale* is far more English in temperament and in attitude toward life than is Theodore Dreiser's *Frank Calderwood*. And further support for this point will be found in what I have already indicated regarding the essentially English characteristics to be found in the work of such nineteenth-century American writers as Cooper, Simms, Parkman, Irving, Whittier, Longfellow, and Lowell; and the undeniably non-English characteristics evinced by such twentieth-century writers as Mrs. Freeman, Mrs. Wharton, Garland, Wister, Fitch, Walter, Untermeyer, Wheelock, Lindsay, and Pound."

All of which proves at least to the present writer that "a breaking away from servile dependence upon the literature of one European nation is surely a step toward ultimate independence. And he finds precedent for his faith:

> "There is the wonderful Greek pastoral poetry of ancient Sicily, and there is the splendid Greek prose of old-time Alexandria. There are the medieval Latin writers of half a dozen European countries. There is a Maeterlinck, French in language but unmistakably Belgian in race and spirit. There is a brilliant Norwegian literature, expressing itself in the Danish language, but, through the agency of such geniuses as Ibsen and Björnson, rising above the literature of Denmark itself. We need not hang our heads in shame because we have no American language. We need not fear that dependence in language will everlastingly preclude independence in literature. Surely this wonderful cosmopolitan nation of ours—in many respects the most original nation on the globe—cannot forever lack a literature distinctively its own; a literature of peculiar freshness and buoyancy, peculiar vigor and democracy."

"PROTECTIVE COLORATION OF FLEETS"—The French, as we told in last week's issue, have made a new military use of their painters so as to gain their services without hazarding their lives. One of our leading artists, Mr. Abbott Thayer, has criticized, in the New York *Tribune*, the British naval administration for not consulting painters on what he calls "the science of appearances." Mr. Thayer as a painter has a high reputation among artists for his delicate sense of "values"—the discrimination of tone qualities in the colors he uses. More than this, he is practically a pioneer in the treatment of the subject of the "protective coloration in animals." *The Tribune* thus speaks of him:

> "'How does it happen,' he asks, quoting from a letter he addrest to a naval authority, 'that men who know that their mathematics, gunnery, navigation, etc., have put them beyond the competition of outsiders in *their field* can't take in that the like is also true of the specialists in *all adjacent fields?*'
>
> "The blunder he has discovered lies in the use of gray in painting war-ships. 'Half of the ships that have been torpedoed,' he writes, 'would still be afloat had the naval experts perceived that there is a *science of appearances*, and that science does not form a part of a naval expert's training.' And he proceeds with a wealth of arguments and illustrations to demonstrate that '*there is only one color that when set up vertical is light enough not to be a dark figure against the sky beyond, and that color is white.*'
>
> "The complaint that naval men are loath to heed the advice of outsiders is no new one. The intelligent chronicler of Lord Anson's memorable voyage had occasion to comment on this notorious weakness, which he attributed 'to an obstinate and in some degree superstitious attachment to such practises as have long been established, and to a settled contempt and hatred of all kinds of innovations, especially such as are projected by landsmen and persons residing on shore.'
>
> "In justice, however, to those whom Mr. Thayer censures so unmercifully, it may be admitted that in the present case we are not dealing with a practise long established. The question of relative visibility is certainly not a new one, and it must obviously be brought to the minds of naval men on all occasions. Ingenious attempts to achieve obscurity by adaptation to local surroundings and peculiar atmospheric conditions were made by some of our naval commanders as long ago as 1862, and similar efforts are clearly apparent in some of the censored photographs of the British fleet at the Dardanelles."

O. HENRY TRAVELING FURTHER

NOT LONG SINCE it was reported that O. Henry had invaded France; now he is heard of as making a peaceful penetration of Britain. It has taken war-times, however, for him to do it; or at least a British writer speaks of an American literary invasion as a war-consequence. "American books are having a vogue," says "Penguin," in *The Nation* (London), "which they never enjoyed before." He quotes a man of letters as lamenting the popularity of detective stories and adding that most of them come from America. Their menace is seen as "but the first wave of a tide that will submerge many of our self-respecting British authors." "Penguin" feels that a considerable number of readers will be thankful that the American invasion has brought with it O. Henry. He confesses to a well-established admiration, but not quite the excessive enthusiasm recently indulged in by the Canadian writer, Mr. Stephen Leacock. Thus:

> "By one of those coincidences which we call strange because they are so common, it happens that an essay in Mr. Stephen Leacock's latest volume—it is also, I believe, the first in which we hear Mr. Leacock speaking rather seriously—contains a eulogy of what he calls 'The Amazing Genius of O. Henry.' While I agree with Mr. Leacock in thinking that the British public lose a good deal through their ignorance of O. Henry, I think his appreciation is far too extravagant. 'The time is coming, let us hope,' says Mr. Leacock in the last sentence of his essay, 'when the whole English-speaking world will recognize in O. Henry one of the great masters of modern literature.' The masters of modern literature are few, and O. Henry's warmest admirers in the United States would not claim a place for him among them. It is true that they have bought a million copies of his books, and they are fond of calling him the American Maupassant, but they usually add that he comes a long way behind the French one."

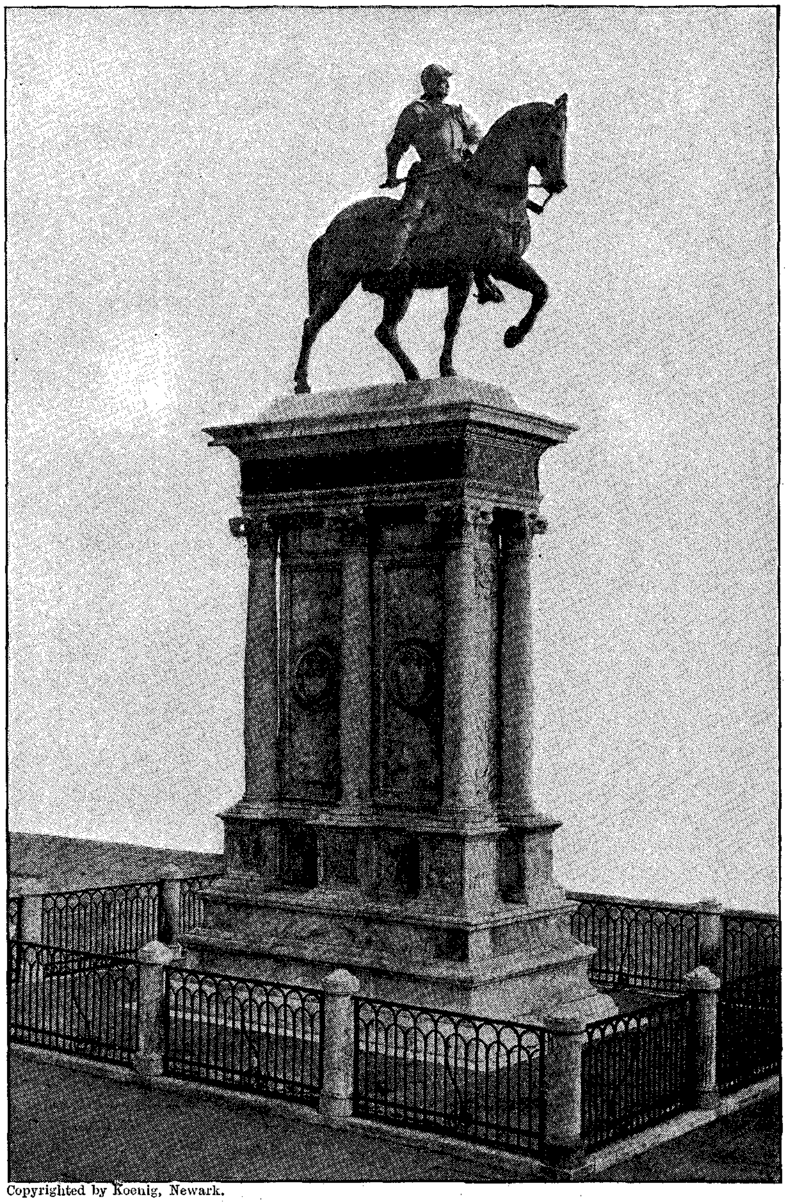
Perhaps the reason O. Henry has remained unknown to England is because of what an American critic has called "his irreverence for linguistic purity." "Penguin's" advice is that "unless you can tolerate the most audacious crimes against linguistic purity, be advised and leave O. Henry unread." It has been suggested that the presence of so many Canadian soldiers in England, with their American slang, had perhaps prepared the British mind for O. Henry's diction. "Penguin" shows his gratitude in this way:

> "Some writers are able to describe distant countries in such a way that one has the impression of having lived in them. Whenever I come across the word Malay, I have a vision of broad rivers flowing to the sea, with a riot of tropical vegetation growing about the splendid timber that stands close up to their banks, and I feel the moist and languid atmosphere of a hot-house. It requires some little effort to realize that I have never been in Malay, and that I am only remembering something of Mr. Conrad that I have read. And India, which used to be an inverted triangle painted red, is the wondrous and variegated land through which *Kim* wandered, where any casual passer-by may turn out to be a juggler or a philosopher, a secret agent or a disguised god. To these regions O. Henry has added Central America. He shows it to me as a land of languorous señoritas and somnolent American consuls, of absconding financiers and mimic revolutions, of guitars and guerrillas and guavas, a land on whose sandy beaches and beneath whose green palms it is always afternoon, yet where there is always something doing, or, rather, something about to be done. I do not know whether an ordinary traveler would find much of this in Malay or India or Central America. Probably he would not. But 'enough if in my heart I know there's such a place as Yarrow,' and I am grateful to Mr. Conrad, Mr. Kipling, and O. Henry for having given me the illusion that I have traveled in their company.
>
> "Yet I fancy there is some kernel of truth in the descriptions of these story-writers. For all of them deal with stuff which is much the same in all parts of this planet—earth, air, water, and human nature. O. Henry was congratulated by New Yorkers on the marvelous fidelity with which he drew the human types that pass through their cosmopolitan city. Here is his own explanation of this success:

"'They say I know New York well. Just change Twenty-third Street in one of my New York stories to Main Street, rub out the Flatiron Building and insert Town Hall, and the story will fit any up-State town just as well. So long as a story is true to human nature, all you need to do to make it fit any town is to change the local color. You can make all the characters of the 'Arabian Nights' parade up and down Broadway.'"

VENICE BROUGHT TO NEWARK

NEWARK WILL HAVE as a permanent memorial of her 250th anniversary celebration an exact copy of the Colleoni statue at Venice. American artists are of the opinion that the $70,000 which the statue will cost could not have been devoted more wisely to the furthering of American art. The suggestion comes from one of our leading sculptors, Mr. J. Massey Rhind, who is said to have always considered the Colleoni statue, from many standpoints, one of the most important in the world. Mr. Christian Feigenspan, of Newark, is the donor of the statue to the city and Mr. Rhind the sculptor who executes it. The New York *Sun* gives a sketch of the Newark statue—an exact copy of the original, one of the glories of Venice, now buttressed by sand-bags to escape the possibility of assaults from the enemy aeroplanes.



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THE "COLLEONI" IN VENICE.

American art will have, through the Newark copy, the constant inspiration of one of the finest equestrian statues in the world.

"The statue, including the base and pedestal, will rise forty-five feet from a small slope in Clinton Park, in a setting of old and gnarled trees, sufficiently far back to leave a distinctly clear view for a proper distance.

"Mr. Rhind's work of copying the statue, base and pedestal once done, there came the task of transforming his work into permanent material. The bronze casting of the horse and warrior was more or less a matter of routine for Mr. Rhind and his artizans, but the base and pedestal offered more difficulties. The Cherokee marble of Georgia, flinty, weather- and time-enduring, was used as the only American marble that would stand the test. Each crack and weather-token on the original had to be transferred to the copy; each chip and rust-spot had to be in its proper place. This was the work of months.

"The pedestal rises twenty-five feet, is richly carved and adorned with six Corinthian columns, into the capitals of which dolphins are introduced as emblems of the sea city that reared the original. A bronze frieze, eighteen inches high, surrounds the top of the pedestal. This represents trophies and marine animals.

"Bartolomeo Colleoni was a famous mercenary soldier, of Venice. He was born in 1400 and died in 1475, and achieved the reputation of being the greatest tactician and disciplinarian of his century. When he died he bequeathed to Venice his silver, furniture, arms, horses, and a large sum of money on condition that his statue should be set up in the Piazza of St. Mark's.

"Andrea del Verrocchio, most noted pupil of Donatello, set to work upon the statue at the behest of the authorities of Venice. He designed the whole structure and completed much of the work before he died in 1490.

"The Venetian authorities were puzzled to find a sculptor worthy of completing the task. At length, as a way out of their problem, they summoned home from banishment Alessandro Leopardi, who had once been convicted of forgery, but who was regarded as the only man in the world equal to finishing Verrocchio's statue.

"Leopardi did it, following closely Verrocchio's design. Some authorities give to Leopardi credit for having designed the pedestal. When Leopardi finished the work he signed his name to the girth of the horse, as if he had done the whole design.

"Venice accepted the statue, but declined to place it in the Piazza of St. Mark's. Instead, it was placed in the nearby Piazza of the Scuola di San Marco, and the city took possession of his legacy. The statue was erected in 1493."

"CULTURED" HEROES — The highly bred young men of Europe's fighting generation have no cause to blush over a failure of courage on the battlefield. The question was freely discust, says a Paris dispatch to the New York *Herald*, "whether the delicate and subtle culture of later years was not going to produce a tame-spirited and effeminate generation preferring well-being to arduous effort and incapable of comprehending the beauty of sacrifice." Dr. Charles Richet, of the French Institute, has lately treated the theme and,—

"It is exactly the contrary that has been demonstrated, according to Dr. Richet; the most cultivated and refined of the young men of France and Great Britain have been those who have shown the greatest bravery. Students of the Sorbonne and other French universities, students of Eton, Oxford, and Cambridge, set the example.

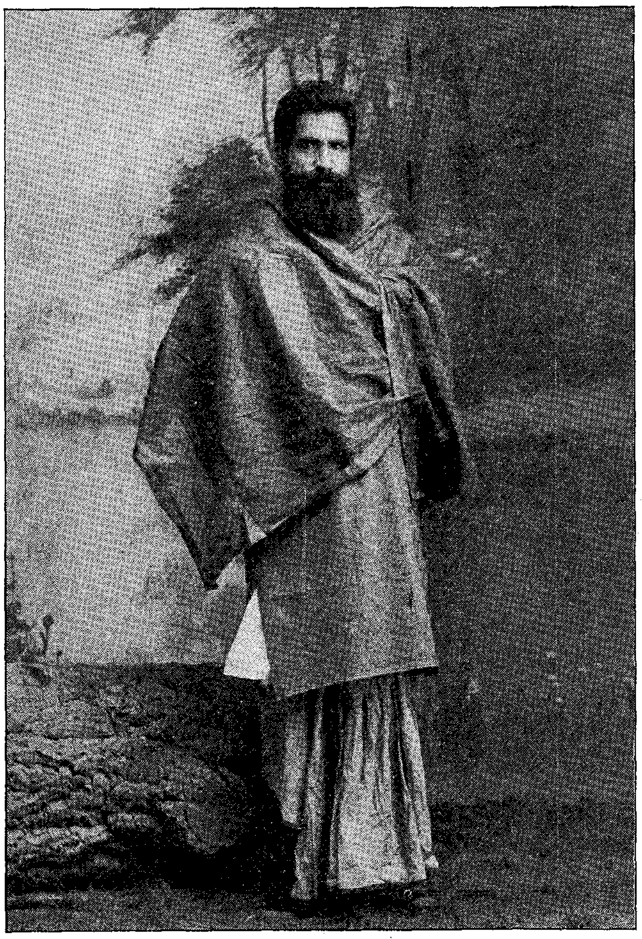
"These are the men, Dr. Richet says, who have shown most courage in its simplest form; that is to say, by supreme contempt for death, and that contempt, he concludes, is not the result of philosophical reflection, but is simply the spontaneous manifestation of inherent bravery. Never, even among the heroes of antiquity, in the times of Leonidas, Spartacus, or Hannibal, according to Dr. Richet, was there shown so much of this kind of abnegation and so much tranquil self-sacrifice."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

TURNING BACK THE CLOCK

TO SERVE THE WORLD through a vista of four or five thousand years is surely the complete antithesis of all Western ideas of social service. No one among us now in school or out would recommend keeping children until their majority from all knowledge of actual life; but a revival of a system of education followed when the Vedas were written, several thousand years ago, we learn, has been put into operation in India.

A large institution has been established for this purpose on the slopes of the Himalayas, not far from where the sacred Ganges takes its rise. There, "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," amid some of the grandest scenery in the world, hundreds of lads gathered from various parts of India are living and learning as if the hands of the clock of time had not moved since 3000 or 4000 B.C. The parents of each boy pledge themselves to keep him at this institution, which is known as the *Gurukula*, literally "the home of the guide," until he is twenty-five years of age. The pupil, styled *Brahmachari*, is completely cut off from contact with the world and must remain chaste until he graduates. He goes without shoes and is clad very simply, like one who has renounced the world. He is not permitted to eat meat of any kind, not even eggs or fish. Sanskrit forms the chief feature of his studies, tho, curiously, modern languages and science are not omitted. Tarachand D. Gajra, writing in *The Educational Review* (Madras), gives an account of the system, from which we take the following:



MAHATMA (SAINT) MUNSHI RAMA,

Founder and president of the Gurukula Academy at Hardwar, in the Punjab, India, which starves out the "lower tendencies."

"The *Brahmacharis* (pupils) live under the impartial, equal, and all-fostering care of Mahatma (Saint) Munshi Rama. . . . Bells toll all hours and periods of the day and night, the students going on a happy round of duties, everything in its own good time. Prayer, study, food, school-work, milk, school-work, play, food, prayer, study and sleep, thus goes the merry routine, with not a moment left to mope, moan, fret, or fight. All neatly yellow-clad, sandeled, bareheaded, issue in cheerful groups, be it from or to the school, college, quarters (dormitories), *bhandar* (eating-house), or playground. The lower gross tendencies are thus automatically starved out amid this controllable, blessed environment and studious, well-kept, continuous discipline.

"Liberal, varied, unstimulating, pure, vegetarian diet is provided for all equally. . . . Just the best for life and growth and no more is the practical guiding motto. The doctor sets the diet-table and keeps the health-record of each student.

"Behold the *Brahmacharis* at play. Barefooted, barelegged almost up to their knees, see how they run and field, bowl and hit in cricket. . . . Practise has perfected their limbs. Straight, chubby, natural toes are theirs, not crooked and corned, twisted and tortured. . . . Morning and evening every one of them has to take exercise. . . . . .

"No silly distraction does the place offer. The professors, therefore, take to some line of research or another. . . . The students and their teachers and professors mix freely, being so near. Their educational duty, their sincere sympathy, their very social instincts throw them into more or less intimate contact with the *Brahmacharis*, who have thus all the advantages of the society of the select. . . . . ."

The syllabus of studies is very comprehensive, as is evident from the following quotation taken from an article published in *The Indian Review* (Madras) some time ago.

"The course of study extends over sixteen years, and the scheme of studies embraces the Vedas, . . . modern Sanskrit, and Hindu literature, and also the English language and literature, modern sciences and philosophy, mathematics, principles of trade, the science of agriculture, the science and art of medicine and of pedagogics, drawing, object-lessons and practical kindergarten, too, are taught. . . . . .

". . . Before a student proceeds to his *Snatak* (degree examination) he has to undergo a course of training for four years in the college, after he satisfies his examiners and other tutors in his *Praveshika Pariksha* (the matriculation examination). . . . The *Snatak* candidate has to pass his examinations in three branches: (1) Vedic and modern Sanskrit literature, (2) English language and literature, (3) any elective study, as history and economics, or science, or philosophy. . . . The degree of *Vachaspati* (corresponding to the M.A. or D.Sc. of Indian universities) is conferred upon one who is permitted to take up 'the post-graduate course' in the Academy. Students competing for this degree are to submit two original theses on literary or scientific subjects. . . . There are ten classes in the school department, and English is taught from the sixth class onward. . . . . ."

From these details it will be readily seen that the promoters of the institution in turning the hands of the clock of time backward have not failed to take advantage of the progress that the world has made during the thousands of years that have elapsed since the Vedas were written. They appear to be working on the theory that the knowledge garnered by the East should be supplemented by that gathered by the West, tho every attempt should be made to prevent the pupil from becoming denationalized. American educators may consider that the Gurukula authorities err in screening their pupils from the world and bringing them up as hermits. Many Indians and foreigners who have visited the institution at Hardwar, in the Punjab, however, consider it to be an entire success. Mr. Gajra, whom we have already quoted, writes, for instance:

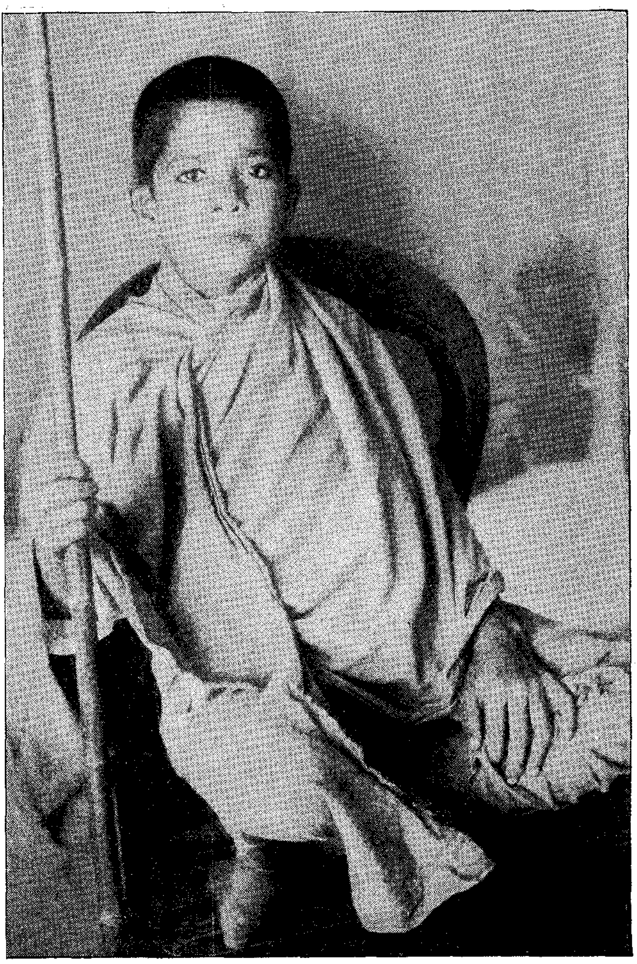
"The Hardwar *Gurukula* . . . has proved beyond a shadow of doubt that the system which it represents is sound in principle. Its inmates certainly possess better physique than other graduates. Having lived a life of hard discipline, they show that they have got a fairly well-developed will. They smoke not, they drink not, they use absolutely no intoxicating drugs. They play not at cards and they kill not time in useless pursuits. . . . So far as their intellectual development is concerned, they will not suffer when compared with graduates elsewhere. Certainly they possess a vast amount of information and show a surprizing versatility. They can easily hold conversation on the 'burning questions' of the times as well as on the historical and antiquarian questions. They talk Sanskrit—that so-called dead language—as if it were their own mother tongue. . . . . . .

"The system is much cheaper than the ordinary one. Attempts are being made to make it yet cheaper. This cheapness does not take away anything from the efficiency of the work. Thus a system of education is being evolved which might solve the educational problem of the poverty-stricken Indian."

WHAT DR. AKED LEARNED

DR. AKED COMES BACK from the Ford Peace Expedition having learned what he declares he knew before, only he has "learned it better, that the business of a preacher of the gospel is—to preach the gospel." A further conviction is borne in upon him that "there is no short cut to the millennium." A good movement must be steeped in prayer and saturated with devotion. The tree whose very leaves are for the healing of the nations grows from the seed which fell in an Empty Tomb. These are some of the reflections that Dr. Aked utters in *The Congregationalist* (New York) in giving an account of his personal relations with the members of the expedition. He writes:

"I cannot apologize for going with the Peace Expedition. My motives were entirely unselfish. No money offer was made me. I told the officers of my church that I would pay for the supply of my pulpit and on my return give to the church funds whatever sum was needed to make up the loss of income during my absence. I supposed that I should be away between two and three months. I thought that I should not be out of pocket more than $2,000, and that amount I was glad to contribute to the work. The cause seemed to me divine.

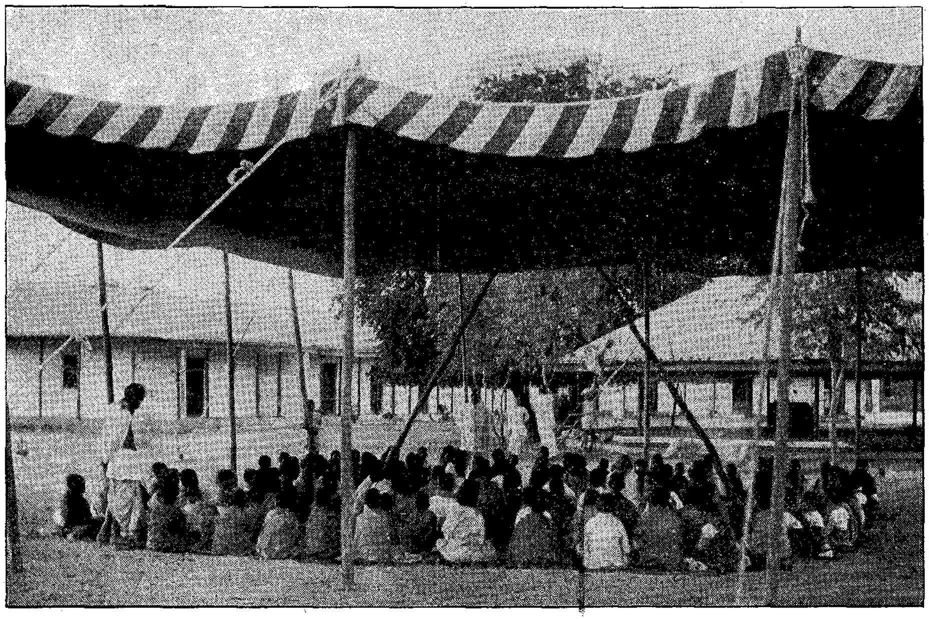

A YOUTHFUL HERMIT.

Pupil of the Gurukula Academy, who remains cut off from the world while he studies it, and learns about it, until his twenty-fifth year.

"I was quickly disillusioned. We went to end the war in Europe. We started more than one war of our own. We breathed an atmosphere of suspicion, of intrigue, of hostility. Jealousy was our meat and drink. . . . . . .

"We went to Stockholm to establish the Neutral Conference. The evil influence which had been at work in the Ford Expedition dominated the conference. The past was still with us—a terrible present. The strife in the trenches cannot be more bitter nor its hatreds more deadly than the strife and hatred of our conference. At first I was held by my refusal to be a 'quitter.' I hoped against hope, against reason, against facts, against the deliverances of my own common sense. Later, I was held by my contract. Several times I wrote asking for permission to cancel it. I received no reply to my request. I stayed on.

"When Mr. Ford's manager, who had, of course, returned to America with the expedition, came to us in Stockholm in June, I laid the facts before him and tendered my resignation. He asked me to journey to Detroit and put the entire case in Mr. Ford's hands. It was understood that unless Mr. Ford took my view of the situation, made sweeping, radical changes in the composition of the conference, in its policy, and in the administration of its affairs, I should not rejoin it. I believed that if these changes were made results could be gained which, in the language of a Detroit newspaper, would give Mr. Ford 'the desire of his heart and a lasting place


A HINDU FESTIVAL CELEBRATION.

By the pupils of Gurukula.

> in the history of mankind.' Mr. Ford did not take my view. The conference goes on. But I am free."

Besides the lessons of spiritual truth that Dr. Aked has learned from the expedition there are some of a practical nature that he recounts:

> "I have learned that there may be a guilt in extravagant generosity not less culpable than in extravagant self-indulgence. There was too much money in the Ford expedition. There was too much money in the Neutral Conference. It was handled recklessly. It was thrown about with both hands. Mr. Ford is making too much money and making it too rapidly. As long as our social system allows a man to own the coat on his back it must allow him to give his money away as he chooses. But our social system is one thing and Christ's gospel of stewardship another! Mr. Ford's money was flung about, never for his own aggrandizement, never by him personally with an unworthy purpose. It was flung about unselfishly, with prodigal extravagance—yes, with wicked extravagance. It thrust a colossal temptation before the eyes of men and women only too ready to be tempted. It corrupted. It debauched.
>
> "You cannot buy peace. A multimillionaire cannot buy peace. With gold, he can not buy the kingdom of heaven. He can not, with all his wealth, buy the 'fruits of the spirit.' Now the fruits of the spirit are peace. . . . With us the spirit was not present, and peace, its fruit, was not to be looked for. The gospel of peace is an integral and indestructible part of the gospel of Christ."

GERMAN PULPITS IN WAR-TIME

AUTHENTIC INFORMATION of the temper of the German pulpit in war-time seems at last to be furnished the world outside the Central Empires through the pages of *The Hibbert Journal.* Some time since, more or less credence was given in the English press to the reputed violent utterances of certain Berlin pastors, the original source of information being, the head of the Wesleyan Missions in Italy. The *Christliche Welt* (Berlin), in time, repudiated the facts of the report categorically, and even denied the existence of the supposed preachers. But America has ceased receiving German periodicals with regularity and the denials came to us belatedly in private letters. We give the retraction as well as the original charge, and give in place of these frenzied utterances a summary of what the German people have read in some of their parish magazines and religious newspapers. These have been searched and reported on for *The Hibbert Journal* by Dr. Arthur Shadwell. The Manchester *Guardian,* going over the results of his researches, is somewhat dubious of the effect of "the German people forming their conception of the spirit and aims of England" with the aid of these publications; yet it admits that "such a test of the national mind would be a good deal more just and accurate than many another which is or might be applied." The orthodox element, Dr. Shadwell is reported as saying, "remains a solid power; less noticeable than the showy movements of the day, but far more real and lasting." Then the paper adds that "in war-time it is more than commonly important as a symptom of the national health, for it is under such conditions as exist to-day that normal people reveal 'how much or how little hold the moral law and higher ideals have over them,' and the church is surely a good place in which to study this revelation." We read:

> "Dr. Shadwell passes in review some productions of the German pulpit in war-time. His survey, necessarily, is imperfect, and the most that he claims for it is that it discloses a stratum of thought and feeling in Germany which is not apparent from the newspapers. The collection of which Dr. Shadwell treats comprises some fifty sermons preached by about thirty German clergymen in different churches and places during the past year. They are taken as they have come in, without selection, and the preachers appear to be average men of no exceptional prominence. Many of the themes are related, not to the war, but to the enduring realities of the human soul, and it is noted as an interesting point that more than five-sixths of the chosen texts come from the New Testament, and not, as many people would expect, from the fiercest books of the Old.
>
> "Every one of the war-sermons, we gather, takes for granted the whole of the German case. Germany, say the preachers, is right; she is fighting a purely defensive war against wicked and rapacious enemies. But Dr. Shadwell is able to say that in this batch of sermons there is none of the peculiarly revolting stuff that occasionally circulates in newspaper quotation. Herr Gerhard Tolzien, an appointed preacher to Schwerin Cathedral and a markedly official person who is evidently accustomed to large congregations, is, we are told, the most bellicose. But he does not exult in slaughter or gloat over the victims of German arms. Only once does he indulge in political polemics, and then it is nothing worse than a claim (eked out with the customary adulation of the Kaiser) that for a fighting nation a divinely chosen Imperial head is infinitely more inspiring to army and people than an elected political leader—a sentiment which, we may be sure, would be applauded in hundreds of English vicarages.
>
> "A certain Pastor Scian, whose sermons are praised by Dr. Shadwell as conspicuously high-minded and, toward the enemy, moderate in tone, has a meditation on war-time as a time of suffering, service, and sowing. In the course of it he is brought up against the accusation that the Germans are not Christ's people, but Nietzsche's. Well, he says, they are waging war, and how resolve the contradiction between Jesus and war? With their righteous aim in the struggle, he is convinced, Germany may truly stand in the sight of God." . . . . .

Another and interesting aspect of the sermons is said to be brought out by the quotation of passages bearing upon the spiritual state of the nation before and during the war:

> "Several of the preachers denounce in uncompromising terms the servitude of a prosperous Germany to mammon-worship and materialism in general. Social life was becoming 'ever more unrestrained and dissolute.' Herr Tolzien adds a homily against the bitter strife of classes and the starving of ideals. Another (Oculi) laments the increasing ravages of drinking and impurity among the troops. Another (Ritzhaupt) says that, along with marvelous heroism and sacrifice, they hear of hideous evils brought out by war: 'of common theft, of bestial lust, of shameless levity, of unfaithfulness among men in the enemy's country, of unfaithfulness and lasciviousness among wives and girls at home.' And yet another (Simons) lashes the luxury and wantonness which are 'contrary to the love we owe our brave men out there and the mourners at home.' Pastor Foerster devotes a whole sermon to the demoralization of the German people during the age of their marvelous material progress. The transformation from a modest estate to abounding prosperity, he says, proceeded too rapidly not to have a corrupting effect upon the national character. 'The old simplicity and frugality were replaced in the upper classes by a luxury which was not even in good taste.' Wealth grew to be the only important thing in life, and the worship of money had, as its converse side, a deep distrust among the masses. 'Who among us,' Pastor Foerster asks, 'feels quite free from guilt in this matter?'
>
> "A discourse by a preacher named Schönhuth contains an excellent passage, insisting that, unless the result for Germany is moral regeneration the streams of blood will have flowed for nothing and the countless sacrifice of life be all in vain. This might stand side by side with more than one peroration from those best of lay sermons, the thoughts of Mr. Clutton-Brock. The German preachers, of course, are not alone in employing the war as a great opportunity for dwelling upon the victories of the world and the flesh and the neglect of religion. The preachers of all lands do it, and our own have been from the beginning remarkably fertile upon this particular theme. Dr. Shadwell, however, does not seem to have come across anything in his German preachers to set beside the prelections of those Anglican clergymen who see in the world-catastrophe a judgment upon the British race for neglecting Sunday observance and tolerating a Government which contained the pre-war Lloyd-George and made an assault upon the Church in Wales. The German pulpit, if we may judge from Dr. Shadwell's evidence, is greatly concerned with the weightier matters of the moral law. One other thing can hardly fail to strike the reader who compares these sermons with the average of ours. They are of a distinctly weightier quality, presenting closely worked-out subjects in a manner which an average congregation could certainly not follow without effort."

CURRENT - POETRY

MISS AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR'S "The Roadside Fire" and "In Deep Places" have made her known as a sincere and accomplished poet. Her new book, "Life and Living" (George H. Doran Company), is in many respects superior to its predecessors. It shows that Miss Burr, without losing anything of the deftness of her art, has gained a new intensity of feeling and a greater sense of kinship with the rest of humanity. "A Song of Living" illustrates well her wholesome vivacity. In her treatment of this theme she skilfully avoids that excess of enthusiasm which would make the poem seem either artificial or hysterical:

A SONG OF LIVING

By Amelia Josephine Burr

Because I have loved life, I shall have no sorrow to die.
I have sent up my gladness on wings, to be lost in the blue of the sky.
I have run and leapt with the rain, I have taken the wind to my breast.
My cheek like a drowsy child to the face of the earth I have prest.
Because I have loved life, I shall have no sorrow to die.
I have kissed young Love on the lips, I have heard his song to the end.
I have struck my hand like a seal in the loyal hand of a friend.
I have known the peace of heaven, the comfort of work done well.
I have longed for death in the darkness and risen alive out of hell.
Because I have loved life, I shall have no sorrow to die.
I give a share of my soul to the world where my course is run.
I know that another shall finish the task I must leave undone.
I know that no flower, no flint was in vain on the path I trod.
As one looks on a face through the window, through life I have looked on God.
Because I have loved life, I shall have no sorrow to die.

Here is Miss Burr in another mood—mourning, in stately and sonorous numbers, one of the greatest of modern warriors. In spite of its brevity, this elegy is appropriately august:

KITCHENER'S MARCH

By Amelia Josephine Burr

Not the muffled drums for him,
Nor the wailing of the fife.
Trumpets blaring to the charge
Were the music of his life.
Let the music of his death
Be the feet of marching men.
Let his heart a thousandfold
Take the field again!

Of his patience, of his calm,
Of his quiet faithfulness,
England, raise your hero's cairn!
He is worthy of no less.
Stone by stone, in silence laid,
Singly, surely, let it grow.
He whose living was to serve
Would have had it so.

There's a body drifting down
For the mighty sea to keep.
There's a spirit cannot die
While a heart is left to leap
In the land he gave his all.
Steel-like to praise and hate.
He has saved the life he spent—
Death has struck too late.

Not the muffled drums for him,
Nor the wailing of the fife.
Trumpets blaring to the charge
Were the music of his life.
Let the music of his death
Be the feet of marching men.
Let his heart a thousandfold
Take the field again!

Among the poems in the August issue of *The Poetry Review of America*, the one which we quote below stands out by reason of its simplicity and spontaneity—qualities which are essential to real poetry, and not overconspicuous in modern magazine-verse. We like particularly the imaginative splendor of the last two stanzas:

TO THE SCHOONER "CASCO"

DEAR TO R. L. S.

(*Remodeled for the fishing-trade of the Pacific Coast*)

By Grace Hazard Conkling

Has he forsaken heaven quite,
Where is no sail nor any sea,
And for the sake of lost delight
Evaded immortality,
To feel the wind that sets you free,
And tempt you to a wide blue flight
Where any trailing dawn may be
Deep-fringed with breakers bursting white?

Would he exchange all Paradise
For islands arabesqued with morn,
In your slim shape the magic lies,
And to such honor were you born.
For him shall peace grow less forlorn,
Who has the sea-light in his eyes,
And hears Orion's hunting-horn
Cry challenge down the blazing skies?

Now men forget what dawns you knew,
What painted sunsets flaring far:
For these calm coasts they destine you,
Nor think whose Silver Ship you are.
Oh, leaping bow and thrilling spar
And canvas bright against the blue,
Your Skipper steers you for a star!
Obey him as you used to do.

So shall you tread again the floor
Uncharted you were wont to roam,
And flee in ecstasy before
The squalls that fail to drive you home:
Shall hear his laughter as of yore,
When the cloud breaks, the green waves comb,
And make his spirit glad once more
With flagons of enchanted foam!

But when the ocean's azure swoon
Glasses some isle of memories,
Steal thither softly, to maroon
Your wilful master, if he please!
Slip in by night behind the trees
Of its star-paven deep lagoon,
And drift across the Pleiades
To anchor in the floating moon.

From Ruth McEnery Stuart's "Plantation Songs" (D. Appleton & Co.), we quote these strong and gentle stanzas. Mrs. Stuart has selected a rhythm admirably suited to the message she has to convey:

THE SEA OF PEACE

By Ruth McEnery Stuart

I stand above a white-rimmed sea:
Its deeps are mine, its mirrored height;
Mine its low plaint of mystery,
All mine its glee-song of delight.
Mine its strong soul; its body mine;
I lave me in its kind embrace;
In dreams upon its buoyant brine
It gives me back a cherished face.

Mayhap it helps me understand
The language of infinity,
The secret of the shifting sand,
The testimony of the sea.

I am above all circumstance,
I am beyond all power to hurt;
No more I shrink from sorrow's lance
So with all strength I am begirt.

I've tasted of the bitter sup;
Earth's bulwarks all are proven frail;
Yet sweetened now is life's low cup,
All hallowed: 'tis my Holy Grail.

Above its wrecks of ships and men
The placid ocean shows no scars;
Above my deeps where storms have been
My tranquil soul reflects the stars.

Here is a bit of Keats-like magic, by a poet whose work never lacks charm. We take it from *Harper's Magazine:*

WOOD FLOWER

By Richard Le Gallienne

I found a flower in the wood,
Growing softly by some water;
Had I plucked it when I could—
The old wild-wood's fairy daughter—
Not thus vainly had I sought her.

So deep a spell was on me laid,
I might not stretch my hand to take her,
So fragile she, I was afraid
Even my lightest touch would break her—
And now, alas, what voice shall wake her!

From Eldredge Denison's "Ballads and Lyrics" (Sherman, French & Co.), we take the following lines. The last stanza is rather prosaic, but as a whole the poem is admirably descriptive. This subject has long needed a poet to celebrate its beauty and wonder:

ALFALFA

By Eldredge Denison

Plow the furrow wide and deep,
Run it true and turn it fair,
Far across the sloping sweep,
As the loam rolls from the share,
Polishing the mold-board bright
Till it glistens in the light.

Follow quickly with the harrow;
Crush the clods, and fine the soil,
While the unturned strip grows narrow
As the sweating horses toil.
Harrow quickly, lest it harden;
Fine the soil as for a garden.

Sow the seed, and let it slumber
Warmed by sun and blest by rain,
Till the days, in stated number,
Waken it to life again.
Then unfolds before our eyes
One of nature's mysteries.

On the slope where first was showing
Just a shimmering haze of green,
Day by day the shoots are growing
Till no sign of soil is seen;
And the beauty is revealed
Of a June alfalfa field.

Thicker grown than meadow-grasses,
Firm and fixed it seems to be,
But when morning's swift wind passes,
It's a restless moving sea.
Wave on wave its fellow follows
Toward the upland from the hollows,

When the keen knives cut it down
  Hope of further yield seems vain
From a spot so bare and brown,—
  Then it greens and grows again.
Thrice and four times thus it keeps
Its first promise ere it sleeps.

A breath of the fruit-growing lands of the great Northwest comes to us in Anthony Euwer's "Rhymes of Our Valley" (James B. Pond). The poems which make up this attractive volume are American in theme, and American, too, in their fresh, buoyant spirit and strong colloquialism. Here is the book's most striking poem—it is picturesque and stirring, and it is evidently the work of a poet with a first-hand knowledge of the subject he sings:

THE BLOOD IN THE APPLE

By Anthony Euwer

You city folk who night and day
Loiter and stare along Broadway,
And, pausing by some fruiterer's shop,
You city folk—do you ever stop
To count the cost of those radiant wares,
Spitzenburgs luscious and Anjou pears,
Winter Banana and Gravenstein,
Crimson and gold in their sun-washed sheen?
Winds of the west their cheeks have fanned
Down endless tracts of orchard land.
Each nectar drop in that golden feast
Was a drop of sweat from man and beast.
The crimson there of deep, rich hue
Had its component in years of blue—
The blue, blue awful first long years
Of falt'ring hopes and cank'ring fears,
Of wond'ring how in the name of God
You're going to hold your piece of sod,
And go without the things you need,
And pay your help, and buy your feed,
While it all goes out and there's nothing comes in,
And your credit's called when you're minus tin.

You city folk, that fruit you see
It wasn't by chance, you take it from me!
Do you know what it is to clear your copse
And fell your trees with a gang of Wops,
And shoot your stumps, and shatter rocks
With dynamite at five a box,
And yank your roots, and fill your holes,
And drive the drag to level the rolls
While the dust and grime go filt'ring in
Each leaky pore in your swelt'ring skin,
And the fir-bark splinters calmly glide
Through the holes in your mitts to your hands inside,
Which gives you something to blaspheme at
When you've chiseled the pitch from your hands with "Scat"?

Do you know what it is, you city folk,
To be consecrate to the ranchman's yoke?
To wake with your hands all cramped and sore
From the clutch on your ax the day before,
Then crawl into the icy night
Two hours before you glimpse the light,
And make your way by a lantern's glow
Out through the chill and driving snow
To tend and feed the beasts that live
By grace of what you choose to give,
Till dawn unfolds familiar lines
Of outhouse roofs and snow-clad pines,
And when the last chore's done you say
You're ready now to start the day.

Do you know what the trees have weathered through
That bore that golden fruit for you?
Blight and mold, the dozen plagues
That fly with wings and crawl with legs.
Aphis, Weevils—marshaled in hosts
Along each bough till they give up their ghosts
In a sulfur-lime death-dealing drench
Or a Black-leaf Forty's choking stench.

Do you know the feel to find a tree
That's reached a three-years' growth, and see
Its leaves all limp, its roots out clean—
'Twas gophered there in the ground unseen.
You can pull it out—no need to jerk
When the Gophers quit their ghoulish work.
At all their holes your traps are set
And some you miss and some you get,
But you might as well fish up the sea
As trap a Gopher colony,
For their dead have fathers, sisters, brothers,
Uncles, aunts, and hungry mothers,
And every one of the cave-born brutes
Is horribly fond of apple-roots.
When they've gophered your tree, it's gone, that's all,
You just forget it and plant next fall.

Eight-inch dust and five-foot snow,
You get them both where the apples grow,
Toppling hopes and cank'ring fears
To boost you along for seven years,
Blight, and plague, and withering frost—
Just reckon these when you count the cost
Of that wonderful fruit you saw to-day
As you stopt by the window along Broadway

Like one of the modern German color-prints is this night-piece taken from *The Masses*. The author has woven a mass of detail together in such a way that we gather a general impression rather than any particular visual image:

NOCTURNE

By Virginia Brastow

The lake in the moonlight is beautiful as music.
The black silhouettes of the trees
Seem deep with mystery.
The trees fold and weave about their secrets.
In their hearts they smile,
Aloof and wise.
But their branches hide the smiles.

The air is still as tho the world
Were hushed before the loveliness of night
Lights are softened in the moonlight,
A line of hills is touched with light
Poured from the great, gold moon.

Yet I have seen the lake like steel
In a dark day.
Or like heavy, molten metal,
Throwing thick, chopping waves
In futile anger at the heavens.
The trees, sinister and wild,
Flinging their branches in gesticulation to the wind.
Disheveled, reckless eucalyptus,
Flinging their secrets to the wind.

The same lake and the same trees.
Are the souls of men like these,
Giving beauty in summer moonlight,—
Reckless and turbulent in storms?

There are pine-trees near the lake.
Straight and tall as towers.
They bend in the wind, and toss their harried branches.
But I have not seen them angry.
They know an inner harmony
With wind, and storms, and moonlight.
A cataclysm might uproot them,
And leave the spirit of the pines inviolate.
Their secret smiles touched with scorn.

And from the same number comes an instance of the service rendered us by the *imagistes*, who are able to establish a kind of intimate kinship between man and the most distant objects of nature. Such poetry brings the world into our own bosoms:

MOONRISE

By Jean Starr Untermeyer

We walked contentedly along,
So at home in the night
That when I saw a cozy, yellow moon
Reflected in a warm and shallow pool,
It seemed the comfortable lamp on my table
Mirrored in my cup of tea.

FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD CO.
BEEF BROTH
FOR INVALIDS AND CHILDREN
JERSEY CITY, N.J. U.S.A.
First "aides" to the physician

Franco-American Broths Albuminized

Physicians and mothers desiring a pure meat broth albuminized to give an extra yield of nutriment will find Franco-American Broths excellent for this purpose. Simply dissolve the white of one egg in 8 oz. (½ pint) of the Franco-American beef, chicken, mutton or clam broth.

Franco-American Broths for Invalids and Children

To serve warm, the broth should be heated separately, then the albumen should be added. The egg will begin to coagulate if the broth is heated over 135 F.

Broth with the white of egg may be given cool or cold. It is useful in the feeding of infants and young children. It is an excellent addition to the daily meal, and of especial value in those cases where all milk must be stopped.

Beef Chicken Clam Mutton

Fifteen cents
Sold by leading grocers

HEALTH IN PURE FOOD

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD CO.

PRE NVMERO
EXCELLENTIA

LOCOMOBILE

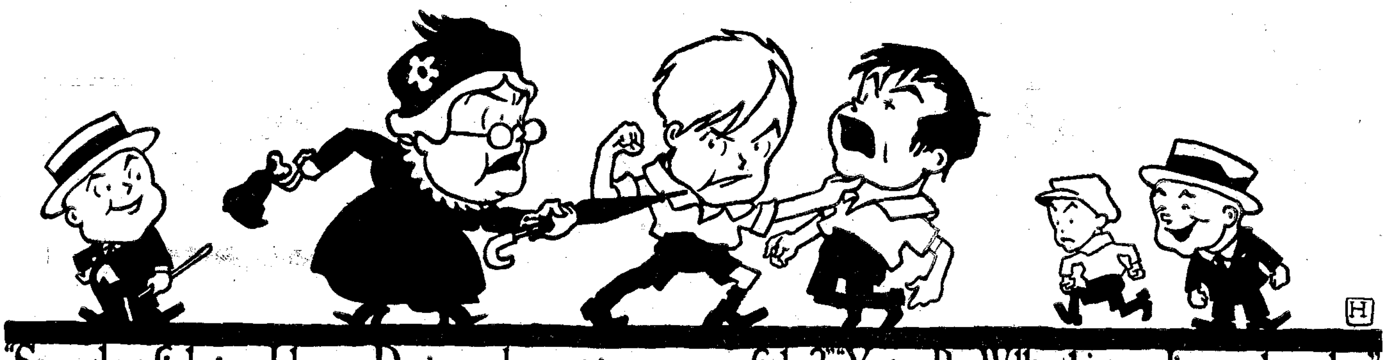
CLOSED CARS

The 1917 advance styles are now on exhibition. The new Coach Work is carried nearer to the ground, resulting in a lower step, greater convenience, and smarter appearance.

Interiors are by Miss Elsie de Wolfe, the leading authority on decoration, who has selected a wide variety of beautiful fabrics of exclusive pattern and special weave. The effects are accomplished in the simplicity and taste for which this artist is famous.

The production of these luxurious vehicles is restricted in order to devote much time to each individual car. Prices $5600. to $6800.

THE LOCOMOBILE COMPANY OF AMERICA
MAKERS OF FINE MOTOR CARS



"Stop that fighting Johnny: Don't you know it's wrong to fight?" "Yes'm, But Willie don't, so I'm teaching him"

We learn many things only by experience.

Kelly-Springfield
Automobile Tires-Hand Made

IT'S so with tires. Experience teaches effectively, but it's often expensive.

Motorists who equip their cars with Kelly-Springfield tires have learned by experience to judge tire values.

Nearly all of them have used other tires and turned to Kelly-Springfield through the testimony of Kelly users.

They are not deceived by guarantees and low first costs. They know the difference between mileage on the road and contentious adjustments.

Kelly-Springfield tires are guaranteed for 5,000, 6,000 and 7,500 miles, according to type, but Kelly users know they rarely fail to deliver mileage much in excess of this. Measured by mileage delivered, their first cost is extraordinarily low.

Kelly-Springfield tires are hand-made tires with mileage painstakingly built in by skilled hands, carefully trained. It costs more to make such tires, but the extra service they deliver is worth the cost. The proof lies in the fact that demand always exceeds factory capacity, in spite of increased production.

You can be sure to get Kelly-Springfield tires when you want them by placing your orders ahead. Your dealer gives preference to customers who anticipate their needs.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD
KANT SLIP TREAD
KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE CO
Yours truly
Lotta Miles

Kelly-Springfield Tire Co.
Executive Offices
Broadway and 57th Street, New York

REVIEWS - OF - NEW - BOOKS

Bashford, James W. China: an Interpretation. 8vo, 620 pp. New York: The Abingdon Press. $2.50.

A comprehensive handbook to China is a desideratum. Such a book should deal with China's relation to other peoples, with the character of the population, with its industries, commerce, education, literature, philosophy and religion, law, politics, and history. It should show how in the last half-century China has become a world-problem, what her new status is, and what is the trend of affairs at present.

All this Bishop Bashford, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has undertaken in the volume before us. Twelve years of the closest relations with people and land furnish part of the basis for his judgments, and this has been supplemented by an extensive acquaintance of literature concerned with China—and with Japan. This intimate acquaintance has produced in Dr. Bashford a conviction of the mental and moral soundness of the Chinese, and a confidence that ultimately they will gain their due place in the world, which speaks well for his discernment. He sees clearly the external and internal difficulties that oppose a speedy development in China of a democratic form of government. The rise of a new education, the creation of new ideals of national life, the molding of a new spirit that shall dominate individual, family, and communal relationships, are some of the internal tasks China must set herself. The principal external menace comes from Japan, which aims to fasten on her huge neighbor a hegemony of Japanese domination which bodes ill for self-realization by China. While Europe is so disastrously self-occupied, Japan seeks to forge chains of steel with which to bind China to her own future.

A number of appendices add greatly to the value of the volume—on the censuses, vegetable oils, irrigation, food-plants in China (exhaustive), classes of society, courses of study, the Japanese-Chinese diplomatic documents since 1908, a list of dynasties, and an outline of Chinese history to March 23, 1916.

The book is of value to all students of the Far East, no matter what their specialty is, particularly, however, to those interested in the outcome of current diplomatic, political, and commercial events.

Hough, Emerson. Let Us Go Afield. Pp. 319. New York and London: D. Appleton & Co. 1916. $1.25 net

Mr. Hough is a lover of, and a believer in, the outdoor life. So much so that he says in his first chapter of this breezy volume: "Some one has to pay for the people who do not camp out." By which he means that indoor diseases, especially tuberculosis, are costly to mankind. They are preventable, he insists—"the real wastes, the unspeakably enormous wastes, of our civilized life." He has traveled, hunted, loafed, and fished, all over the world. His pages make his readers crave like experiences across the land, over the waters, and under the sky.

Bryan, William Alanson. Natural History of Hawaii. Being an Account of the Hawaiian People, the Geology and Geography of the Islands, and the Native and Introduced Plants and Animals of the Group. Illustrated. Cloth, *596 pp. Privately Published.* $5.50.

Professor Bryan, of the College of Hawaii, has prepared with much labor a general introduction to the natural history of Hawaii that should be of considerable service. He begins with the subject of most direct interest, the natives of Hawaii. This is followed by sections on the topography, the geology, and the flora of the islands, filling a little more than half the work. The final and most elaborate division treats of the author's specialty, the extremely varied animal life of the islands. Popular attention will be directed most generally to the section on the natives, which, however, is the weakest from a scientific point of view. Indeed, the specialist, anthropological or zoological, will no doubt gain more from the scientific treatises to which Professor Bryan refers in an extensive bibliography. In the other sections, however, the author is thoroughly at home in his field and has thus been more successful in producing a valuable reference-work both for specialists and for the common demands of schools and libraries. Through an ingenious arrangement of the index and the foot-notes, the popular narrative style has been freed from the burden of technical terms, yet the scientific nomenclature and data are near at hand. The author has thus made his book generally useful to scientists, and to residents and tourists in those pleasant islands.

What Happens After Death? A Symposium by Leading Writers and Thinkers. Cloth, pp. 177. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. 75 cents.

Fustel de Coulanges's epigram, "Death was the first mystery; it started man on the road to the other mysteries," needs no modification in spite of scientific advance or new philosophical insight. Evidence of the persistence of the mystery appears in the variety of views exprest in the little volume under review. Here, thanks to a stimulating newspaper controversy, are gathered the opinions of many types of mind upon the question, "What happens after death?" Essayists, such as A. C. Benson; novelists, such as Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler; inventors, as Hiram Maxim; clergymen, as Monsignor R. H. Benson and Rev. Dinsdale T. Young; pessimistic sociologists, as Max Nordau, and a score of others contribute. A notable omission is the philosophers—unless one so classes Mrs. Besant! Perhaps they preferred to sit back and look on! The views exprest extend to both extremes — from Rev. A. J. Waldron's "almost a mathematical certainty" for life beyond the grave to Nordau's doctrine, "After death—nothingness." And in between some are ready to venture faith on philosophical grounds, some on grounds religious. It is indeed an odd quadrilateral with A. P. Sinnett asserting that it is "ludicrous" to discuss the matter, since "vast multitudes" have "personal knowledge" of the continuity of the life of friends who have passed on, J. Bloundelle-Burton declaring the answer to be impossible, Rev. Benjamin Bell, Moderator of the Presbyterian Church of England, basing his positive argument on the authority of the Bible, and Hiram Maxim cheerfully calling the idea of immortality the invention of "quack doctors of religion"—the last an appropriate philosophy for a producer of instruments of death. Of a truth the book is amusing

How Jones Got His Eyes Open

Jones* is an operator. He became nervous, couldn't sleep well—work began to worry him. He couldn't locate the trouble, and went away for a rest.

One morning, while breakfasting with a friend, Jones noticed his friend ordered **Postum.** Right then Jones got his eyes open!

He had been a coffee drinker. "I had no idea coffee was so harmful," Jones writes us. "I decided to drink **Postum.** The beneficial results since the change I can hardly believe or describe."

POSTUM

made of prime wheat, roasted with a bit of wholesome molasses, is brimful of the nourishing goodness of the grain. It is a delicious beverage, free from the troubles which often result from caffeine, the drug in coffee.

"Yours in better health," signs Jones. Thousands of others say so, too, who have changed from coffee to **Postum.**

"There's a Reason"

* Name and address given by
Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,
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Lexington $1185
MINUTE MAN SIX
1917
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The Beauty of the LEXINGTON
Is Not Mere Show-Room Beauty

OUT on the city streets and the country highways, wherever motor cars throng, the LEXINGTON Minute Man Six holds its own in beauty, dignity, and style.

Everyday and everywhere your conviction will grow that in buying the LEXINGTON you have bought all that your money can buy.

The LEXINGTON Minute Man Six is built by men who are as closely in touch with the sources of motor car style as any men can be. While avoiding the conspicuous extremes of design, the LEXINGTON is marked by a quiet dignity and a subtle beauty of line and finish which meet the canons of good taste and make it a car of which you can be proud.

In construction, as well as in appearance, the LEXINGTON is a car of character. It is honestly and substantially built for service and comfort. Its equipment includes everything that a motor car should have—and much that is found only in cars of much higher price.

Unusual manufacturing facilities—ten big factories united by a common interest—factories big in experience as well as size—make possible this high degree of excellence at the LEXINGTON price.

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Lexington-Continental Engine
Moore Multiple Exhaust System
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Independent Ignition, Lighting, and Starting Circuits
Double Universal Joints
Full-Floating Rear Axle with Spiral Bevel Gears
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Genuine Leather Trimming Throughout

In addition, the regular equipment includes full ventilating weather-stripped windshield, speedometer, electric horn, ammeter, and trouble lamp.

The LEXINGTON has been a car for discriminating buyers since 1908. The models for 1917 carry LEXINGTON ideals and standards even further.

Before you buy any car within several hundred dollars of its price, see the LEXINGTON and have a demonstration.

If you do not know the name of the nearest LEXINGTON dealer, write us and we shall be pleased to put you in touch with him.

THE LEXINGTON-HOWARD CO., COLUMBIA SQUARE Connersville, Ind., U. S. A.

at many points because of the logical fallacies into which writers on both sides plunge themselves. Argument by analogy abounds, argument on insufficient premises or none is frequent. Not even the "rationalists" are free from irrationality. The book would be a first-rate instrument for a class in argumentation to sharpen their wits upon. For that matter any thinking person, and perhaps some others, would be stimulated by the human interest of these pages.

Crotch, W. Walter. The Pageant of Dickens. Pp. xii-269. London: Chapman & Hall.

Are you a lover of Dickens? Then this "Pageant" will doubtless make you love him more. It is more than a mere "Pageant." It not only allows you to see his host of varied characters passing you in groups, orderly arrayed; it affords apt comment upon those characters, and careful analysis of the author's purpose in creating them or copying them. Their grouping is picturesque. It begins with "The Children" and ends with "The Feasts." Between these are The Humorists, The Actors, The Queer Tradesmen, The Criminals, The Lawyers, The Eccentrics, The Sportsmen, The Philanthropists, The Hypocrites and Humbugs, and The Parsons. It is a more populous "Pageant" than any other author save Shakespeare could place before us; and it is well classified. And Mr. Crotch claims that those qualities of our race, represented by it, were never in more urgent request than now—"the blithe and steady persistence, the sane and cheery outlook, the endurance under difficulties—above all, the trust in the common man, his virtues, constancy, and capacity." These things which Dickens perpetually emphasized we need now more than ever," this commentator thinks; and "more than ever," it seems to him, "we may turn to Dickens for inspiration and support."

Snyder, Franklyn, and Martin, Robert G. [Editors]. A Book of English Literature. 8vo, pp. 889. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

What a well-selected bouquet is to a bewildering garden of flowers and weeds this anthology is to the five hundred years of English literature. The excellence of the volume lies in the varied and standard quality of the prose and poetry, the historical arrangement, the biographical appendix, and the explanatory notes. The six hundred selections cover a period from Chaucer to Meredith and are entertaining as well as educational. They include poetry, essays, history, and biography, but omit drama and fiction. In addition to selections from Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, and Browning, samples are given from "Piers Plowman," "Robin Hood," "The Passionate Shepherd," "The Complete Angler," "Pepys's Diary," "The Tale of a Tub," "The Essay on Man," "The Deserted Village," etc. A few selections are anonymous and some of the authors are the less known—Henry Howard, Michael Drayton, James Shirley, Andrew Marvel, and others. An interesting example of the ancient miracle play is given in "Noah's Flood." The selections, made by two professors in Northwestern University, are intended primarily for college courses, but should be equally welcome to other readers.

Collison, W. H. In the Wake of the War Canoe. 8vo, pp. 352. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.75 net.

To few men is it given to chronicle the work that transforms a number of tribes

These fully Pneumatic Tires are NOT "Muscle-Bound"

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WHY have *air-filled* Tires superseded all others, on *Pleasure* Cars?

Solid Rubber Tires would run several times as far, on the average *Pleasure* Car!

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Why, then, have "*Pneumatic*" Tires, the best of which won't average nearly as much Mileage, so universally *displaced* Solid Rubber and Steel Tires on all *Pleasure* Cars?

Because,—the Pleasure Car must often run at "*more than 15 miles*" per hour.

And, when it does, the response of even *Rubber* Tires, if *solid*, is altogether too *slow* to take up the enormous *Vibration*, the jarring and shattering influences of the road, on Car Mechanism and Car Occupants.

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TRUCKS and Tractors can afford to use Solid Tires.

Because, *they* are designed to run at relatively *slow speeds*, under heavy loads.

But, the Comfort, Speed, and Luxurious Ease, of riding in a true PLEASURE Car is what you chiefly BUY that Car for.

Therefore, the *nearer* you get to the Solid Rubber, or Steel, *characteristic*, in a so-called "Pneumatic" Tire, the *farther* away you get from what you *bought* the Pleasure Car for.

Let *that* thought sink in deeply,—then consider this:—

The *thicker*, and heavier, your Pneumatic Tire is, the *stiffer* it is.

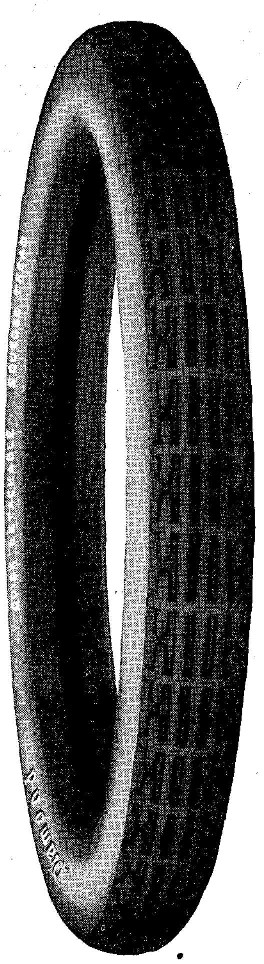
The more *layers* of Canvas (beyond the number actually needed to carry the load), the *thicker* and stiffer, and LESS PNEUMATIC the Tire is,—the *slower* in absorbing Vibration.

The *thicker* the Casing, the *harder* it is to bend, in running.

And, the *harder* it is to bend, the more Motor-power and Gasoline is being *wasted* in driving the Car against excessive Traction-Wave,—the *sooner* the Motor *wears out*.

So, there you have the vicious circle into which a mistaken hope for *more Mileage*, through *more Tire thickness*, leads the Inexperienced.

◆ ◆ ◆



Black Tread—
Red Sides—

DIAMOND Tires are true PNEUMATIC Tires!

—Made *flexible*, *springy*, and *nimble*, in order to promptly *absorb Vibration* and eliminate jar to Car Mechanism and Car Occupants.

They thus *lengthen* the life of the Car, and make Motoring the PLEASURE it is primarily intended to be.

Built with as *few* layers, of the *best* Fabric, as will carry the load FURTHEST.

Then Treaded with a fine-grained, non-ballasted, and very elastic (black) "Velvet" Rubber, the ready *stretch* in which acts as a sort of lubricant between Road and Fabric, preventing excessive grinding and frictional heat.

This conservation of the *Original Purpose*, in Pneumatic Tires, gives you not only the *longest distance* for every *Dollar* you invest in DIAMOND Tires, but—

—Longer life to your CAR through less Wear and Tear on its *Mechanism*,

—That *smooth* road-work,—that *lack* of vibration,—that *luxurious* feeling of "riding-on-air," which is the Heart and Soul and Essence of *intelligent* Motoring.

Just test out a set of these "fair-listed," reasonably priced, DIAMOND Tires, and see!

Diamond SQUEGEE Non-Skid Tires

YOUR NEIGHBOR'S CAR

Suppose He Buys a Hudson Super-Six

One thing we can't forget in buying cars. That is pride of ownership. The car is a pleasure vehicle. And it spoils the fun to be hopelessly outrivaled in about the same-class car.

The Hudson Super-Six has proved itself supreme.

With this patented motor—certified a stock motor—it has done what no other stock car ever did.

It has made faster speed. It has done better hill-climbing. It has shown quicker pick-up. It has gone 1819 miles in 24 hours, breaking the best former stock car record by 52 per cent.

It has beaten race cars by the dozen—cars of a very costly type. It has shown much more power than this size motor ever before developed. It has proved matchless endurance.

Suppose your neighbor gets this car. And you, while paying as much or more, get something less efficient. How will you feel when the two cars meet?

What These Things Signify

You do not care for reckless speed. Such power is rarely needed. But the Super-Six has the capacity. You know it to be the master of the road. It will do what you want without taxing half its ability. And that means economy. It will cover more ground than lesser cars, without going any faster. This because of its quick get-away when you slow down or stop.

Its greatest supremacy—that of endurance—means years of extra service. How would you feel to have a like-class car excel yours in these respects?

Means 80% More Efficiency

The Super-Six motor—a Hudson invention—adds 80% to motor efficiency. That is, from a small, light motor it gets 76 horsepower. The same size of motor heretofore yielded us 42 h. p.

This result comes through ending vibration, the cause of motor friction. It gives such smoothness as you never knew before. And it means a long-lived motor.

It comes in a car, evolved under Howard E. Coffin, which has long stood for the acme in fine engineering. And it comes in the handsomest, best-equipped model that Hudson has ever designed.

If your neighbor gets it, and you don't, it may mean to you years of regret. In looks and performance, in prestige and endurance, he will have the advantage of you. Your Hudson dealer can prove these things beyond any possible question. And you should know them before you buy any high-grade car. Any Super-Six owner—there are now more than 10,000—can tell you what it means to own one.

Some Hudson Records

All made under American Automobile Association supervision by a certified stock car or stock chassis, and excelling all former stock cars in these tests.

100 miles in 80 min., 21.4 sec., averaging 74.67 miles per hour for a 7-passenger touring car with driver and passenger.

75.69 miles in one hour with driver and passenger in a 7-passenger touring car.

Standing start to 50 miles an hour in 16.2 sec.

One mile at the rate of 102.53 miles per hour.

1819 miles in 24 hours at average speed of 75.8 miles per hour.

7-Passenger Phaeton, $1475 at Detroit—*Seven Other Styles of Open and Closed Bodies*

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

from absolute savagery to civilization. Such a chronicle has intrinsic interest. When the tribes concerned are as interesting as those dealt with in this book, and are on our own continent, the lure of the volume is intensified.

The "War Canoe" of this volume is that of the Tshimsheans, Haidas, Niskhas, and other British Columbian and Charlotte Islands tribes. The region is that of the totem-pole, rich in material for the anthropologist. The story tells of forty years of incessant labor, having for its end transformation of these peoples from quarreling savages, limited in resources, to cultivators and mechanics with powers so developed as to become useful members of the human family. The story of Metlakahtla and Mr. Duncan is known wherever missionary endeavor is discust, and the narrative of Mr. Collison embraces Metlakahtla. The reader may judge by that fact how full of interest the volume is.

The reader will find in his hands one of the best of missionary stories. The narrative is straightforward, entirely lacking in what is, perhaps, irreverently called "pious twaddle." While the author never forgets his high calling, he is always human. He recounts, for example, how in one case influence—and a congregation—was gained in a native settlement by hitting the mark in a practise-shot after the native hunters had failed with what they thought much better rifles.

The customs of the different tribes, the native character in savagery and after transformation, the development of industries suited to the region and the people, and the general results upon welfare—all receive attention. The book is commended for its anthropological as well as its religious value.

RECENT FICTION

Brunkhurst, Harriet. The Window in the Fence. Pp. 318. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1914–16. $1.25.

After fifteen years of married life, "the man who wrote," already forty years old, and "the woman who painted, now thirty-five, tired of the restrictions" and responsibilities of city life and longed for their own country home, its rest and quiet, the songs of birds, the joys of garden, and the children who had never come. This desire materialized, and their hunt for a house, their home-building, their adoption of three boys, and establishing themselves on an estate which developed with marvelous rapidity, combine to form a story whose only fault is its absolute smoothness. Husband and wife never fail in perfect love and sympathetic understanding, the adopted children are lovable and without faults, and no financial difficulties mar the achievement of success and happiness. Dreams are realized and ambitions attained. It is a sweet story, with an occasional touch of pathos, and full of inspiring and uplifting suggestions. There is involved a thread of dramatic narrative and it is all fanciful, romantic, and appealing.

Brown, Alice. The Prisoner. Pp. 471. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1916. $1.50.

We always get fine character-drawing in Alice Brown's novels and are sure that, in construction, style, and diction, there will be little lacking, and yet it is a surprize to find, in her new book, such a thrilling, dramatic, and so well-developed a plot—a plot involving widely diversified characters, which are compellingly and convincingly drawn, and so naturally a part of the story that the interest and anxiety of the reader become very personal. The book is not concerned especially with the sin of Jeffery Blake, nor his life in prison, but with his problem of readjustment, when, as "a discharged prisoner," he rejoins his father and the two stepsisters whom he has never known. His intention to go West and build up a new life is soon changed by the exigencies of the life which surrounds him, and we find him both preaching and writing of the universal bondage of all souls. "Every one is a prisoner to something — money, luxury, 'the game,' instinct for adornments—and so on—and every one has to take his medicine." At the same time he realizes that Addington, the New England town of his birth, needs revivifying and saving to American ideals; so he lays aside his own plans and gets into the life of the town to rescue the "hopes of democracy from alien floods." So much for the actual incentive and action. It is not all straight sailing. There are many complications, principally Mme. Beattie, a woman in the seventies, a picturesque ruin of a former singer in foreign climes, heroine of oft-told romances, and the original possessor of a necklace of glittering gems, "presented by a certain royal personage," which fatefully tangles the threads of many lives. We should have found it easy to love the old trouble-maker if she hadn't been so horribly mercenary and sly, but she is interesting and at the bottom of all kinds of mischief. Mme. Beattie's, niece, Esther, was Jeff's wife. She is the least attractive of all the characters, but wonderfully well drawn—in her posing and cattishness. Jeff's two sisters, Anne and Lydia, are the most convincing of all the characters, each lovable in her own way, and exquisitely painted. There is no lack of action in the plot, nor of excitement, romance, startling situations, and unexpected events; but through it all we feel the author's purpose to probe men's souls, to point to wide-spread evils and their remedies, to make us see in Jeff a prototype of humanity, and to encourage the breaking of the prison bond by winning freedom for soul and mind from all bonds.

The Grasp of the Sultan. Illustrated by W. T. Benda. Pp. 303. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25.

One naturally wonders, in reading a book of such unusual material, how much is the work of the author's imagination and how much is authoritatively true. The novel is readable, stimulating to one's curiosity, and vividly interesting because of its unusual theme, its convincing treatment, and its melodramatic character. It seems as tho the author, thoroughly conversant with Turkish manners and customs and the habits of Constantinople, had written the story purposely to illustrate some of the peculiarly terrible possibilities and consequences of Turkish harem-life. There is much in the tale to tax the credulity of the reader, particularly in the coincidence of situations which help to solve the dramatic tangles both tragic and romantic, but the style is fluent and convincing as well as startling. Most of the action takes place in the palace of the Sultan, where a young Englishman, a younger son, who has "gone the pace," is employed as tutor to the royal princes, the youngest of whom—Bayazet—becomes his favorite and his special care. Bayazet's mother, a beautiful Greek girl, has incurred the Sultan's wrath by repelling his advances. It takes the combined efforts of the head eunuch, Alla Sheddin, a very unusual character, a magician, and Lionel, alias Burton Addams, to avert the horrible consequences of his anger and to gain the five years' respite, during which there is a new arrangement of the lives in which we become deeply interested. The author is ingenious in his methods and avoids all trite and hackneyed means for solving the dramatic problems in Lionel's love-story. It is an exciting book, cleverly constructed and tensely absorbing.

Douglas, Amanda M. The Red-House Children Growing Up. Pp. 346. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. $1.25.

The mother and eight children, whose stepfather loves them and is proud of their talents, have reached another stage in "growing-up," and Amanda Douglas, who has so long been well known as the writer of books for young people, thinks that each in the series can be read independently with pleasure and interest, but we do not advise this, as the characters appear without introduction, the effect is vague and confusing without being interesting. It is a typical book of the "Sunday-school" variety and the characters go through their daily duties and pleasures in an unconvincing, way. The boys and girls in this book do not seem real, they don't ring true. It seems as tho they were created too much to illustrate moral truths and teachings.

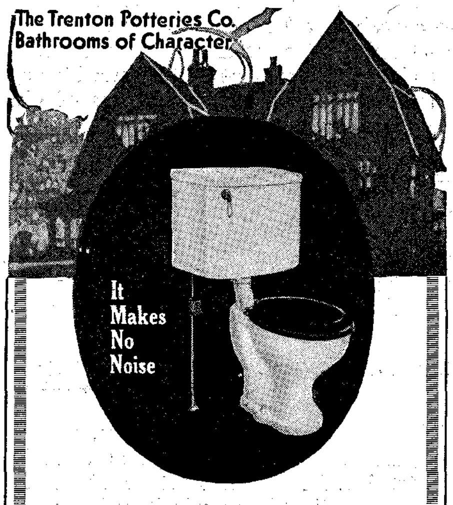
MYTHOLOGY AS A SCIENCE

The Mythology of All Races. In thirteen volumes. Louis Herbert Gray, A.M., Ph.D., Editor; George Foot Moore, A.M., D.D., LL.D., Consulting Editor. Vol. I, Greek and Roman, by William Sherwood Fox, A.M., Ph.D. Pp. xi–354, 74 plates and illustrations. Vol. X, North America, by Hartley Burr Alexander, Ph.D. Pp. xxiv–325, 33 plates and map. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

For the last generation of schoolboys there was just one "mythology," the Greco-Roman, with a very hazy notion of a Teutonic variety. Even scholars were only beginning to suspect a much larger range and scope of the mythopeic faculty. Then came the discovery of folk-lore as a universal heritage, and comparative mythology commenced to become a science.

How many divergent and convergent interests are served by this study is just beginning to be understood. Past and present psychology, history, anthropology, and religion, with the underlying evolution —all receive illumination from this branch. If much light has been gained from the fragmentary collections which have, until the present, been the only recourse of scholars, one can predict great advantage in many lines from the collected myths of the various races, and be prepared to welcome an adequate presentation of them.

Volume I of this promising series, treating of Greek and Roman myths, provides for the most part a systematized statement of their substance, formulated and condensed by Professor Alexander, rather than the myths themselves as told by Greeks and Romans. It contains prefaces by editor, consulting editor, and author, the last named going into a helpful discussion of the essence, varieties, classification, etc., of myths. The body of the book is in three parts: I, "Myths of the Beginning, the Heroes, and the Afterworld," II, "The Greek Gods," and III, "The Mythology of Ancient Italy." The difficulty of the subject necessitated a difference of plan in various parts. Thus, after



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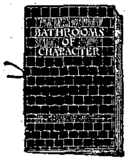

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"Myths of the Beginning" four chapters follow geographical lines, two others are personal (Heracles and Theseus), then come discussions of the Argo, Troy, and the Afterworld. Part II takes up first the "Greater Gods," the Olympian pantheon, with those of earth and Hades, then "The Lesser Gods."

The treatment of Italian mythology exhibits the great lack of information from which all scholars suffer in this department. The space given (twenty-one pages as against 284 for Greek) well illustrates this fact.

The volume is, according to its plan, excellently done. It is comprehensive, yet condensed, and clear and attractive in formulation. The illustrations are well chosen and unhackneyed, and impart fresh interest to an old subject.

Volume X, dealing with native North American mythology, contains eleven chapters besides preface, introduction, bibliography, and copious notes. The first chapter deals with "The Far North" (Eskimos, etc.); this is followed by two on "The Forest Tribes," one on the "Gulf Region," two on "The Great Plains," two on "Mountain and Desert," and one each on "The Pueblo Dwellers," "The Pacific Coast, West," and "The Pacific Coast, North." The chapters are themselves divided; one, for example, yielding as subheads "The Tribal Stocks," "An Athabascan Pantheon," "The Great Gods of the Plain," "The Life of the World," "Medicine," "Father Sun," "Mother Earth and Daughter Corn," "The Morning Star," etc. From this can be judged the topical as well as ethnological character of the work.

The method is that of statement and comment combined in the same narrative. The myths themselves are given mostly in the author's words, tho quotations from native tellers of the stories are abundant. And the comparative method is constantly in evidence. So that the interrelations, similarities, or dissonances current in different regions are noted as the reader progresses. The results are pleasure in reading and economy in time and effort.

On the present volumes two criticisms occur. (1) The index to the whole is to be provided in Volume XIII; no indexes occur in the separate volumes. This is inconvenient. (2) The notes are collected at the end. The reason assigned for this is regard for typographic appearance. Again the reader's convenience, which is of greater importance, is not consulted in this arrangement.

A word of appreciation should be given to the publisher for a production preeminent for splendid type, excellent plates, attractive binding, and good proof-reading. We trust the venture in this series of volumes will meet an ample reward. The remaining numbers should be eagerly expected.

OTHER BOOKS WORTH WHILE

Pierson, Arthur T. Seed Thoughts for Public Speakers. Pp. 361. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company. $1.50.

Here is a revised edition of a work the excellence of which justified such revision and a new presentation of it. It is a remarkable collection of illustrations, anecdotes, outlines of sermons and addresses, etc., designed for the assistance of writers and speakers. Dr. Pierson was a wide reader, of receptive mind, with wonderful gifts of adaptation. He must have been years in gathering the enormous number of fancies and facts, of thoughts and sayings, assembled in this volume. Open it where you will, some paragraph challenges interest and compels attention. One is tempted to read page after page, even tho the connection be not always close. If topical illustrations or aids be sought, they are easily found by turning to the index of subjects, which, tho analytical, is simple and complete. While its compiler may have had in mind chiefly his brethren of the ministry, it is well adaptive also to helping all who make public addresses or contribute to current literature.

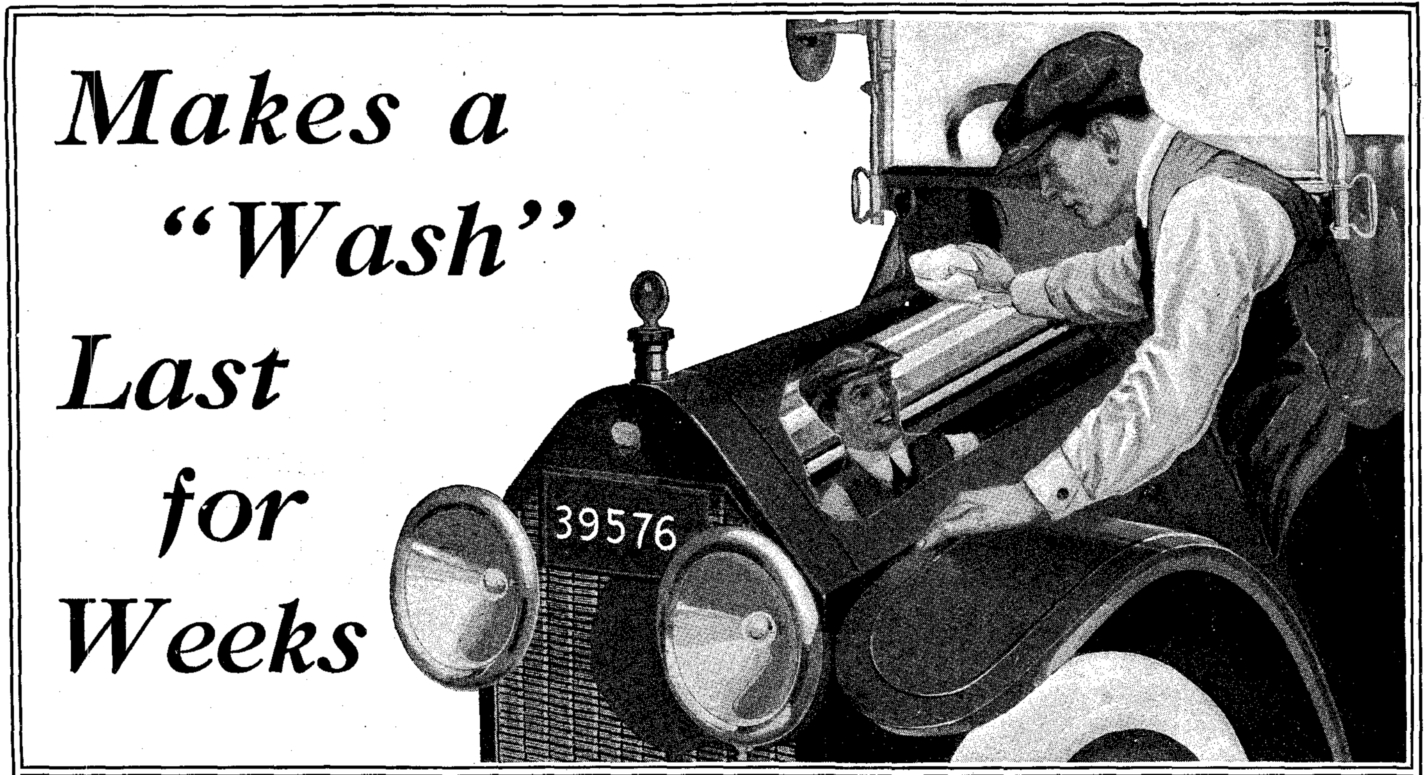
Maxim, Hudson. Defenseless America. Pp. xxiii–324. New York: Hearst's International Library Company. 50 cents.

The pacifist will not like this book. He will say, probably, that Mr. Maxim writes with all the certainty of a seer, and assumes to know many things that are not so. He may quote these utterances: "This country must first be whipt in order to prepare sufficiently to prevent being whipt." "If England does not give us a good, timely whipping, we are going to be whipt by Germany or Japan." Mr. Maxim may answer with one of the quotations which prefaces his first chapter, from David Starr Jordan, "War and Waste," published in 1913: "What shall we say of the Great War of Europe ever threatening, ever impending, and which never comes? We shall say that it will never come. Humanly speaking, it is impossible." Yet it came. Is Maxim a better seer than was Jordan? He insists that war is not the awful curse men have believed it to be. He urges preparedness, for the prevention of whatever ills may otherwise come.

Warfield, William. The Gate of Asia. A Journey from the Persian Gulf to the Black Sea. 8vo, pp. xii–374. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

This is the record of a journey, taken before the war was thought of, through the regions which now claim interest as the theater of the campaigns between Turks and Russians. Mesopotamia (the Tigris and the lower Euphrates), Kurdistan, Armenia, and the Persian province of Azerbaijan are the larger names that occur. Mention of Kut (the scene of the British disaster), Bagdad (the aim of the British from the south and of the Russians from north and east), Babylon the ancient (where the Germans were active laying open the streets of four millenniums ago), Arbil (the old Assyrian seat of Ishtar), Mosul, Bitlis (known now by Russians as well as Turks and Armenians), Van (now in Russian hands), Tabriz and Tiflis, tells in detail the route followed. The scenes passed through offer large scope for personal reminiscence, story, and description of people and events. They no less invite allusions to the history of these regions, long covered in mound and cave but now being uncovered.

The foregoing suggests the character of the volume. It is first a narrative of travel through regions little known to Americans. But presence at this place or that involves recollection of its history, the salient features of which are briefly limned out. The chief interest, however, is in the present, in the peoples, their customs, and their religions. Mr. Warfield is an observant and appreciative traveler, and possesses broad sympathies. Indeed, this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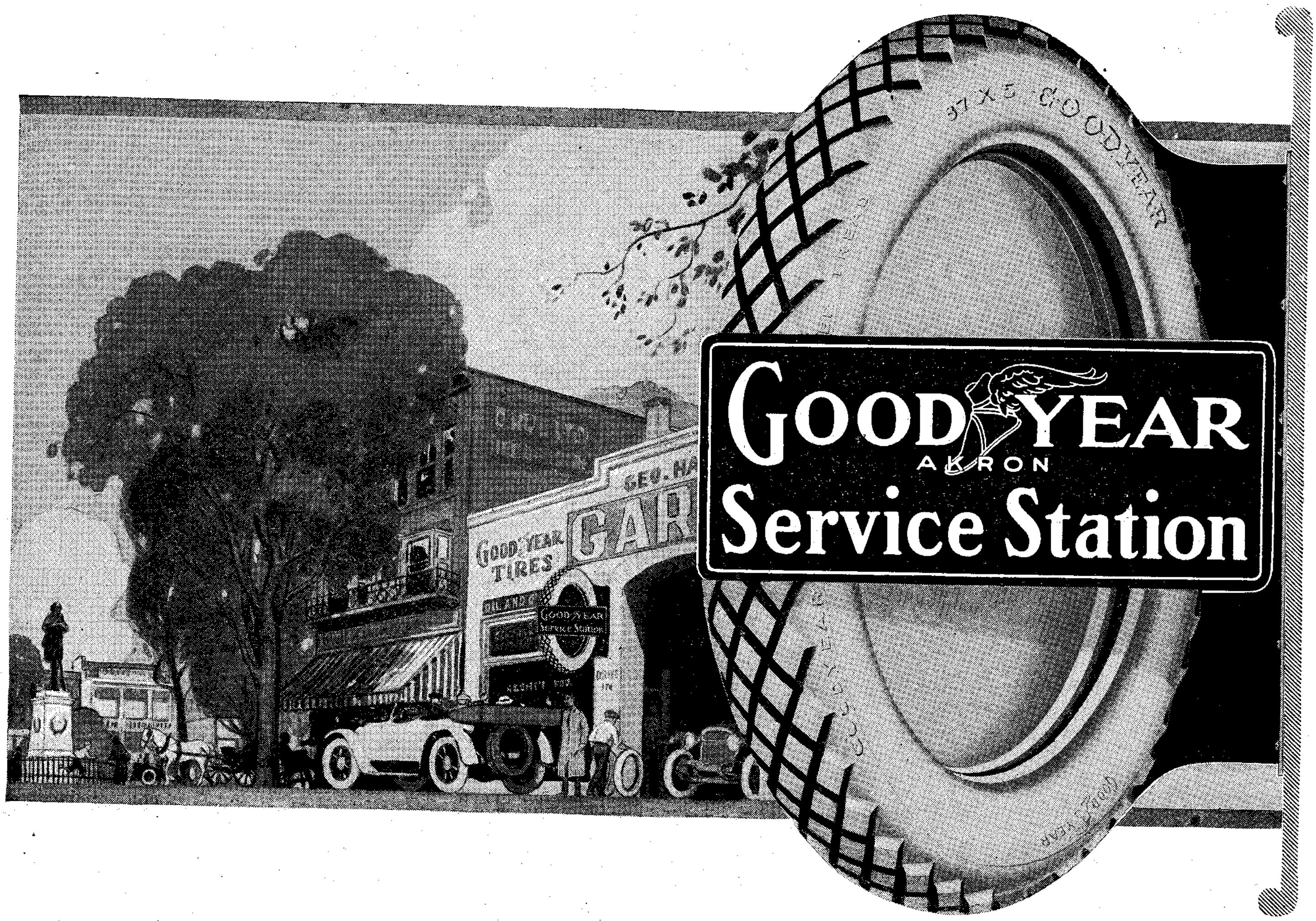

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last trait suggests the one criticism of his volume. His characterization of the Kurd as a really good fellow—in his own way—does not fall in well with his quite detailed description of what that way is.

The book is, however, full of interesting information. The writer tells about Nestorians and Chaldeans and their faiths and cults, of Mohammedan Arabs and Christian Armenians, of Kurds and Russians. Several pages deal with that curious sect the Izedis or Satan-worshipers, tho little new precise information is conveyed. We get intimate glimpses of the home and community-life of all the different peoples in whose territory Mr. Warfield found himself at various stages of his journey. And the result is a comprehensive view of the "gate," 3,000 miles wide, by which the far East and the West have for at least six thousand years intercommunicated. Forty-eight excellent illustrations make vivid the present or recall the past of these regions and their inhabitants.

Kilbourne, Frederick W. Chronicles of the White Mountains. Illustrated. Pp. 449. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

"A book for the vacationist and the tourist" is the claim made for this volume by the publisher and realized by the reader. But it is more for reference than for continuous reading. The author seriously considers the history of the White Mountain country from Verrazano's first sight of it in 1524. He presents its early settlers, its discoveries, its associations with Hawthorne, Thoreau, Starr King, Henry Ward Beecher, Phillips Brooks, and many others, and mentions foreign visitors, such as Harriet Martineau and Anthony Trollope, who sang its praises. There are chapters devoted to the early hotels and the rapid growth of the modern luxurious hostelries, references to poets and painters who have added their tribute in praise of the country, chronicles of scientific exploration, and a chronological history of railroad development. The most interesting part of the book is that devoted to the Presidential range, its path-makers and guides, its grandeur, its dangers and casualties, and the wonderful achievements of the Appalachian Club in conserving the forests, adding to the safety of the mountain-climber, and persuading the legislators to protect and further the wonders of these mountains.

WASHINGTON THE CAPITAL

Bryan, Wilhelmus Bogart. A History of the National Capital. From its Foundation Through the Period of the Adoption of the Organic Act. 8vo. Vol. II. Pp. xvi-707. New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.

Altho Washington in its lonely political eminence differs fundamentally from all other cities, its history reflects as no other does, almost all the principal phases of national life. This feature, whether consciously or not, the author has brought out with remarkable success in this his second volume on Washington. Without much show of brilliancy of style, but with mastery of detail that would have excited the envy of Taine, we have set before us in ordered sequence a record with the old-fashioned apparatus of foot-notes and citations, that should satisfy the most curious as well as the most exacting. A builder's specifications are not more rich in detail than are certain chapters in which the writer goes into the mysteries of Washington's structural development.

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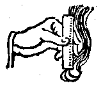

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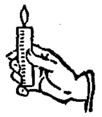

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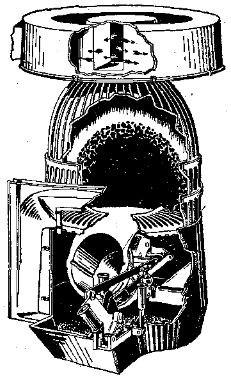

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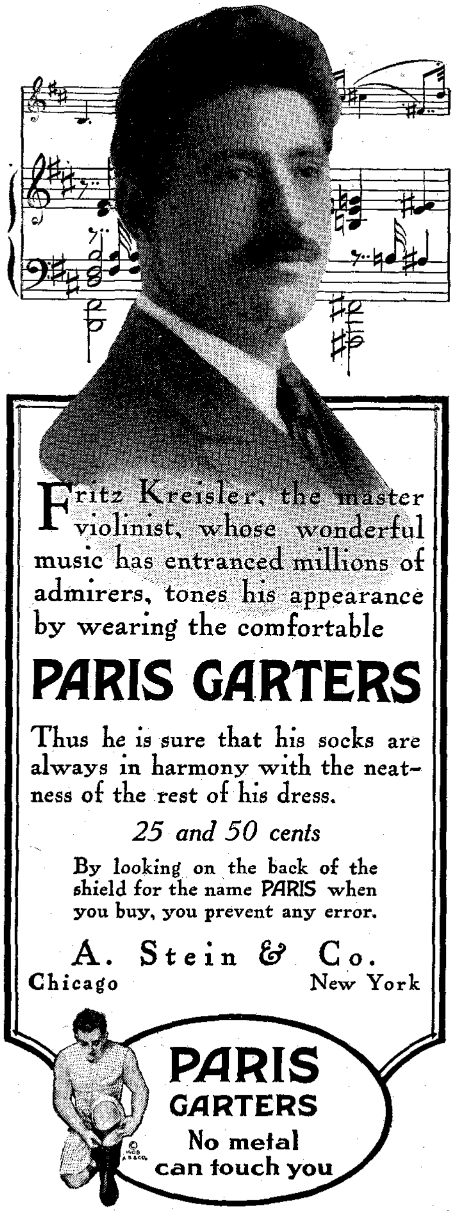
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left it of marble. It was however, by a gradual metamorphosis, not unmarked by sordid details, that Washington reached its definitive status of a city of classical architectural stamp. That acropolislike group of buildings that so impresses the approaching visitor to the capital did not spring full panoplied from the nation's head. It was the invention of hard, persistent effort. The public edifices were rebuilt and the modern construction of the city began to take form about 1822. The Capitol building was rebuilt on the general lines of the first building (the Brick Capitol), but was more costly and elaborate in interior detail. In place of colonnades and staircases of freestone and floors of brick, marble was used. The capitals of the marble columns were carved in Italy, and Italian sculptors were brought to this country and kept at work for ten years. The author has carefully preserved the names of some of the men who gave the stamp of Roman permanence and beauty to the architecture of the capital. They were Giuseppe Franzoni and Giovanni Andrei, who had worked on the first building and who were then engaged for the more elaborate edifice. Andrei soon died and his place was taken by a countryman, Valaperti. Carlo Franzoni, a brother of Giuseppe, and Francesco Cardello, a cousin, came from Italy and began work in 1816. Six years later Enrico Causici and Antonio Capellano, of Italy, pupils of Canova, and Nicholas Gevelot, of France, joined the artist-colony, and still later came Luigi Persico, also an Italian artist.

For a little more than two years, the author tells us, this inspiring architectural scheme had been in progress when the time came for the inauguration of James Monroe. And this date, March 4, 1817, marking as it does, an actual centenary for us, sets the point of departure from that democratic simplicity which is so interesting in retrospect. Nevertheless, even at this period, much of naive and primitive simplicity still reigned in popular manners in Washington. The author gives a diverting sketch of the bonhomie that marked public gatherings in the Capitol on occasions of state. In the days of the Brick Capitol it was the custom to seat on the floor of the house not alone the foreign ministers, but also men and women who had come to hear the debates. In January, 1819, during the delivery of one of Henry Clay's great speeches, the ladies in the galleries, inaccessible on account of the great throng, "were supplied with oranges by their friends on the floor, who fastened the fruit on a long pole." The Supreme Court was then, as now, a place of public interest, while the library of Congress, "the most splendid place of anything of that nature in the United States," was a fashionable resort.

In detailed descriptions of contrasting eras of social and political life in Washington and in picturing the infinitely varied activities and interests which from the beginning have centered at the capital, focusing there a picture of American life as a whole, the book is probably unsurpassed. The author has not merely drawn skilfully (always with an eye for the picturesque and the striking) upon newspaper sources, but he has unearthed the history of the newspapers themselves—a feat which has enabled him to present in a new and interesting setting, forgotten, yet significant, phases of Washington's kaleidoscopic story.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

BEARDING THE OZARK "ANTI" IN HIS DEN

We have had the militants who broke windows in the houses of Parliament, we read of the lady who kindly slashed the portrait in the National Gallery, and both times we thanked fortune that our dear women were not quite so strenuous in capturing their rights. But our women, one learns from a writer in the St. Louis *Post Dispatch*, are fully as strenuous, if in a less harmful way, as their English cousins. They have done a great many things which mere man thought beyond their possibilities, and they have in some respects gone further than man himself has gone. The writer in question knows whereof she speaks, for she is the woman who has tried to show her fitness, and she has had the enjoyable task of showing it to the backwoodsman of the Missouri Ozarks. She tells how she left St. Louis to invade the country so far from a railroad that she had to do it on horseback. Some of the men she found easy, but some were exasperatingly skeptical.

She was able to wax particularly gleeful, however, over her "day of stunts," when her coming was heralded ahead of her by telephone, and every man she met had thought up a "dare" for her to undertake. Here is how it began:

I'm going to tell about the first day. A complete history of its experiences would make a good-sized volume, hence I shall touch only the high places. It is distinguished from all subsequent days as my "stunt day." It began early. I know the farmer's habits. He is the early bird and the worm that doesn't get caught has to hustle. (This parenthetical remark doesn't touch upon the story, but I am in sympathy with the wit who called attention to what happened to the fool worm for being out early.)

As already intimated, this was a day of stunts. My first prospect was a young farmer and his wife in his corn-field. The corn-field is always "his" and she is always "his wife." They are "one." I have heard women of her type talk over the telephone. "Who is this?" will come the query, and she inevitably replies: "This is Jim Smith's wife." So I speak advisedly. Her individuality is gone.

The young farmer leaned on his hoe and listened. He accepted the printed sheet of paper I handed him, giving reasons why women should vote. His wife went on with her hoeing.

"That's all bunk about you city women comin' down here to talk to us," he said. "Now, if it was a country woman comin' round I might listen a spell. But they're too busy; they ain't got no time to fool; they know their place is in the house and they stay there. They air willin' to let the men do their votin'. The Good Book says that the man and his wife is one. It's the women that knows how to work that ought to have the vote if any of 'em ought, which I don't believe. Bet you never had hold of a hoe-handle in all your life. I

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To you, and to thousands of others who favor a touch of color and distinction, the Allen Classic comes as a tangible expression of your logical preference.

> The Classic gives you choice of a refined "smoke brown", maroon, or a rich blue for body color—each pleasantly unusual.
>
> The wheels are a light cream; and the delicate hair-line striping gives just the harmonious note needed. Radiator and fenders are glossy black.
>
> The deep, luxurious upholstering is a step beyond what you would expect.
>
> In the "smoke brown" Classic, Spanish brown upholstering is used. That your eye may grasp its complete beauty we will send a large illustration in actual colors anywhere upon request.

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The Allen is constructionally right and so economical in tires and gasoline that for five years it has always found a ready market—a demand so insistent that we will this year build 15,000 Allen cars.

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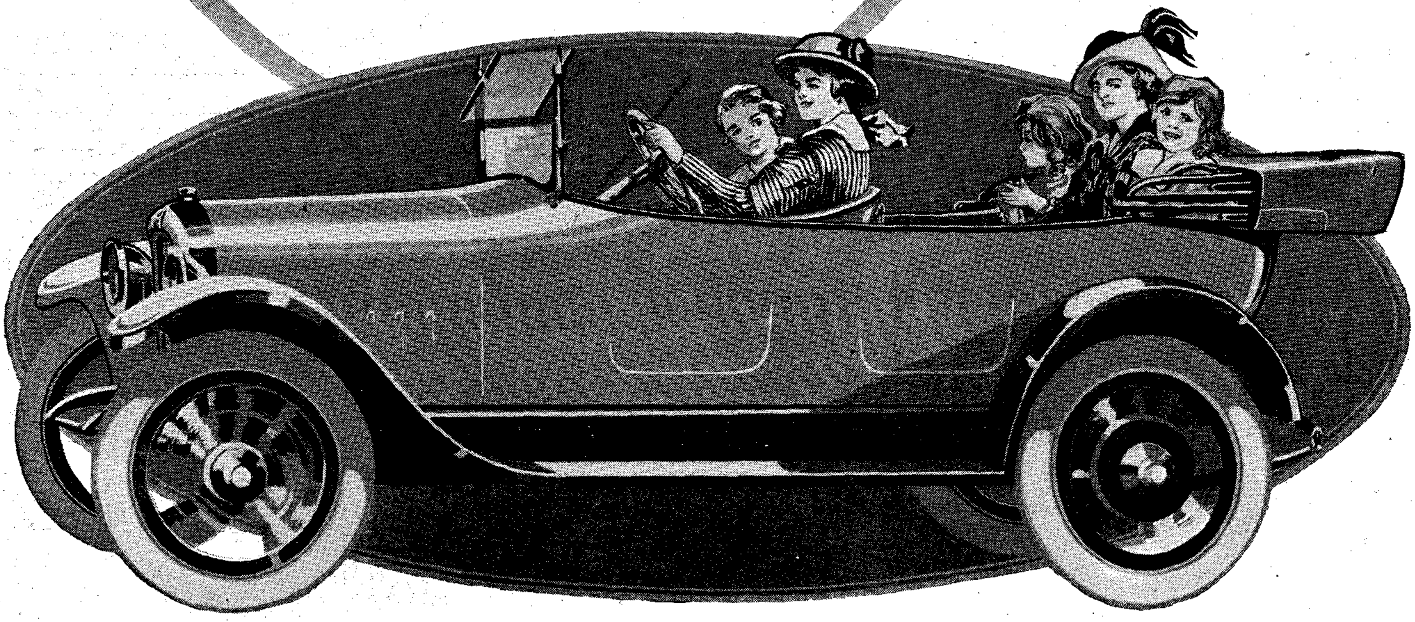


reckon your hands is plumb soft. You're a ity woman, that's what you air. Why, like s not, this is the first corn-field you ever seen ceptin' from a car-winder. You couldn't oe a hill of corn to save your life."

"Will you promise to think seriously about the suffrage question if I prove to you that I have seen corn before, and even a hoe, at close range?"

"I'd like to see you handle a hoe before I promise, and even then I don't promise othin'."

I had seen his kind before, the kind that demands absurd "proofs" of a woman's fitness to vote, and the moment she yields to his clamoring and humors him by making good he demands something else—and always it is something just about as pertinent to the question as hoeing corn.

But a spirit of dare inclined me to "show" this smart young southeast Missourian. By the time I had hoed a half-dozen hills of his corn, he said: "Well, you're a city woman jist the same. You can't git around that."

As I was remounting I asked him, since he believed that woman's place was "in he house," why did he compel his wife to ay in the corn-field, and left him sputterg something about the "Good Book sayin' hat a man and his wife is one"—something e believes with all his heart; but he also believes that the man is the "one."

Wondering if there were any hope for the conversion of this strangely logical balloter, the agitator went to one of the neighbors, she tells us, and asked him. Friend Neighbor was extremely skeptical. The farmer in question had always been "agin" anything other folks thought was all right, and it always worked out that the more he talked in favor of a thing the more ther folks were against it, and *vice versa*. o she was glad to leave the neighborhood in charge of such a valuable worker for her cause, for she felt sure that any one hearing him decry the movement would be forthwith converted, according to the custom described by the neighbor. So she tells us that she started on:

A half-hour's ride brought me to a clearing where a slab-house was under construction. Do you know what a slab is? A slab is a mongrel—half log and half plank. One side is a smooth, sawed surface and the other is rough log bark.

"You women do hit the nail on the head once in a while, I'll own," said the settler, as he hammered away after listening a moment. "But you can't drive a nail into a slab. Try it," handing me the hammer.

The queer challenges of my "stunt-day" were truly unique, but they awoke within me the same spirit of combat I always feel when plied with antisuffrage objections. Before I realized it, I had again dismounted.

Good fortune was with me and the nail was skilfully driven home. The settler handed me another, which I declined, thinking I'd better quit while quitting was good.

"Well," he said, "I ain't no special objection to women votin', and I reckon all I need is to know about it. When the question was up in 1914, I throwed away all the amendments, but I've been thinkin' that a feller is insultin' his intelligence when he does that, and no matter how many there may be hereafter, I 'low to study 'em out and vote on every darned one of 'em."

It was nearing noon when I came to a house close to the road, with shade-trees in the front yard. A table stood under one of them.

"Light and look at your saddle," called the pleasant voice of a woman who was coming round the corner of the house carrying a pan of flour.

"Light and look at your saddle" is an invitation to dismount, and I "lighted."

"On nice, still days like this," continued the pleasing voice, "I do a lot of my work out-of-doors. It sort of takes away the kitchen feelin'. I heered over the 'phone that you was headin' this way, and just 'lowed that maybe you would about git here for dinner. Do you like biscuit-bread?"

I said I did.

"But I don't reckon you ever made a batch of 'em. They say that women suffragettes cain't cook."

I assured her that a great many things were said about suffragists that were misleading, to say the least.

"Well, you can try your hand at this pan of flour, if you don't care, while I pull a few more onions fer dinner."

It had been ages since I made biscuits with soda and buttermilk, but I was on trial again. I told her I should be glad to help, took off my gloves, and waded in.

She didn't hurry away for more onions, but stood by and watched me. By the time I had the dough ready to roll, she had confided that she believed in votes for women, but that her husband was an anti, and that this biscuit-making stunt was "fer Jackson's benefit."

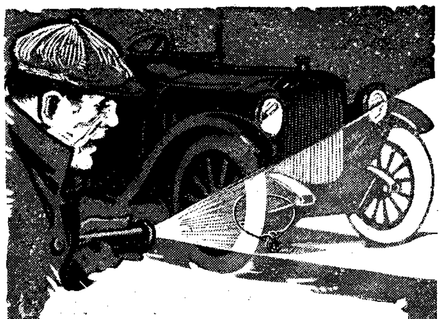
"He's been watchin' you from the winder all the time," she said. "He don't believe that women suffragettes know how to do anything that women ought to know how to do. But I jist reckoned that you could make biscuit-bread and that I would teach Jackson a lesson right now. But, say! If you had failed!"

A DOMINIE WHO WAS "HUMAN"

HE was the underpaid master of a rural Scotch school, a poor, meager institution kept down to the last farthing by a miserly school board, and he had been sent there to teach the turbulent youth the things it ought to know. His methods shocked the elders from the start. Nothing he did seemed to be in accord with what they had been accustomed to. But the little master gritted his teeth, smiled secretly at the bairns, and went on giving them the first real education the district had known.

He tells us all about his experiences in a kind of diary he kept during the year. It is called "A Dominie's Log," and the Robert McBride Company has recently brought it out for American readers in book form. There is a dry humor in the quaint twists of his wit and reflection, and in his account of the strange things he learns "out of the mouths of babes." For instance, here is the way he felt about discipline, that fetish of the Scotch board:

I have been thinking about discipline



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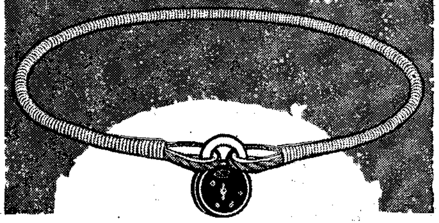

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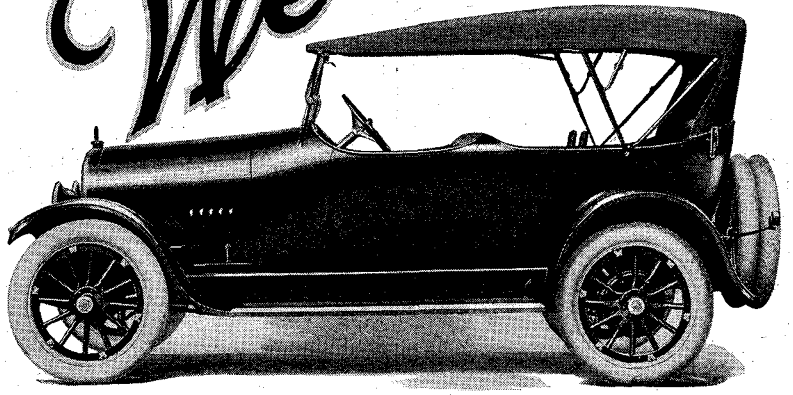

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- Plenty of leg room and real comfort for all passengers.
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FOR THE past eight years the demand for Westcott Motor Cars has exceeded the production, although the Westcott price has advanced year by year.

Seventy per cent of all Westcott Cars have been purchased by persons who have previously owned automobiles and who presumably knew values. During recent years an ever-increasing proportion of our output has been claimed by owners of Westcotts of earlier models.

This discriminating recognition of basic motor car values has been our inspiration in creating the new Westcott of the Seventeen Series—a car of light-weight tendency that embodies every essential of efficiency and refinement without the costly non-essentials and superfluous embellishments that increase first cost and impose a constant overload of operating expense.

Although the new Westcott does, as a matter of course, every "stunt" that any "sensational" car is advertised to do, it is not a freakish car but a practical, serviceable, road-worthy automobile of superb proportions and with endurance built into every part. In beauty, in refinement, in luxury, in spaciousness, comfort, convenience, safety and distinctive personality, the new Westcott leaves nothing to be desired.

Quantity of output has never been the ambition of this company. In these cars not one little detail has been sacrificed on the altar of frenzied manufacturing. We have put into them far more than we have saved by overhead economies resulting from a great natural increase in production.

It is for these reasons that we are able confidently to invite the prospective purchaser to compare the new Westcott, point by point, not only with cars similarly priced, but more particularly with automobiles that are universally accepted as standards of design, engineering and construction.

Catalog, containing complete specifications in detail, sent on request.

THE WESTCOTT MOTOR CAR CO.
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO - - U. S. A.

overnight. I have seen a headmaster who insisted on what he called perfect discipline. His bairns sat still all day. Every child jumped up at the word of command. He had a very quiet life.

I must confess that I am an atrociously bad disciplinarian. To-day Violet Brown began to sing "Tipperary" to herself when I was marking the registers. I said: "Why the happiness this morning, Violet?" and she blushed and grinned. I am a poor disciplinarian.

Discipline, to me, means a pose on the part of the teacher. It makes him very remote.

But discipline is necessary; there are men known as inspectors. And Johnny must be flogged if he does not attend to the lesson. He must know the rivers of Russia. After all, why should he? I don't know them, and I don't miss the knowledge. I couldn't tell you the capital of New Zealand . . . is it Wellington or Auckland? I don't know; all I know is that I could find out if I wanted to.

And his resolve to treat the bairns as if they were sentient human beings went so far as even fostering some of the young romances that sprouted in the little school. We find him telling of the games, and of his championship of the shy Geordie, who loved from a distance. He wrote of all this:

I heard a blackie this morning as I went to school, and when I came near to the playground I heard the girls singing. And I realized that Lenten was come with love to town.

The game was jungaring, and Violet Brown was in the center.

The wind and the wind and the wind blows high,
The rain comes pattering from the sky,
Violet Brown says she'll die
For the lad with the rolling eye.
She is handsome, she is pretty,
She is the girl of the golden city;
She is counted, one, two, three,
Oh! I wonder who he'll be.
Willie Craig says he loves her. . . . . .

My own early experiences told me that Willie wasn't far off. Yes, there he was at the same old game. When Vi entered the ring Willie began to hammer Geordie Steel with his bonnet. But I could see Violet watch him with a corner of her eye, and I am quite sure that she was aware that the exertion of hammering Geordie did not account for Willie's burning cheeks.

Then Katie Farmer entered the ring . . . and Tom Dixon at once became the hammerer of Geordie.

Poor wee Geordie! I know that he loves Katie himself, and I know that between blows he is listening for the fatal "Tom Dixon says he loves her."

I rearranged seats this morning, and Willie is now sitting behind his Vi, but Tom Dixon is not behind Katie. Poor despised Geordie is there, but to-morrow I shall shift him if he does not make the most of his chances.

. . . .

This morning Geordie passed a note over to Katie, then he sat all in a tremble. I saw Katie read it . . . and I saw her blush. I blew my nose violently, for I knew what was written on that sacred sheet; at least I thought I knew . . . "Dear Katie, will you be my lass? I will have you if you will have me—Geordie."

Type 17

CHANDLER SIX

$1295

No "Mark Up" in Price

The Truth Made Men Stop and Think

A RECENT statement by the President of the Chandler Motor Car Company on "motor car values and motor car prices" occasioned more searching thought on the part of prospective motor car purchasers than any other announcement that has been made by the Automobile Industry this year. It came as a revelation to many who had considered themselves well informed.

That statement led to the purchase of Chandler Type 17 Sixes within the past three weeks by hundreds of men who had been attracted, by extravagant advertising or otherwise, to some one of the several "*marked up*" cars in the medium priced field.

If you read this statement by the President of the Chandler Company, as you probably did, you know what we mean by "marked up." You know that in recent months sums ranging from $80 to $200 have been quietly *tacked on* to the selling prices of these Chandler competitors.

The explanation of the marked up prices has been the abnormal conditions said to exist and really existing in a degree, in the motor car material market.

But you know, too, that the Chandler car has not been marked up.

And so you can still buy this great car—greatest of all the Sixes—at the same price established eighteen months ago, long before the war had made any effect on the material markets. And bear this in mind, that every change made in the Chandler car in all these past months has been a refinement and an improvement. *Every addition to it has represented increased manufacturing cost. Not a single thing has been cut out of the car.*

Bear in mind that today, while others are asking you to add eighty, a hundred, a hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars to your check, $1295 plus freight buys you this big luxurious highly refined Chandler—this Chandler with the marvelous motor, the exclusive Chandler motor which has been developed and perfected through four years of intelligent manufacturing and four years on the road in the service of thousands of Chandler drivers.

Bear in mind that the Chandler is still featured by its Bosch Magneto ignition—which others leave off, even the marked up cars, because it costs so much more; still featured by its solid cast aluminum motor base extending from frame to frame—where others use cast iron; still featured by the sturdiest, simplest chassis; still featured by ball bearings in rear wheels, differential, transmission and elsewhere, which helps make it the lightest running car on the road.

Bear in mind that in this Type 17 Chandler you get the exclusive Chandler full floating rear axle with its silent spiral bevel gear differential. And that you get the highest standard of carburation that the market affords; Gray & Davis separate lighting and starting system; big double external and internal brakes, which stop the car at the instant of command and hold it safe on any grade.

Bear in mind that you get all of these highest grade, high priced features and scores of others which, together with Chandler workmanship, go to make up a car the superior quality of which cannot be questioned in comparison with the quality of any one of the many "marked up" cars.

And remember, too, that in the Type 17 Chandler you are offered the beautiful tonneau cowl bodies which preceded the mid-summer "new models" of other makes by seven months' time.

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If we asked you to pay $100 more or $200 more that wouldn't make the car a bit better.

In considering your purchase of a new car, think for yourself.

Measure what Chandler offers you alongside of what any other car in the medium priced field offers you, *regardless of price*, and we think we know what your decision will be. Measure it alongside of what any other car offers, *keeping the marked up price in mind*, and we *know* what your decision will be.

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216th Thousand. Thoroughly Revised and Corrected by J. R. V. Marchant, M.A., formerly scholar of Wadham College, Oxford; and Joseph F. Charles, B.A., late assistant master at the City of London School.

It is above all intended to be a dictionary of classical Latin, and thus, in this new edition, a large number of archaic, or post-Augustan, words have been omitted, while nearly all of the important articles have been entirely rewritten, chiefly with a view of introducing a greater number of quotations to illustrate construction and usage. The historical and geographical notices have been largely increased in number. In addition to the regular vocabulary features the book contains a table of the Roman Calendar, and a Geographical Glossary of the English names of important places with classical or later Latin equivalents.

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FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
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For minutes I listened for the name when Katie went into the ring. It was "Tom Dixon" again. I blew my whistle and stopt the game.

At dinner-time I looked out at the window and rejoiced to see poor Geordie hammering Tom Dixon. I opened the window and listened. Katie was in the ring again, and I almost shouted "Hurrah!" when I heard the words, "Geordie Steel says he loves her." But I placed Tom Dixon behind Katie in the afternoon; I felt that I had treated poor Tom with injustice.

To-night I tried to tackle Form 9-B, but I could not concentrate. But it wasn't Violet and Katie that I was thinking of; I was thinking of the Violets and Katies I wrote "noties" to many years ago. I fear I am a bit of a sentimentalist, yet; . . . why the devil shouldn't I be?

The theorist is a lazy man. MacMurray, down the road at Markiton School, is a hard worker; he never theorizes about education. He grinds away at his history and geography and I don't suppose he likes geography any more than I do. I expect that he gives a thorough lesson on Canada, its exports, and so on. I do not; I am too lazy to read up the subject. My theory says to me: "You are able to think fairly well, and a knowledge of the amount of square miles in Manitoba would not help you to think as brightly as H. G. Wells. So, why learn up stuff that you can get in a dictionary any day?" And I teach on this principle.

The only information I know about Japan consists of a few interesting facts I got from a lecture by Arthur Diosy. I don't know what things are manufactured in Tokyo, but I know that a Jap almost boils himself when he takes a bath in the morning.

I find that I am much more interested in humanity than in materials, and I know that the bairns are like me in this.

A West-African came to the school the other day, and asked me to allow him to tell (for a consideration) the story of his home life. When I discovered that he did not mean his own private home life I gladly gave him permission. He talked for half an hour about the habits of his home, the native schools, the dress of the children (I almost blushed at this part, but I was relieved to find that they do dress after all); then he sang the native version of "Mary Had a Little Lamb" (great applause).

The lecture was first rate; and, in my lazy—I mean my theoretical—moments, I squint down the road in hopes that an itinerant Chinaman will come along. I would have a colored band of geographers employed by the Department.

Sometimes he wondered whether it were really all worth while. He wondered whether it would not be better to give the bairns a few isolated facts to forget afterward than to provide them with merely the tools for thinking. For he realized that the most of them would never have occasion to think, that their lives would be marked out for them, and that they would have nothing to do but follow the road blindly up to the last yard. This comes back into his mind as he writes of a departing pupil:

Robert Campbell left the school to-day. He had reached the age limit. He begins work to-morrow morning as a plowman. Robert's leaving brings me to looking a grim fact in the face. Truly it is like a death. Robert is dead.

Pessimism has hold of me to-night. I have tried to point the way to what I think best in life, tried to give Robert an ideal. To-morrow he will be gathered to his fathers. He will take up the attitude of his neighbors; he will go to church, he will vote Radical or Tory, he will elect a farmer to the School Board, he will marry and live in a hovel. His master said to me recently: "Bairns are gettin' ower muckle eddication nooadays. What eddication does a laddie need to herd kye?"

Yes, I am as pessimistic as any Schopenhauer to-night. I can not see the sun.

This morning I had a note from a farmer in the neighborhood:

"Dear Sir: I send my son Andrew to get education at the school, not Radical politics. I am,

"Yours respectfully,
"Andrew Smith."

I called Andrew out.

"Andrew," I said, with a smile, "when you go home to-night tell your father that I hate Radicalism possibly more than he does."

The father came down to-night to apologize. "Aw thocht ye was ane o' they wheezin' Radicals," he explained. Then he added, "And what micht yer politics be?"

"I am a Utopian," I said modestly.

He scratched his head for a moment, then he gave it up and asked my opinion of the weather.

How he taught and what he learned from the bairns is shown in a cluster of little extracts from the "log," gleaned at random. He tried to bring them into contact with questions of the day, to teach them to hold some opinion of their own, for it was his theory that the idea on a thing which we accept unquestioningly from another never does us any particular good. So we find him talking of suffrage, and good habits, and lying, and, in addition, stimulating the young imaginations with suggestive themes for composition. He tells us:

To-day I discust the woman's movement with my class. They were all agreed that women should not have votes. I asked for reasons.

"They can't fight like men," said a boy.

I pointed out that they risk their lives more than men do. A woman risks her life so that life may come into the world; a soldier risks his life so that death may come into the world.

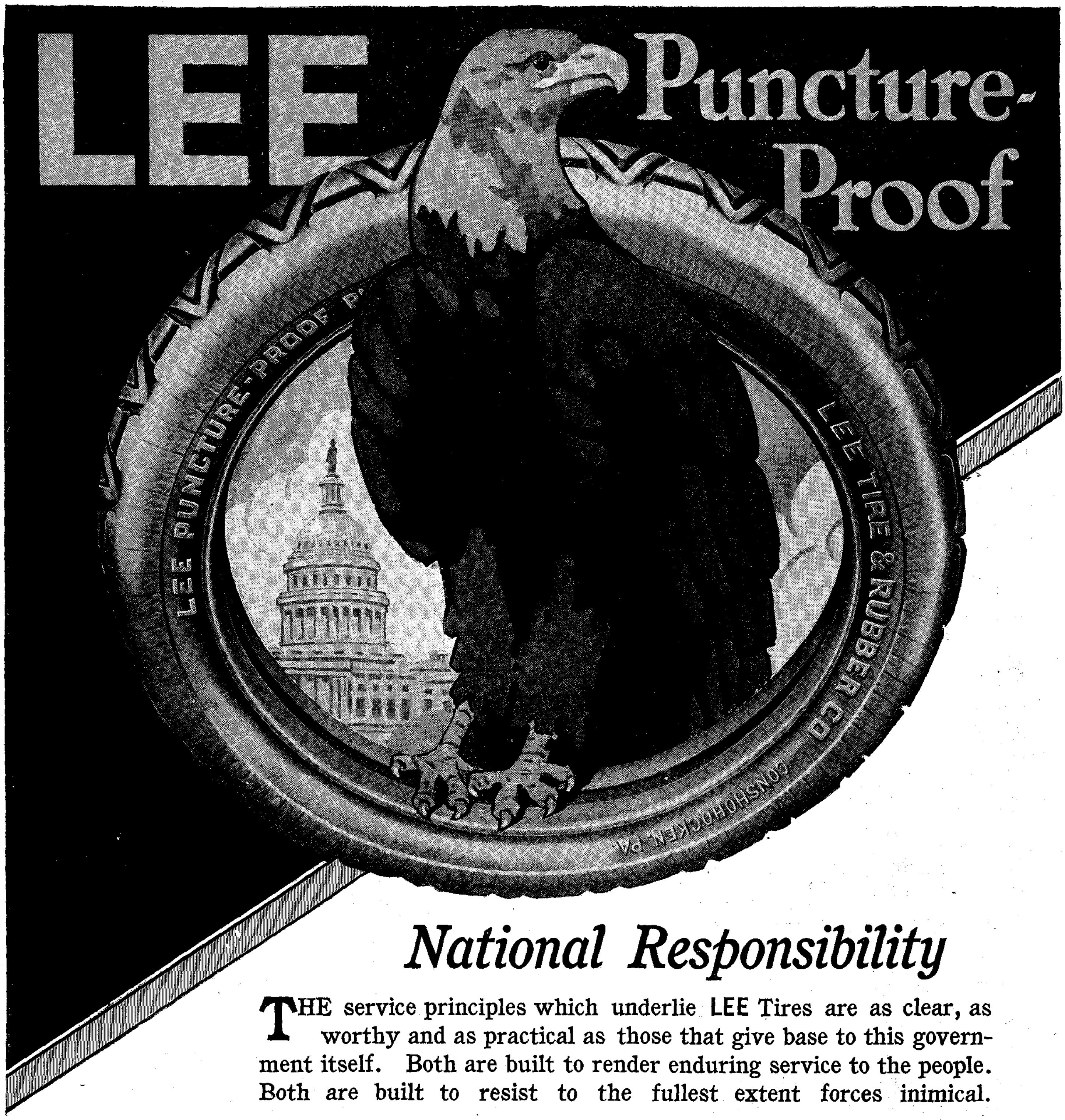
"Women speak too much," said Margaret Steel.

"Read the Parliamentary debates," said I.

"Women have not the brains," said a boy.

I made no reply. I lifted his last exam. paper and showed the class his 21 per cent. Then I showed him Violet Brown's 93 per cent. But I was careful to add that the illustration was not conclusive.

I went on to tell them that the vote was of little use to men, and that I did not consider it worth striving for. But I tried to show them that the woman's movement was a much bigger thing than a fight for political power. It was a protest against the system that made sons doctors and



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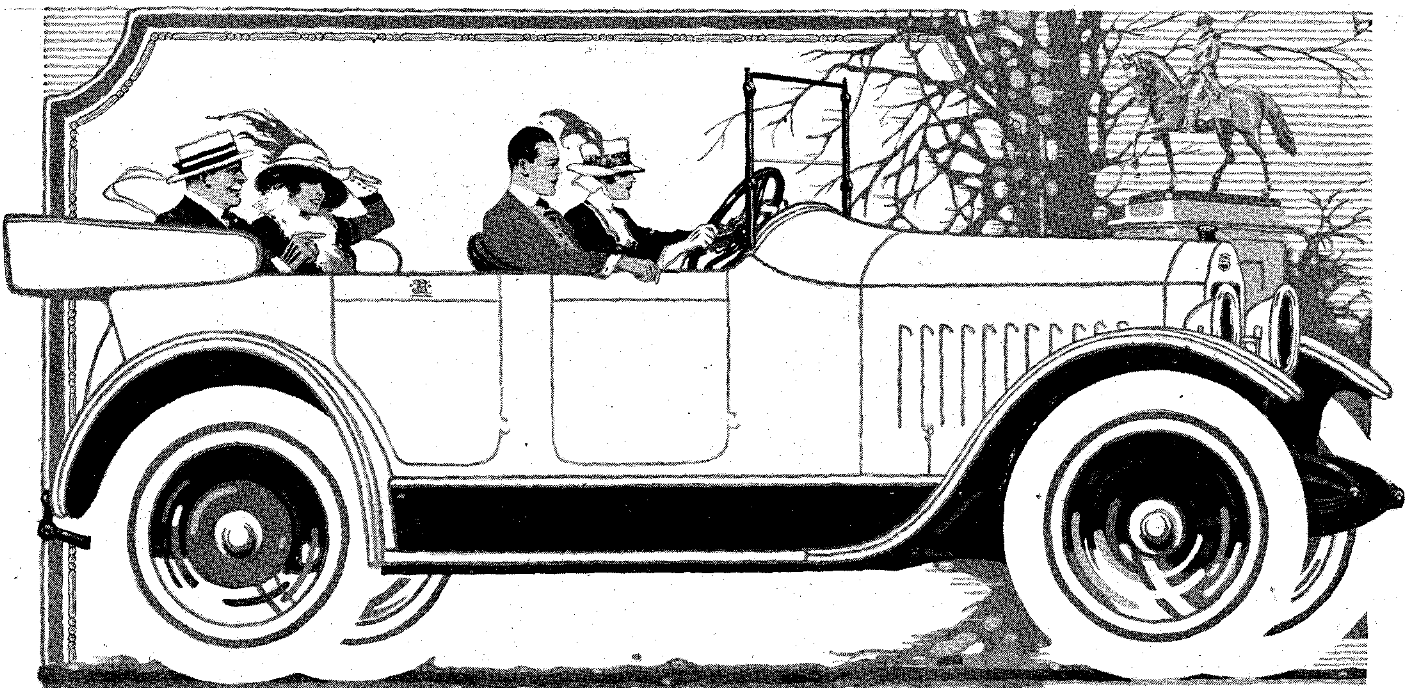

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Riding Comfort—In the long easy swing when the Liberty cancels the shock of the road; in perfected balance that enables you to drive straight ahead over any road with your mind free for the enjoyment of smooth riding; in the extra leg room and the carefully studied position of the steering wheel. In the deep comfortable Liberty seats you sit as though in a capacious arm chair. You sit *in* the car, not *on* it.

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Wide doors, a weather-tight windshield and a hundred other details, usually overlooked, make for more complete satisfaction than motorists have ever before known.

All of these features are found only in the Liberty car. They make it the Car of the Owner's Interest.

The Liberty is built for men who know and own motor cars. It is a moderate sized aristocrat, perfectly finished to the ultimate detail, powerful and silent in performance and destined to be identified with the best American life.

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Continental-Liberty motor, 3⅛x4½; Timken axles and bearings; Delco equipment; wheelbase, 115 inches; 32x4 tires

ministers, and daughters typists and shop-girls, that made girls black their idle brothers' boots, that offered £60 to a lady teacher who was doing as good work as the man in the next room with his £130. I did not take them to the deeper topics of marriage, inheritance, the economic dependence of women on men that makes so many marry for a home.

But on the whole it was a disappointing discussion.

. . . .

Regarding composition, I never set a dull subject of the How-I-spent-my-holidays type; every essay must appeal to the imagination. I gave them Wells's "The Invisible Man" and "When the Sleeper Wakes" to read.

"Go to Mrs. Rabbit's garden-party, and describe it." One boy went as a wolf, and returned with the party inside. A girl went as a weasel and left early because she could not eat the lettuce and cabbage on the table. One boy went as an elephant and could not get in.

"Write a child of seven's account of washing-day," I said to my qualifying, and I got some delightful baby-talk from Margaret Steel and Violet Brown.

"Imagine that you are the last man left alive on earth." This essay produced some good work; most of the girls were concerned about the fact that there was no one to bury them when they died.

The best results of all came from this subject: "Die at the age of ninety, and write the paragraphs about yourself to the local paper." Most of them made the present minister make a few pious remarks from the pulpit; one girl was clever enough to name a strange minister.

A newspaper correspondence interests a class. "Make a Mr. James Smith write a letter to *The Scotsman* saying that he saw a cow smoking a cigar one night; then write the replies." One boy made a William Thomson suggest that a man must have been standing beside the cow in the darkness. Smith replied that this was impossible, for any man standing beside a cow would be a farmer or a cattleman, and "neither of them can afford to smoke cigars."

The dominie had a friend, Simpson, to whom on one occasion he explained some of his theories. It struck the layman as incredible that a school could be conducted on such principles. The dominie reaverred his faith in human nature. According to the "log":

Simpson laughed.

"Man, I'd like to see your school!"

"Why not? Come up to-morrow morning," I said.

"First rate!" he said, "I'll be there at nine."

"Better not," I said, with a smile, "or you'll have to wait for ten minutes."

He arrived as I blew the "Fall in" on my bugle.

"You don't line them up and march them in?" he said.

"I used to, but I've given it up," I confessed. "To tell the truth I'm not enamored of straight lines."

We entered my classroom. Simpson stood looking sternly at my chattering family while I marked the registers.

"I couldn't tolerate this row," he said.

"It isn't as noisy as your golf club on a Saturday night, is it?" He smiled slightly.

Jim Burnett came out to my desk and lifted the Glasgow *Herald*, then he went out to the playground humming "On the Mississippi."

"What's the idea?" asked Simpson.

"He's the only boy who is keen on the war-news," I explained.

Then Tom Macintosh came out and asked for the manual-room key; he wanted to finish a boat he was making.

"Do you let them do as they like?" asked Simpson.

"In the upper classes," I replied.

Later I turned to give part of the class arithmetic, as the rest had gone out. Mary Wilson in the front seat held out a bag of sweets to me. I took one.

"Please, sir, would the gentleman like one, too?"

Simpson took one with the air of a man on holiday who doesn't care what sins he commits.

"I say," he whispered, "do you let them eat in school? There's a boy in the back seat eating nuts."

I fixt Ralph Ritchie with my eye.

"Ralph! If you throw any nutshells on that floor Mrs. Findlay will eat you."

"I'm putting them in my pooch," he said.

"Good! Write down this sum."

"What are the others doing?" asked Simpson after a time.

"Margaret Steel and Violet Brown are reading," I said promptly. "Annie Dixon is playing fivies on the sand, Jack White and Bob Tosh are most likely arguing about horses, but the other boys are reading; we'll go and see." And together we walked down the road.

Annie was playing fivies all right, but Jack and Bob weren't discussing horses; they were reading *Chips*, a tabu publication at best.

"And the scamps haven't the decency to hide it when you appear!" cried Simpson.

"Haven't the fear," I corrected.

On the way back to the school he said: "It's all very pleasant and picnicky, but eating nuts and sweets in class!"

"Makes your right arm itch?" I suggested pleasantly.

"It does," he said with a short laugh. "Man, do you never get irritated?"

"Sometimes."

"Ah!" He looked relieved. "So the system isn't perfect?"

"Good heavens!" I cried, "what do you think I am? A saint from heaven? You surely don't imagine that a man with nerves and a temperament is always able to enter into the mood of bairns! I get ratty occasionally, but I generally blame myself." I sent a girl for my bugle and sounded the "Dismiss."

"What do you do now?"

I pulled out my pipe and 'baccy.

"Have a fill," I said, "it's John Cotton."

And it was not until the end of the year that the young dominie began to survey the work he had done and come to a conclusion as to its worth. He began to sum up just what the bairns had gotten out of it, and where it fell short of the blind expectations of the parents. Somehow he regretted nothing. He knew the system was not faultless, but he felt that it was better than the one which they had had. He wrote at the end of his diary:

They say that when a man dies after a long life he looks back and mourns the things that he's left undone. I suppose that some teachers look back over a year's work and regret their sins of omission. I do not.

I know that I have had many lazy days this session; I know that there were exercises that I failed to correct, subjects that I failed to teach. I regret none of these things, for they do not count.

Rachel Smith is leaving the district, and to-day Mary Wilson shook her hand. "Weel, by-by, Rachel, ye'll have to gang to anither schule, and ye'll maybe have to work there," she said.

"Eh?" I cried, "do you mean to say, Mary Wilson, that Rachel hadn't to work in this school?"

"Not very much," said Mary. "Ma father says that we just play ourselves at this school."

Mary's father is right; I have converted a hard-working school into a playground. And I rejoice. These bairns have had a year of happiness and liberty. They have done what they liked; they have sung their songs while they were working at graphs, they have eaten their sweets while they read their books. They have hung on to my arms as we rambled along in search of artistic corners.

As for the work that the Scotch Education Department expected me to do . . . well, I think the last entry in my official log-book is a fair sample of that.

"The school was closed to-day for the summer holidays. I have received Form 9-B from the Clerk."

"BENNY HAVENS, OH!"

FOR three-quarters of a century the officers from West Point have sung this odd-sounding name, calling upon that mysterious personage in the endless verses of the well-known song. From the days when the thin American line wound into the fastnesses of Mexico, under Scott, to the newer days when the line goes again into the Sierras under Pershing, the officers have sung a gay song of joviality and ended innumerable stanzas with the explosive, "Benny Havens, Oh!"

Who was Benny Havens? Was he a commander at West Point; was he a popular cadet, or was he a famous warrior-spy? All wrong. Benny Havens was—it seems a crude way to put it, but he was—a bartender! Hardly a man to inspire the armies of generations, one might think, but it was, nevertheless, this humble, but excessively jovial, "barkeep" who made much of the early life and tradition at the Point. And tradition is what makes the grim gray pile that towers on the cliff above the river loved and honored by rank after rank of Army men.

A writer for the New York *Sun* tells us how the song came into being, and who Benny Havens was, and how his road-house prospered. He says:

West-Pointers for half a century have told the story of Benny Havens—they have bled and died with it on their lips:

Wherever Duty called they went, their steps were never slow—
With Alma Mater on their lips, and "Benny Havens, Oh!"

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The Biggest, Best Finished Four Ever Produced at the Price

FIVE PASSENGER FOUR
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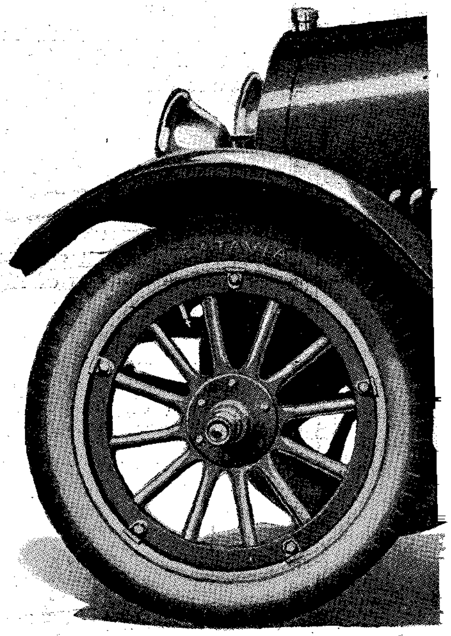

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Built on a light, strong chassis, capable of infinite endurance, is a body that is reminiscent of the coach work of costly European models.

Its lines are decisive and beautiful. The perfect stream line hood and cowl blend gracefully into flawless body curves, and the fashionable effect is emphasized by sloping windshield, rounded, boat-like tonneau, and a deep-toned satiny finish of Pullman green and black.

The custom-made, one-man top — fastening rigidly to the windshield— conforms to the body design. The upholstery is genuine leather, soft and thick, over deep curled-hair cushions, luxuriantly comfortable. The body is lavishly roomy for five big passengers. There is plenty of leg space and plenty of elbow room.

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It has already shattered even Pul
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its best, pulling powerfully and sil
speed than most drivers want.

Half an inch has been added to the
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The arrangement of the handsome
venient for women drivers. Group
reach are the lock-up electric light

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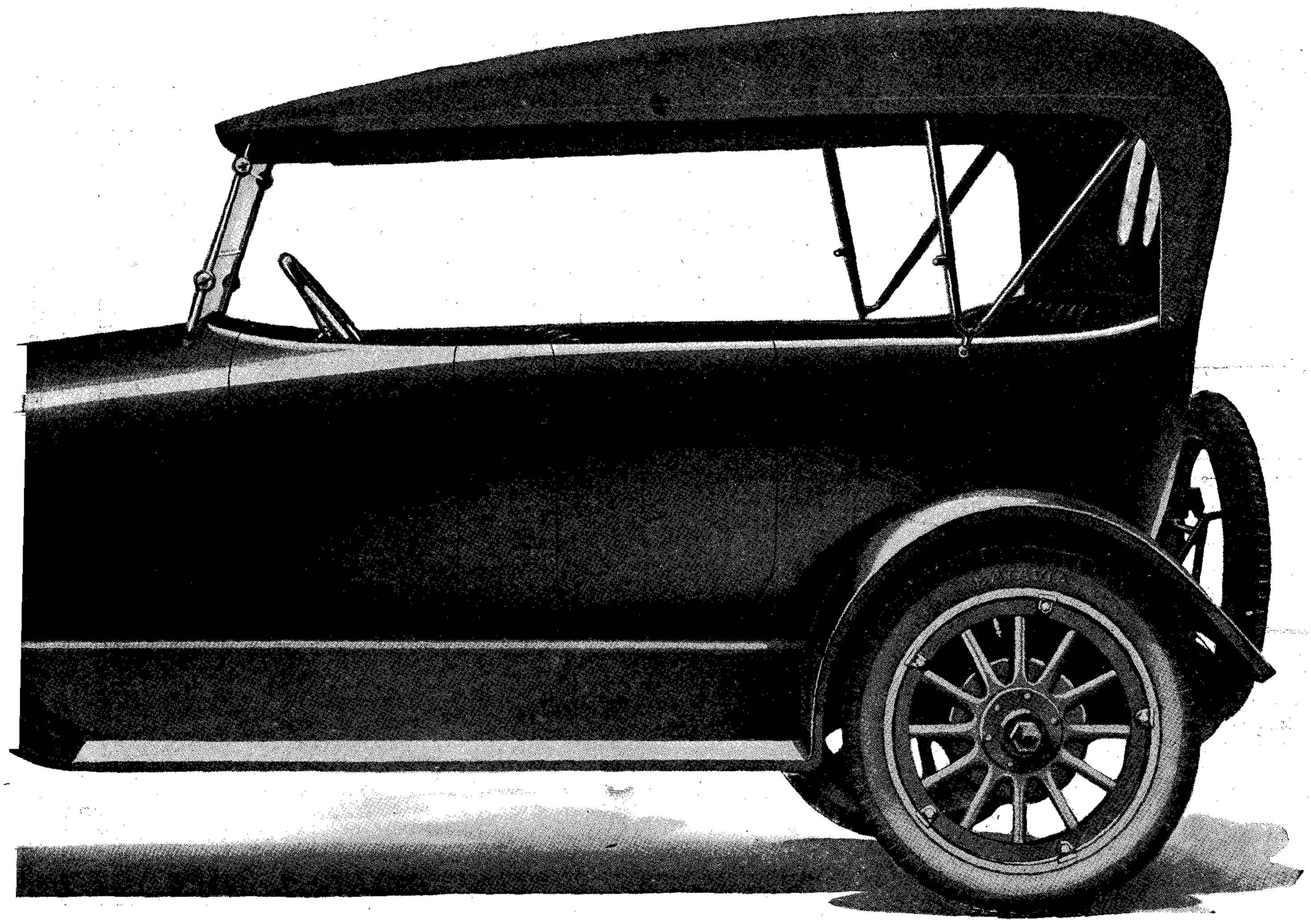

chanical superiority from the pact, refined and added to onveniences.

records for gas and oil saving. s regularly. On hills it is at he motor is capable of more

the full cantilever rear springs cushions, means every road is

ent board is particularly con- center of the dash within easy ignition switch with dimmer, carburetor choke and dash light, speedometer, ammeter, oil and gasoline gauges and fuse box. The drive is left hand, with emergency brake lever forward and out of the way.

Dollar-for-dollar value that goes clear through the car is apparent at a glance.

Distinguishing features of the 1917 car—114-inch wheelbase, 32-h.p. motor, 50½-inch full cantilever rear springs, Dixie waterproof, high tension magneto, Batavia non-skid tires all four wheels, two unit electric starting and lighting, Stromberg type carburetor, double bulb headlights with dimmer, 17-gallon gas tank in rear with Carter Vacuum feed to carburetor.

The above illustration is a reproduction from an actual photograph; it is *not* an exaggerated drawing.

DETAILS

CO., YORK, PENNA.

"Benny Havens, Oh!" is the epic of West Point. It is a story in song, the story of West-Pointers and their sacrifices for duty, honor, West Point, and country.

The story of Benny Havens is almost as old as that of the Academy itself. Many, many years ago—in 1824, to be precise, Benny Havens took up his residence on the southern border of what then constituted the post of West Point. Almost immediately he and the cadets became friends.

He was a genial soul, generous, fond of good company, and an inimitable spinner of yarns, and he invariably plied his visitors with buckwheat-cakes and maple-syrup. Soon his refreshments acquired such fame that cadets often slipt away from their duties and made their way to Benny's retreat, where they found oblivion for their disciplinary woes. Almost every night, after taps, saw half a dozen daring cadets, who should have been in bed, gathered around Benny's bountiful table.

Only for a short time did Benny's fare confine itself to buckwheat-cakes and maple-syrup. Grog and wine were added to the menu, an addition whereby Benny's popularity increased tenfold. About this time the West Point authorities, who had previously shut their eyes to Benny's liberalities, decided that the time had come to declare a blockade on Benny in so far as cadets were concerned, and, consequently, Benny's haven of delight became "off limits" for the future generals, and punishment was meted out to those caught running the blockade.

Jefferson Davis, afterward President of the Confederate States, had the distinction of being among the first batch of cadets court-martialed for midnight revels at Benny Haven's.

Benny was warned that his generosity to cadets was demoralizing to discipline and that unless he called a halt summary proceedings would result. He was unable to refuse those few cadets who "ran it out" to his home, and finally he was expelled from the post shortly after 1829, taking up his abode at the base of a high cliff near the river's edge, about a mile below West Point.

Here he lived in a small frame house until his death, in 1877, at the age of ninety. He was buried in Union Cemetery, about midway between Highland Falls and Fort Montgomery on the West Point road. His grave is to-day marked by a simple marble slab, but there is a proposal to remove his body to the West Point Cemetery and to erect a suitable monument to his memory.

That, in brief, is the story of Benny Havens—without the color and the trimmings that make it a real story.

During the cold nights of many winters, after Benny was banished from the post of West Point, cadets slipt out of their beds after taps had sounded and made their way over snow and ice to Benny's little home at the river's edge. No kings ever received more royal welcome. Cakes and wine were immediately forthcoming, tales were told before leaping flames, and song was started as the blood grew warm with the wine Benny provided. With the first intimation of dawn, Benny sent his guests back to their quarters with a God-speed and a wish of good luck.

Not infrequently the officers in charge of the cadets descended upon Benny's retreat after midnight, and at such times Benny directed the cadets in their escape as coolly as if he were an old and seasoned officer. His house was only about twenty feet from the river, and in winter when the river was frozen the cadets would skate down, leaving their skates on the bank so that they could put them on swiftly and skate back to West Point in case of a raid.

Often Benny ferried his guests down in his old flat-bottomed boat. Occasionally there was a dance under his roof. Many men who rose to fame after leaving West Point—Grant, Fitzhugh Lee, Sherman, Custer, and others—spent happy hours in Benny's retreat.

In 1838, Lieutenant Lucius O'Brien, of the United States Infantry, paid a visit to Cadet Ripley A. Arnold, who was then a first-class man, says the account, and Arnold introduced him to Benny Havens. A warm friendship seems to have sprung up between these two, and through the old tapster O'Brien met another cadet, John T. Metcalfe. It was these four who composed the first five verses to the afterward famous "Benny Havens" song. It is said they worked them out together in the dimly lighted dining-hall of Benny's establishment, and set them to the tune of "The Wearing of the Green." And from then onward the song began to grow. Other verses were added as time went on, and, as the rhythm was easy, the stanzas grew rapidly in number. To-day, we learn, there are about fifty verses, some of them good, some lumbering, and very few of them good poetry. But they express phases of the army life dear to the hearts of those who were once cadets, and in this they live. We learn:

Almost all of the verses were composed before Benny's death, in 1877. Class after class added a verse. In the waning years of Benny's life almost every night the cadets sang them through, crowding round Benny, with glasses full, while their host led them with his fiddle and his low, clear barytone. This fiddle, by the way, is still in possession of an old citizen of Highland Falls. Some of the verses were sung with glasses raised in toasting those whose deeds were recalled.

There are several verses that every West-Pointer knows by heart, the first of them being:

Come, fill your glasses, fellows, and stand up in a row,
To singing sentimentally we're going for to go.
In the Army there's sobriety, promotion's very slow,
So we'll sing our reminiscences of Benny Havens, Oh!

This is also the first verse of the poem. One of the five original verses was no doubt inspired by some of the Southern beauties who were occasional visitors at the Point, for it says:

To the ladies of the orange clime, let all our bumpers flow,
Who dares gainsay their peerless charms must take a knightly blow;
We'll throw the gauntlet in their cause and haunt the soulless foe
Who hesitates to drink to them at Benny Havens', Oh!

A few years after he had helped to compose the original song, Lieutenant O'Brien died in Florida during the campaign against the Seminoles in 1841. Benny was deeply grieved, and shortly afterward there appeared the following verse, which was always sung with heads bowed:

There comes a voice from Florida, from Tampa's lonely shore,
It is the cry of gallant men, O'Brien is no more;
In the land of sun and flowers, his head lies pillowed low,
No more he'll sing "Petite Coquille" or "Benny Havens, Oh!"

Soon came along the Mexican War to furnish inspiration to the cadet-poets. Several verses were added to the poem in commemoration of the deeds of those whose gallantry carried the American flag from Vera Cruz to the heights of Chapultepec, overlooking Montezuma's ancient capital. Two of these are:

Here's a health to General Taylor, whose rough and ready blow
Struck terror to the rancheros of braggart Mexico;
May his country ne'er forget his deeds and ne'er forget to show
She holds him worthy of a place at Benny Havens', Oh!

To the "*veni, vidi, vici,*" man, to Scott, the greatest hero,
Fill the goblet to the brim, let no one shrinking go.
May life's cares on his honored head fall light as flakes of snow
And his fair fame be ever great at Benny Havens', Oh!

The Civil War saw stressful times at the Point, and the cadets turned their attention to sterner things than poetry. The ranks of the corps were thinned by the loss of the Southerners who went home to take up the cause of their respective States. Many of those from the North and South who had been friends of Benny fell on the field of glory—Manassas, Antietam, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, and a hundred other places were stained with the blood of West-Pointers.

Cushing, one of Benny's cronies, a mere stripling, fell at Gettysburg, wounded eleven times. There was little gaiety at Benny's during the stern four years, for Benny was getting old, and the almost daily news of the loss of his former friends on the battle-field robbed him of his old-time light-heartedness.

Some of the verses of the poem which were written just after the war are lost. There seems to be only the following intact:

To the army's brave commanders, let now our glasses flow,
We'll drink to Grant and Sherman and to the subs also;
To Thomas, Meade, and Sheridan (these come in apropos),
We'll toast them all with goblets full at Benny Haven's, Oh!

Early in 1866 Gen. Winfield Scott died. For him this verse appeared:

Another star has faded, we miss its brilliant glow,
For the veteran Scott has ceased to be a soldier here below;
And the country which he honored now feels a heartfelt wo
As we toast his name in reverence at Benny Havens', Oh!

Some of the other verses are fraught with the magic spirit of West Point—that spirit that is best summed up in the words, "Duty, Honor, Country, West

ANNOUNCING

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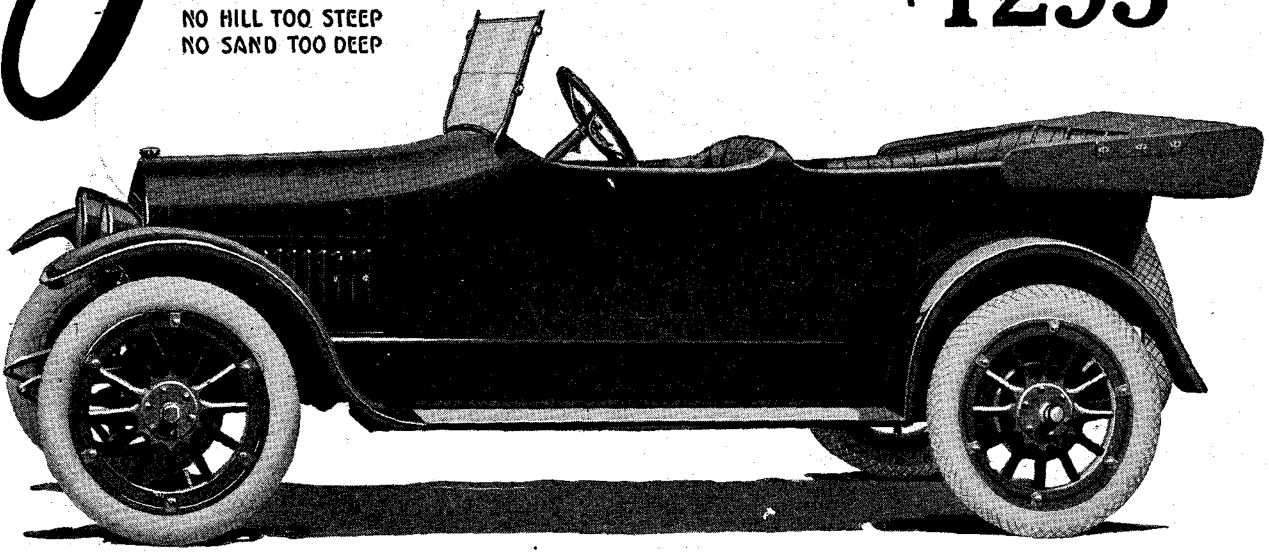

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The equipment is absolutely complete. All those little conveniences that result from a careful study of your comfort are apparent—even to the mechanical tire pump and pressure gauge.

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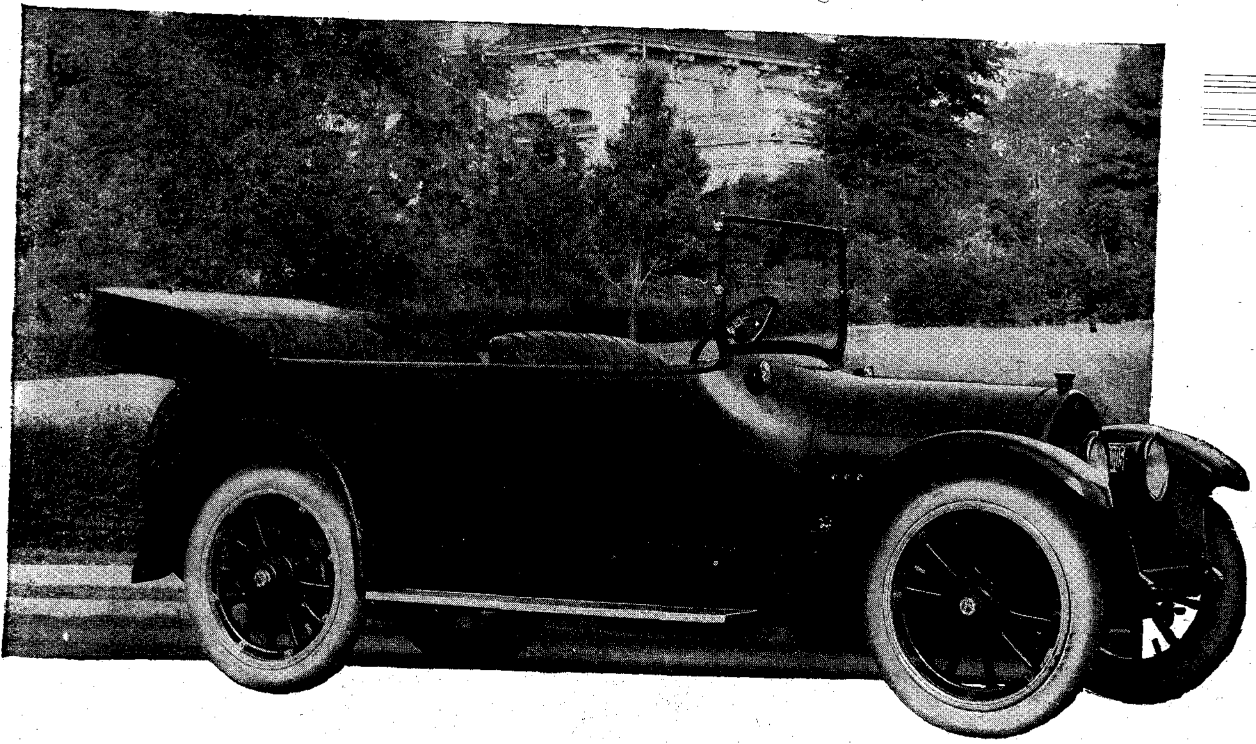
See your Jackson dealer at once and arrange for an immediate demonstration of the Jackson Eight. Write for full details of what we believe is the greatest car value of the year

JACKSON AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, JACKSON, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.



The Coming of The

THERE is one thought in connection with the coming of this new Cadillac which we would like you to grasp at once.

With the advent of this car, the Cadillac "Eight" enters upon its third successive season, with no radical change in the basic principles of its design.

This is perhaps the first time such a thing has happened in motor car development, and you will quickly see its significance as applied to the Cadillac.

Quite properly, we believe, the World has always looked to the Cadillac Company for advanced ideas, improved practice and progressive principles.

The fact, therefore, that the Cadillac car has proven itself beyond the need of radical change, is, in itself, too impressive and too illuminating to call for comment.

It does not by any manner of means, imply that the Cadillac process of refinement had come to a conclusion.

In a multitude of ways, this is a better, finer Cadillac than any which has preceded it—the subject of unremitting research and scientific betterment in scores of details.

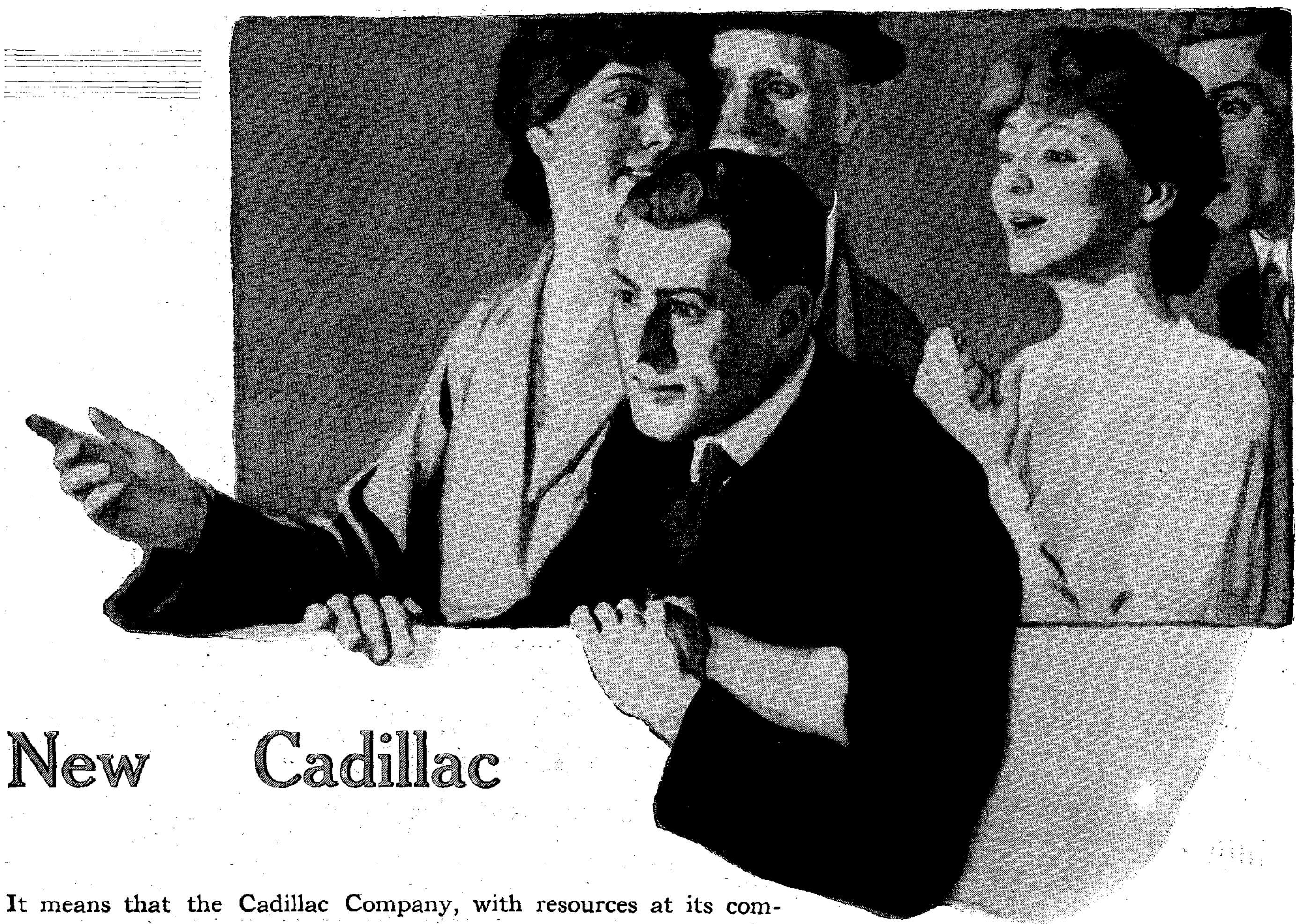
What the absence of radical change really means, is that the underlying principles of Cadillac V-type eight-cylinder construction have been proven fundamentally sound by the performance of 31,000 cars.

Specifications in Brief

ENGINE—Eight cylinder V-type, High-speed, High efficiency. **HORSE POWER**—S. A. E. rating 31.25; actual, more than 60. **COOLING**—Water. **RADIATOR**—Cadillac tubular and plate type. **IGNITION STARTING, LIGHTING**—Cadillac-Delco, improved system. **LUBRICATION**—Automatic pressure feed. **CARBURETOR**—Cadillac. **CLUTCH**—Multiple disc, dry plate type. **TRANSMISSION**—Selective type sliding gear, three speeds forward and reverse. **AXLES**—Rear, Cadillac Timken, full floating; Timken bearings; Spiral type bevel driving gears. Front axle, drop forged, I beam. **DRIVE**—Tubular shaft. **BRAKES**—One internal and one external brake direct on wheels, 17 inch x 2½ inch drums. **STEERING GEAR**—Cadillac patented worm and worm gear sector type; 18-inch steering wheel, hinged to facilitate entrance. **FRAME**—Channel section. **WHEELS**—Wood, artillery type, Timken bearings, fitted with demountable rims for straight side tires. **TIRES**—36″ x 4½″. **WHEELBASE**—125 and 132 inches. **TREAD**—56 inches. (Option 61 inches). **SPRINGS**—Front, semi-elliptic; rear, three-quarter platform. **CONTROL**—Center control. **GASOLINE SYSTEM**—Twenty gallon tank with gauge at rear. **STANDARD EQUIPMENT**—Cadillac "one-man" top; windshield; full lamp equipment; Gabriel Snubbers; Clock; Warner Autometer; Electric horn; Power tire pump; Foot rail; Robe rail; License tag holders; Tire carrier; Tool box with locks; Set of tools; Tire repair kit; Handy lamp. Universal key fitting tool box, ignition and lighting switch and tire lock.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO.

Cadillac
Standard of the World



New Cadillac

It means that the Cadillac Company, with resources at its command probably superior to those possessed by any other motor car plant in the world, has arrived at the deliberate judgment that the *kind* of a motor car which it is now building, represents a higher degree of efficiency than any other in existence.

It means that this is the joint judgment of every expert mind associated with this Company. It expresses the judgment of 31,000 owners who cannot conceive of any respect in which Cadillac principles could be changed to their advantage.

The new Cadillac conforms to the finest Cadillac traditions, down to the least and last of details—and it advances them still more closely toward perfection.

It is a beautiful car to look upon.

The superior riding qualities, with which you are familiar, are enhanced and intensified.

The driving ease of last year and the year before, accentuated by the longer wheelbase of the new car, is more marked than ever.

It is doubtful if motoring can give rise to a situation which can successfully challenge Cadillac powers.

The old feeling that it is folly to seek further—the old sense of security that the Cadillac represents the uttermost in a motor car—will come over you more strongly than ever.

We are serenely confident of the exhilaration and enthusiasm which you will experience on the occasion of your first ride in this unusual car.

DETROIT - MICHIGAN

Body Styles and Prices

The Type-55 Cadillac will be available with a complete variety of body styles, as follows:—

Open cars, 125 inch wheelbase; Seven Passenger with disappearing auxiliary seats $2080. Four Passenger Phaeton $2080. Two Passenger Roadster with two passenger disappearing rumble seat $2080. Four Passenger Close Coupled Roadster $2080.

Convertible styles, 125 inch wheelbase; Seven Passenger with Cadillac body (Springfield type) $2675. Four Passenger Victoria (convertible) $2550.

Enclosed cars, 125 inch wheelbase; Four Passenger Coupe $2800. Five Passenger Brougham $2950.

Enclosed cars, 132 inch wheelbase; Seven Passenger Limousine $3600. Seven Passenger Landaulet $3750. Seven Passenger Imperial $3750. Prices include standard equipment, F. O. B. Detroit. Prices are subject to advance without notice.

Cadillac Standard of the World

Point," which are part of the motto of the Academy. One of the best of these is:

Let us remember, comrades, when to our posts we go,
The ties that must be cut in twain as o'er life's sea we row;
Hearts that now throb in unison must molder down below,
So let us take a parting cup at Benny Havens', Oh!

THE LAST WORD ON BOOK-BUYING

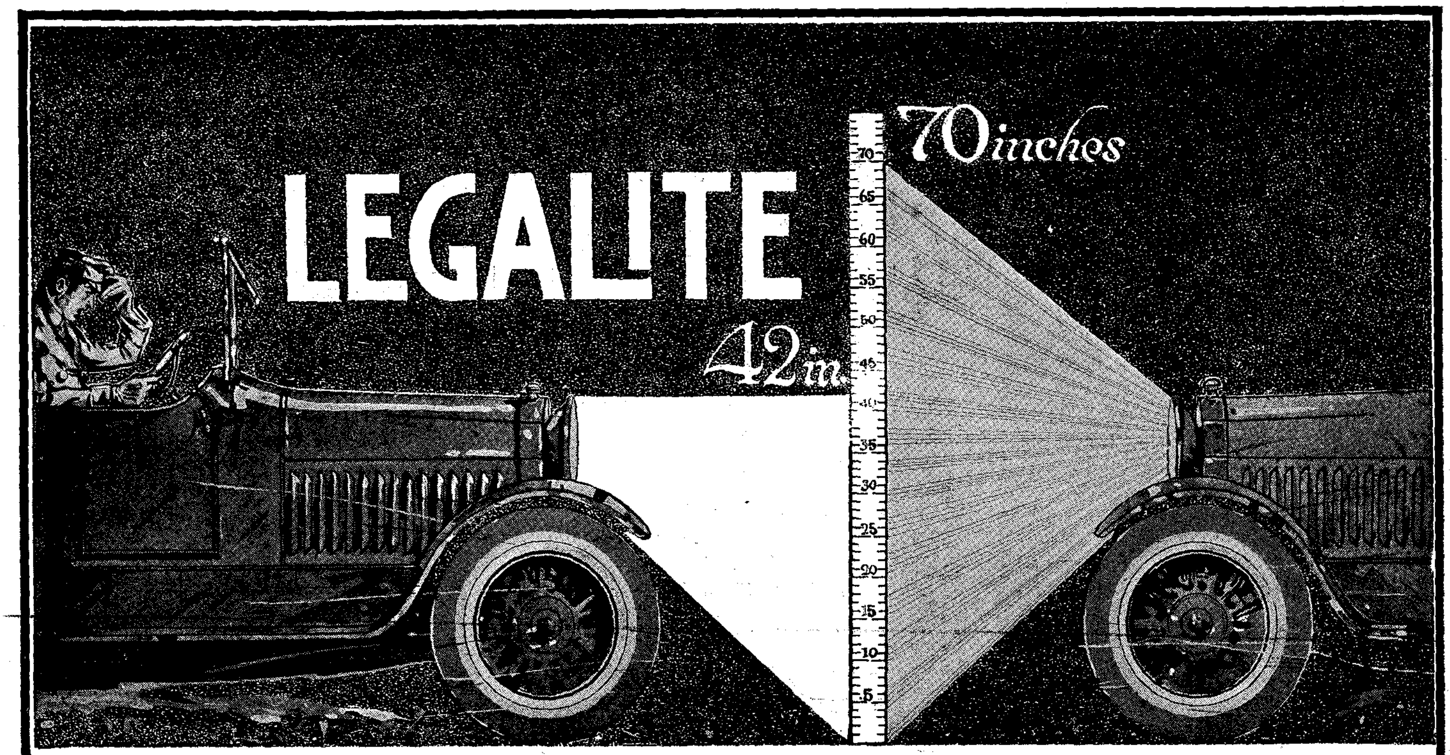
A WELL-MEANING matron once ventured into a metropolitan book-shop and asked for, not "East Lynne" nor Arnold Bennett's latest, nor the Rubaiyat of Omar, but for "about this many books" (indicating a three-foot length), "to fill a shelf that's built into my new apartment." And the obliging clerk sold her a set of O. Henry. So in these days of volumes and volumes on the "thirty best books," or the forty, or the hundred books which every adult should know, it is refreshing to find some one who looks at a row of volumes as something beside a mere compendium of knowledge.

And perhaps that is what a writer in *The Bookman* thinks, as he chats at great length about a new way to choose your library. He takes an entirely radical point of view, and the blasé reader of lists of best literature is relieved to see a new cloak put on an old subject. He plunges boldly into what many might find an insoluble problem:

> Everybody of even the slightest literary inclination has been puzzled by the question, "What shall I read?" What books shall I collect so that my library will be a credit to myself and a source of pleasure to my friends?" In the attempt to solve this problem many wise men have offered various ingenious but futile suggestions. Former President Eliot, of Harvard, for instance, has advanced the claims of his five-foot book-shelf. From one point of view this plan has the merit of brevity; indeed, on examining the kind of pabulum which the learned doctor has provided, one can not but wish that he had made his shelf several feet shorter. From another angle of observation, however, it must be admitted that a shelf of books five feet long will hardly constitute a library of dimensions sufficient for the purpose of furnishing a room. For a library is not merely a collection of volumes; it is a room furnished or embellished with them. The outside of books are fully as useful in their way as the insides, and the very notion of a meager five-foot shelf filled with forbidding tomes is bleak and dispiriting.
>
> In the encyclopedias you will find sundry "courses" of reading laid down by committees or boards of musty bookworms. But a glance is sufficient to discourage the most enthusiastic collector. Not only are the courses severe, but they are inelastic and arbitrary. One naturally challenges the right of any board of savants to prescribe a fixt literary menu which one must consume like a diet ordered for a patient by his physician. There is no browsing on such a beaten path. It is one's privilege to ramble and pluck flowers where one listeth.
>
> Our plan is simplicity itself. It will assure a library of wide scope and afford the keenest pleasure in its collecting. We guarantee that every reader who adopts the scheme will become an enthusiast. To be brief, the idea is contained in one word, color! Choose your books with reference to one uniform tint. Suppose, for example, that you adopt red as your basis of operations. All that you will be required to do, then, is to select books whose titles convey directly or indirectly, or by association of ideas, a suggestion of this luxurious and satisfying hue. The possibilities of the plan are endless. You can be absolutely independent and dispense with the advice of professors, bookworms, dealers, friends. As the scheme unfolds before your admiring comprehension you will enter into the game with increasing interest. We give here a few examples by way of illustration. The titles are chosen at random, one book readily suggesting another. The list is purposely made brief in order that the collector may have almost the whole vast field to glean from.
>
> "The Reds of the Midi," that fascinating story of Provence and of the beginnings of the French Revolution, by Félix Gras, will at once suggest itself. It is invaluable to any self-respecting red library. Then we have James Fenimore Cooper's "Red Rover," to say nothing of the same author's "Redskins," both pleasing contrasts to the Gras selection. "The Red Badge of Courage," which made the name of Stephen Crane famous, will absorb all who have a drop of rich red blood in their veins. It is an American classic and deserves a high place on the list. And who would do without the other American masterpiece in the form of a cameo, Bret Harte's "An Idyll of Red Gulch"? By many connoisseurs of the author's stories of California life this is considered the gem of them all. No red library can afford to be without it. Lovers of Conan Doyle will be pleased to include that entertaining collection of tales with the generic title, "Under the Red Lamp." These are among Sir Arthur's earliest works and are told in his customary crisp, direct style. Readers of the *Sherlock Holmes* stories who have overlooked this series should by all means give it space in the grand color scheme. And next we have John Reed Scott, who, tho he labors under the stigma of having produced two best sellers, is deserving of honor for his apt "The Colonel of the Red Hussars" and "Red Emerald." Edgar Allan Poe, deemed unworthy by the Solons who selected the Immortals for the Hall of Fame at New York University, shall here come into his own, for "The Masque of the Red Death" is one of his most striking and characteristic studies.
>
> For the children a little niche may be reserved for "Robin Redbreast," "Little Red Riding Hood," and "Red Crosses," by Clara F. Guernsey. Historical romance may be represented by "The Red City," a story of Washington's second administration, by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. For a lazy summer afternoon there can be recommended "A Red Wallflower," by Mrs. Susan Warner; "Red Lane," by Holman Day, and "Red Pepper," stories by Mrs. G. S. Richmond, not to mention F. R. Burton's "Redcloud of the Lakes," Marian Pool's "Red Bridge Neighborhood," and Roman Doubleday's "Red House on Rowan Street." "Red House Hill," by Mrs. Fenollosa (Sidney McCall), will be found more serious reading, having for its theme child labor in the mills. An excellent animal story is "Red Fox," by Charles G. D. Roberts. "Red Hunters and the Animal People," another tale of wild outdoors, is told by C. A. Eastman, a college graduate and genuine red Indian himself.
>
> It would require but little ingenuity to run through a catalog of titles and select mechanically those containing the word "red." The essential point is to make a catholic choice, covering a wide field and many different authors. Moreover, there should be a variety of shades and certain subtle associations with the primary color. For instance, no red library would be complete without a copy of the great Puritan classic, Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter," and Baroness Orczy's "A Scarlet Pimpernel." And the followers of Richard Harding Davis will be sure to make room for his "The Scarlet Car," which possesses the merit of being printed in very large type—a boon to bad eyes. Again, Conan Doyle's "A Study in Scarlet" will here slip in without question. F. Marion Crawford is far too prominent an American novelist to be left out in the cold, and he can pass in on the strength of "The Diva's Ruby." Booth Tarkington knocks successfully for admittance with his "Cherry," while Grace Richmond's "Strawberry Acres" will add a new tint to the general color plan. Here also may be included "The Cardinal's Rose," by Van Tassel Sutphen. Emile Gaboriau, prolific writer of French detective stories, will while away some pleasant evening hours with his diverting "The Lerouge Case," and for even lighter reading there is Mrs. Dudeney's "Robin Brilliant." The juvenile department will welcome "Robin Hood"; Ralph Henry Barbour's "The Crimson Sweater," Kirk Munroe's "Coral Ship," and "A Daughter of the Sioux," the last being a type of Gen. Charles King's stories of adventure among the Indians in the Wild West. For more serious reading there are "Corals and Coral Island," by J. D. Dana, an authority, and Dr. Harvey's world-famous discovery, "The Circulation of the Blood."

As if that were not quite enough to make a very well-read man, the author proceeds to bring in some kindred volumes whose relation to the general scheme is hardly so obvious. Yet, as he says, it would afford no small latitude to the ingenuity and resourcefulness of your friends if they have to ponder a moment to recall just wherein the connection between the book and the scheme lies. As he puts it:

> For instance, such subjects as "John Barleycorn," which Jack London claims to be strictly autobiographical, and "Mars and Its Canals," by the astronomer Percival Lowell. The latter book suggests Du Maurier's "The Martians." These volumes, it will be observed, come under the general color scheme by right of what may be termed the association of ideas, subconscious suggestion, or color cerebration. The choosing of such ramifying titles will be found one of the most engaging features of the color-library scheme. The connoisseur can extend the idea indefinitely, and would be quite warranted in including in this field of selection such books as "Robinson Crusoe" and Defoe's less known work, "The History of the Devil," as well



26% More Light—No Glare!

A Wonderful New Headlight Lens. Prevents Accidents. Adds to Pleasure of Motoring. Endorsed by Safety First League of America.

HERE, at last, is a wonderful new headlight lens, the greatest advance in automobile lighting equipment since gas and electricity superseded oil! 26% more light—

Positively NO GLARE—

Light-beams never more than 42 inches above the ground—at any distance from car—so you get the light where you want it!

Does everything a *dimmer* does except cut off light—

Does everything your present lens does, plus 26% more light—and *no glare.*

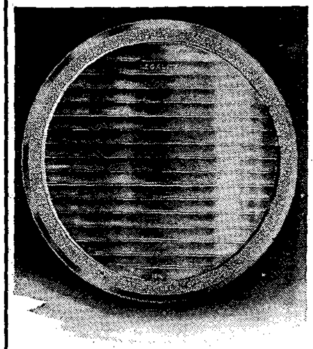
Daylight Conditions for Night Driving

Sunday and Monday newspapers devote columns to "automobile accidents." Most accidents happen at night, because of dimmed headlights which give *insufficient light* or because of glaring, dazzling headlights.

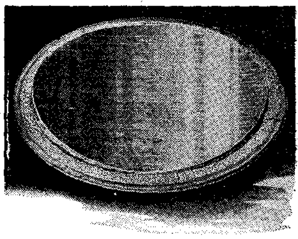
Legalite, the new headlight lens, gives you *daylight* conditions for night driving. You get 26% *more* light—*right where* the light is needed! And NO GLARE!

Distributors
Jobbers
Dealers!

Write for remarkable new proposition. Legalite Lenses are being nationally advertised. Sales already prove enormous; *waiting* demand!



Legalite lenses give 26% more light—and no glare. Note beautiful "cut glass" appearance—beautifies your headlights.



Another view of the Legalite lens. Note the perfectly smooth concave surface—one secret of Legalite

Because of the multiple-prism construction of Legalite, the rays are never more than 42 inches above the ground. You can *see ahead,* because your vision is not clouded by beams from your own headlight!

With Legalite every bump, every irregularity in the road is visible for 250 to 500 feet ahead. No slowing up for every shadow—no violent jolts from depressions or obstructions you did not see. In approaching the brow of a hill, Legalite Lenses throw light on the ground *where you want it* instead of at the sky. On narrow roads or bridges you can see exactly how far to one side you can safely drive to let others pass. Remember, Legalite means 26% *more light—no glare.*

Law-Abiding and Courteous

States and cities the country over have legislated against glaring headlights. But even if glare and dazzle are lawful in your section, use Legalite to get 26% more light—*to increase the margin of safety* to yourself and loved ones—and, as a mark of common courtesy to others on the road. Legalite is the *Legal Light.* Endorsed by Safety First League of America. Selected by Massachusetts Auto Club, Dec. 7, 1915, as the *best* light of 26 headlight lenses submitted.

New Booklet Free

The whole wonderful story of Legalite Lenses is told in our new free book. Why they give 26% more light, why there is no glare, what the increased light means to you, how the absence of glare saves lives—these and many other important facts are explained in detail in "Daylight Conditions for Night Driving." Send for your copy today and be sure and give your dealer or garage man's name. Please fill in coupon or write postal card *now.*

Legalite Corporation
Dept. 68, 120 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

PRICES

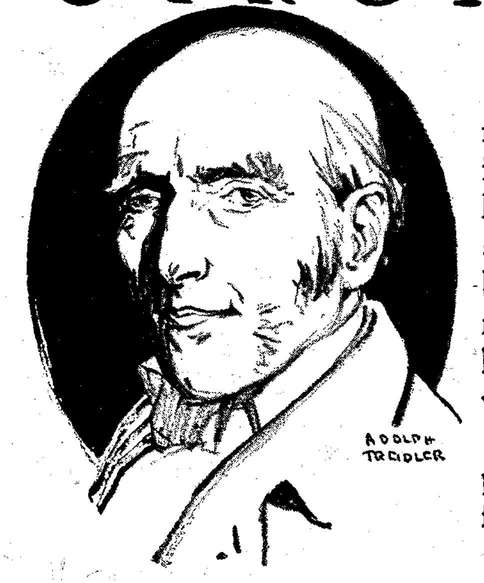
Sizes up to 8½", $2.50.
Sizes up to 10½", $3.00.
Sizes up to 11⅛", $4.00.

LEGALITE CORPORATION
Dept. 68, 120 Boylston St.
Boston, Mass.

Please send me your new free booklet "Daylight Conditions for Night Driving."

Name ....
Address ....
Name of Dealer ....
Address ....

Stephen GIRARD
Had no time for
STROPPING



PROBABLY no one ever knew the value of time better than the American millionaire, mariner and merchant, Stephen Girard.

To facilitate shaving he alternated six razors, all from a then famous Sheffield maker, and an old Philadelphia cutler kept the blades carefully honed, ready for use.

Stephen Girard had no time for stropping. Had he lived in this day, he would doubtless have headed the impressive list of great merchants, bankers, manufacturers and men of large affairs who are known to shave every morning with the Gillette Safety Razor.

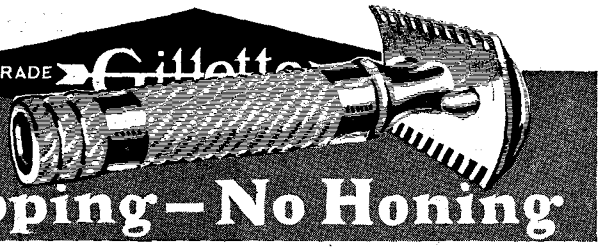
The saving of time made possible by the Gillette is a big factor with busy men.

Then, too, the element of economy is not despised by even our wealthiest citizens. As some one has remarked—the class of men that pays out money for being shaved is the class that can least afford it.

The Gillette shave is velvet-smooth, no matter how wiry the beard or tender the skin. A keen, fresh blade is always ready. Prices $5 to $50. Blades 50c. and $1 the packet. Dealers everywhere.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO.
BOSTON

It was the athlete who started the custom of *shaving under the arm*—a measure of cleanliness and comfort that is becoming as general as the shower among men everywhere who follow the outdoor sports or any form of vigorous exercise.



KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

No Stropping—No Honing

ON GALLIPOLI
WITH TOMMY ATKINS

The story of the service of the Australian and New Zealand contingents at the Dardanelles told in the most fascinating book of the war. A book written, illustrated, and arranged entirely by the Anzac men while in the trenches under Turkish fire. It is called

THE ANZAC BOOK

and in it the fighters tell in their own words and with their own remarkable photographs and clever drawings, of their experiences and impressions while fighting Abdul and his brothers. Pathos, Humor, History, are delightfully combined in telling of the Dardanelles Expedition from the first landing to the final evacuation. Gives a most vivid picture of all sides of the soldier's life. *Profits Are Devoted to the Australasian Red Cross Funds.*

Large Book—Cloth Bound with Pictorial Cover; Profusely Illustrated. $1.75 net; by mail $1.91.

Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

There's something about it you'll like-

1/4 Pound 50¢

Herbert
Tareyton
London
Smoking Mixture

Sample upon request.
Falk Tobacco Co. 56 West 45th St. New York.

as Bret Harte's "Found at Blazing Star," George Ebers's "In the Fire of the Forge," and W. A. Thisted's religious study, "Letters from Hell."

It is difficult to resist continuing the list indefinitely, but, as has been intimated, to do so would spoil sport. One of the greatest charms of the color-library plan is that it affords an exquisite zest to the collector. The question "How shall I stock my library?" no longer possesses any terrors. What was once a dreaded bugbear proves to be a chimera. Selecting books is a pleasure, not a pain. The above list is merely a hint. Those who care not for red as a color basis may select any other hue more agreeable to their tastes. Green, yellow, blue, white, gray—all these could be made equally attractive, and there are endless volumes that would fulfil all the requirements in each of these shades.

NEWSPAPERS IN JAPAN

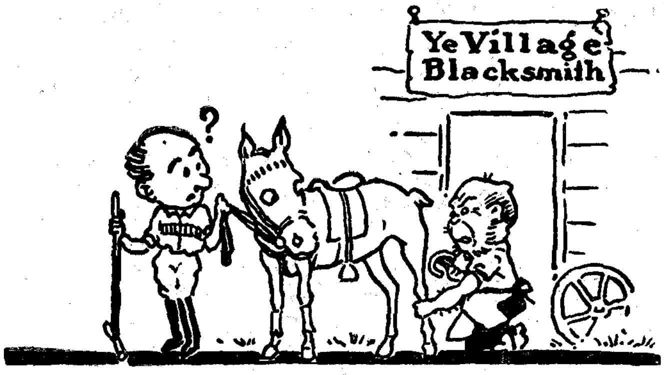
IN New York the newsboy rushes along the curb with a stack of papers under his arm, crying out the names of the various publications; in London he stands still, watching over large posters carrying the head-lines of the hour, held to the sidewalk by a little border of stones or iron weights. But in Japan, where everything seems to be made as picturesque as possible, the newsboy stands on the corner, frantically ringing a string of four or five bells in addition to crying his wares. It is pretty, no doubt, but irritable tourists are more apt to consider it a fallow field for the Anti-noise Society. This is only one of the details cited by a writer in the Cleveland *Leader*, in telling of the newspaper in Nippon. He tells us, besides:

Forty-four years ago there was only one newspaper in Japan worthy of the name. To-day there are over 2,000 journals of various kinds, of which the "sensational" variety seems to overbalance the "conservative." Everybody reads some paper, or, if he be unable to read, somebody else reads to him. Japan, even the Japan of the rural communities, is pretty well informed of world's events—even to the statements of members of the American Congress in regard to the restriction of Japanese labor in California.

Down to the time of the war with Russia, the Japanese reader did not care much about news that did not relate to his own country. Even in the capital city, the most popular news was that of Tokyo. But, now that the nation has become a "world-Power," the interest in the affairs of the world has become general. Some of the smaller papers that are not rich enough to engage editorial writers and pay cable-tolls freely copy the cable-news and editorials from other newspapers. If they can do no better, they take a month-old American paper and print a translation of its "leaders" for their principal articles.

In reality, however, the newspaper dates back to the seventeenth century in Japan, because at that time little news-sheets were printed from block type, assuming to keep the people in touch with current events. There was no fixt day for publication, and there were no regular newspaper-publishers. Anybody could "go to press," if he had something which he

You wouldn't have cheap shoes put on a horse that cost $600 or more. Why put cheap (?) "shoes" on the car for which you paid $600 or over?


Ye Village Blacksmith
?

THERE is just one reason why you bought a machine that cost $600 or higher—you wanted more in a car than you could get in a cheaper one.

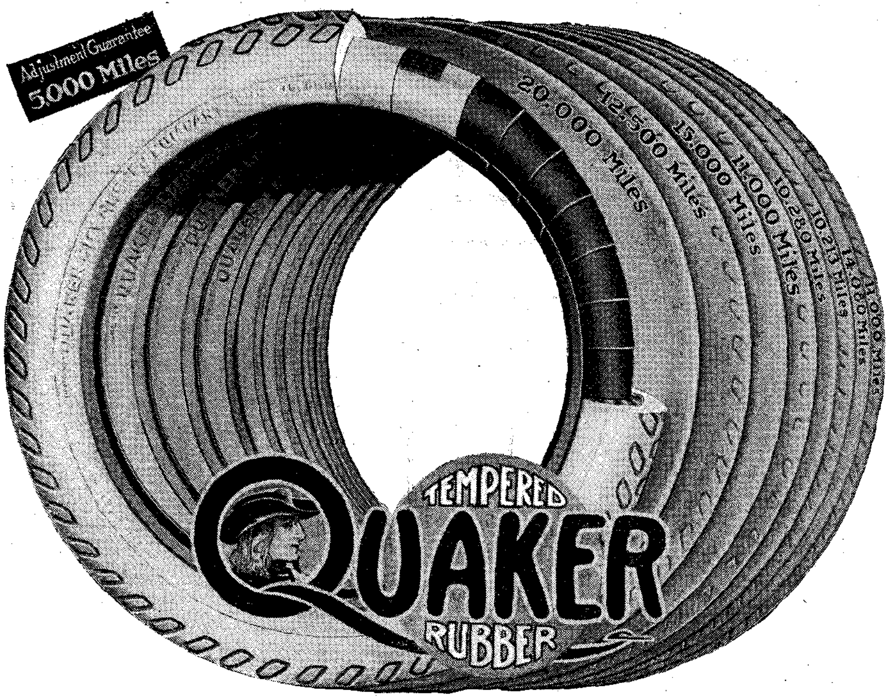
Now, after paying for all the comfort, safety and refinements that automobile engineers and designers can put into a car, it does seem a bit short-sighted to halve the ease, security and appearance of your machine by the use of "cheap" tires.

And, of course, there is mileage to consider, plus adjustment bother and replacements. You can use tires adjusted on a 3,500-mile basis, or you can pay a little more and get Quaker Tires with an adjustment guarantee of 5,000 miles, and service records of 7,000, 8,000, 10,000, 15,000 and even 20,000 miles.

All these things are obvious to you—the man who has "graduated" from the small-car; the man who has run a machine for three or more years.

Finally, the first cost of Quaker Tires is, by no means, the highest, but the last cost is decidedly the lowest.

The Quaker Dealer is waiting to prove these points to your entire satisfaction. Will you see him today?


Adjustment Guarantee
5000 Miles
20,000 Miles
12,500 Miles
15,000 Miles
11,000 Miles
10,280 Miles
10,213 Miles
14,080 Miles
11,000 Miles
TEMPERED
QUAKER
RUBBER

Quaker City Rubber Co.

Factory—Philadelphia, Pa.

CHICAGO	PITTSBURGH	NEW YORK
182 West Lake Street	211 Wood Street	207 Fulton St.

More than 30 years in the Mechanical Rubber Goods business.

Mail this Coupon Today

Quaker City Rubber Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.

I want a copy of **"5,000 Plus"** and facsimile letters from users of Quaker Tires.

Name..............................

Address..............................

....

Make of Car..............................

☐ Car Owner ☐ Dealer
(Please Check)

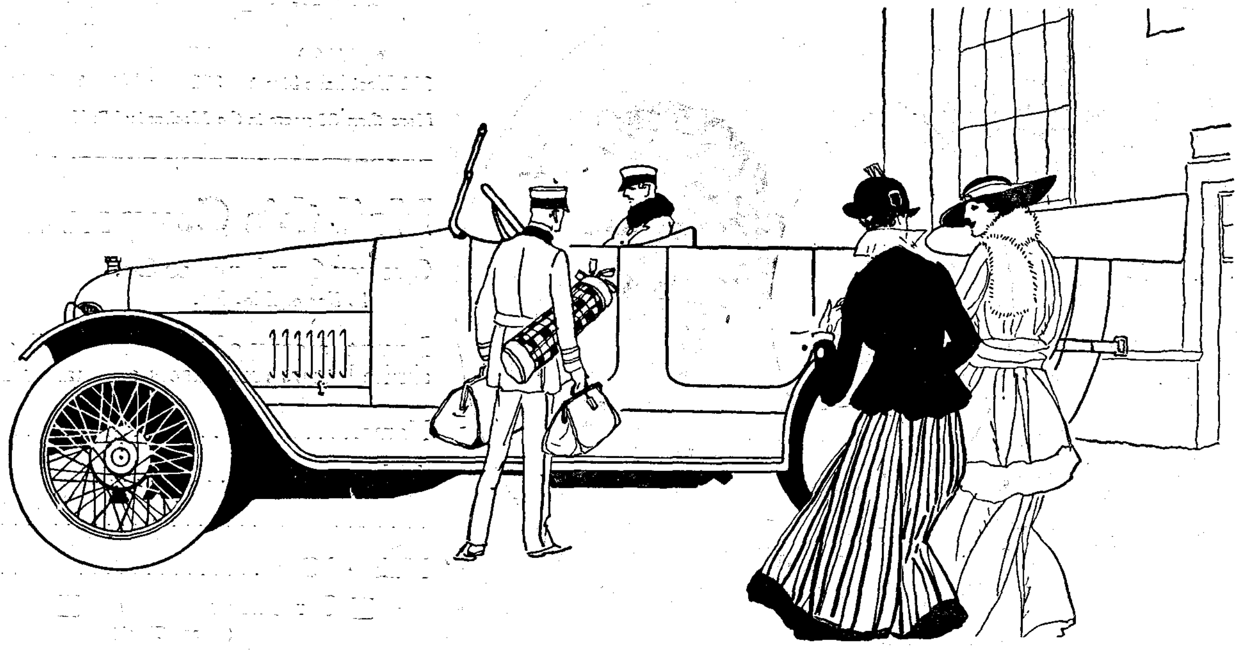
Pathfinder
the "GREAT"
King of Twelves

Designed by Feilcke
Built in the shops of Pathfinder

A great deal more than money is involved in the purchase of a Pathfinder.
Love of luxury and beauty, cultivated taste and keen appreciation of what is best in motor-car construction are important factors in the equation.

Seven Passenger Touring Car, $2750
Clover Leaf Roadster with Concealed Top, $2900
Special Enclosed Bodies up to $4800
All f. o. b. Indianapolis
Complete details and catalog on request.

The Pathfinder Company
Indianapolis, — U. S. A.



considered worthy of passing along to his countrymen. These sheets were called "*yomuiri*," which means literally, "sold by hawking."

Several princely families have specimens of these early publications, and it is claimed that some of them were circulated before the seventeenth century, but that date is usually accepted as the correct one for the beginning of Japanese journalism. These "*yomuiri*" were printed in the principal towns of the empire—Tokyo, Osaka, and Kyota, and people outside of these centers received papers from "friends." There was a system of runners, who sometimes took important bulletins 200 miles in twenty-four hours.

The date of the establishment of the first real newspaper in Japan, as we understand it nowadays, is fixt at about forty-four years ago. Two or three journals contest for the honor of having printed the first modern paper, and it is not possible to decide in favor of any one. For the popularity of the first sheet was so great, and spread to such an extent, that it was immediately followed by a veritable flock of publications. At the beginning, we learn, almost every paper was given over exclusively to political events. This was partly due to the Japanese convention that it was undignified to print personal or court news.

However, it would seem that before long the astute editors saw that the human appeal was, after all, the strongest, and they all blossomed out with material which would rival the "yellowest" of the American papers. We are told:

The papers which print real "news" in the Western sense of the word, however, are called the "yellows," and consequently have the largest circulation.

Here, as elsewhere, the newspaper has proved an important stepping-stone for Government office, many of the executives of the realm at present having graduated from newspaper-offices. Papers freely criticize the Government—sometimes more incautiously than one would imagine would be popular—about the only curb on them being in times of stress, when they must be careful not to divulge any State or military secrets that might be of value to the enemy of Japan. But editors are considered cautious and patriotic enough not to cause the Government any embarrassment at such a time.

In Tokyo there are about forty papers printed in the vernacular. The customary price charged for them is one-half cent and one cent. Out of this large number, the *Asahi*, *Jiji*, and *Nichi* take highest place, and they have circulation figures that would make some of the American papers take second rank.

I selected the *Nichi-nichi* for a visit and asked to be shown about the publishing plant, which is a thoroughly modern establishment, modeled on the lines of the American publishing plant—with variations. It being a morning daily, and knowing that the hours between ten o'clock and midnight are the liveliest hours around a morning newspaper at home, I presented myself at the establishment at that time.

A couple of sleeping gate-porters were aroused and finally permitted me to pass. Every one I met in the anterooms was asleep, with the exception of some "office boys," who were preparing tea. I was taken to the office of the telegraph-editor, who fortunately was awake.

"The first edition has gone to press, so practically every one is asleep," he said to me, "but we will take a look around."

And what he said was true. We went to editorial sanctums, one after another, and the editor was either stretched out on his desk asleep or on the floor in a similar condition. Japanese editors do not believe in keeping awake at night when waiting for "late news" to come in. If they don't publish it to-day or to-morrow, they may be able to get it in the next day. What is the use of "killing" an article because something of greater importance arrives later in the evening? The newer stuff will make good copy for another day.

The *Nichi-nichi* employs about 100 reporters, which may mean more to the layman when he knows that a principal morning paper in a city like Cleveland employs twelve or fifteen.

"But we find it quite impossible to 'cover' the city with this number," the editor said to me. "Tokyo is too large; it is almost an impossibility to cover it at all, as American cities are covered. It is too large, and there is too much happening. There are in this city about a dozen news-gathering associations and, in addition to our local staff, we have access to the material offered by these associations."

Also I found that one newspaper often gives its news to another paper, when it comes upon a particularly important item. What's the use of being too selfish? After all, it is the editorial opinion that counts. But even in this there is an exchange of "courtesy," because it is a common thing for one paper to remark that the other "commented editorially as follows yesterday."

The Japanese reporter is not expected to write columns of news each day, no matter what comes to his attention. Frequently a day's work consists of a little item of 200 words, which he polishes to its most beautiful literary perfection before passing it over to the editor.

"I have not been paying much attention to my work as telegraph-editor, excepting in passing judgment on the important cables," said the telegraph-editor, "because I have been preparing a series of biographical studies about important men of the Western world. Perhaps you would like to see some of my work in print. Just yesterday this article appeared."

He proudly exhibited a copy of the paper, in which there was perhaps a 300-word article about the King of Italy, which he carefully translated for me. It showed that the King of Italy was born on a certain day, that he was the son of an illustrious father and grandfather, that he was married and that he had a nice family of children and resided at Rome. It was an article that might have been written by a ten-year-old American schoolboy; but undoubtedly there were "polite" forms of expression in it that proved the writer to be a "scholar." The Japanese language is in reality about three languages, and it takes a wise man to know what form to use in writing of a certain subject, how many contractions of Chinese ideographs to use in the writing, and when to express his exact meaning by using the Chinese alphabet instead of attempting any of the Japanese contractions.

The composing-room of the *Nichi-nichi* (which means literally "To-day—To-day") was one of the funniest places I ever visited in my life. Great cases of type of all sizes extend the whole length of a mammoth room. As the Chinese and Japanese characters used in a printing-office run far into the thousands, the life of the compositor must be a search for the letter he wants to use. The compositors were scuffing around the aisles of the room hunting for these characters and all singing at the tops of their voices, which apparently caused them to forget the terrors of their work. There seemed to be hundreds of them, and the din was horrible.

After the proof is finally corrected, the forms are made up quite as they are in an American newspaper-office, stereotyped and sent down to big cylinder presses. The *Nichi-nichi* has a daily circulation of 250,000 copies. Four years ago, it had but 40,000. One Tokyo paper has gained 100,000 in circulation since the outbreak of the European War. Every one wants this war news, because it is supposed to reflect all manner of "possibilities" for Japan in the years soon to come, and this paper is supposed to have a superior cable service.

Just as the American papers reflect, or are supposed to reflect, the ideals of the community, so the Japanese journals reflect the national spirit—often in a manner, says the *Leader's* contributor, very difficult for us to understand. For example, he tells us that poetry is rapidly coming into favor again. For a time it was considered rather effeminate and savoring too strongly of an unwelcome decadence to be much read. But the present Emperor, who, praiseworthily or not, chances to be somewhat of a poet himself, is encouraging the art with all the advantage that royalty can bring to support a movement of which it approves. And at the universities the scholars, as well as the better-read classes of the cities, are taking it up again. Of the Japanese poem, the writer tells us:

Fortunately, the Japanese poem is short, consisting chiefly of thirty-one syllables, like the national hymn of Japan, which runs:

"*May our sovereign live for thousands and ten thousands of years, until the tiny pebble becomes a moss-covered rock.*"

But this form of poetry (which does not rime and which has no rhythm) is rather difficult to write, as the rules laid down are like the laws of the Medes and Persians. The poem must be in five lines of respectively 5, 7, 5, 7, 7 syllables each.

There is also a popular style of poem which has only seventeen syllables of three lines. Such things as "the azalea has beautiful colors and in spring covers the hillsides" are much admired and show the results of the higher education. In a local paper the other day I saw that the Emperor had offered several prizes from his own purse for poems about the flowers of May.

And yet, on reflection, we find that "poetry in Japan is supposed to have reached its most brilliant period before Chaucer took up his pen to write English poetry." The Japanese savant has had

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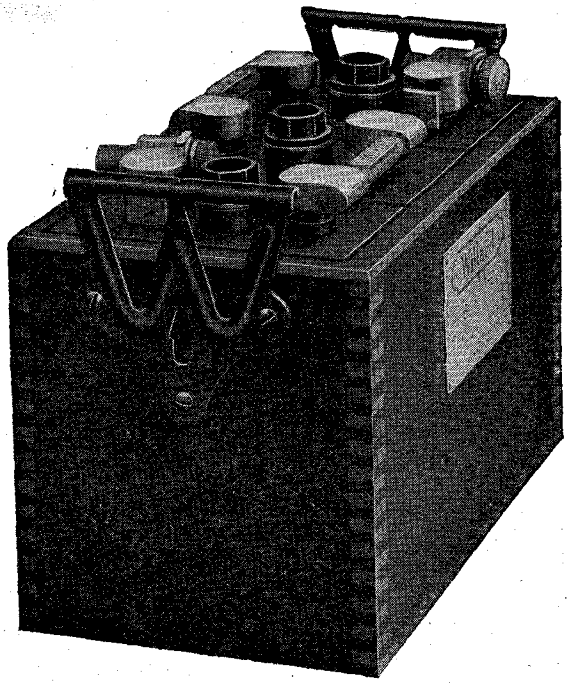

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enough experience to know what he wants to read and write. Montgomery says: "The ordinary Samurai was, as regards reading and writing, an educated man at a time when British generals and even British sovereigns were somewhat hazy in regard to their orthography and caligraphy."

One of the newest "stunts" of the *Nichi-nichi* is to employ the "lady journalist," which is considered a remarkable innovation in a country where woman is emerging more and more from the seclusion of her home.

"Is the lady reporter's work satisfactory?" I asked the editor.

"Yes, in a way, but she isn't satisfied with writing personals; I find that she wants to crowd in little pleas for 'woman's rights' and equal suffrage. We have to go pretty light on that sort of stuff and keep a pretty close watch on everything she writes, because it is likely to have a meaning that mere men do not understand."

GRANT'S ADVICE TO THE MIKADO

IT has just come to light that when General Grant visited Japan on his trip around the world, after he left the White House, the Mikado asked his advice on the conduct of the foreign and domestic policy of the Empire. The General's reply forms an interesting chapter in the hitherto unknown diary of the late Prince Iwakura, one of the great statesmen instrumental in the rejuvenation and the rapid progress of the Mikado's Empire. It was Iwakura and his colleagues who laid the foundation of the New Japan, and enunciated the fundamental policy which younger statesmen like Ito and Okuma have followed. He visited the United States in 1871, the first envoy whom Japan sent abroad after the opening of the country to foreign intercourse. He died in 1883, having filled the post of Prime Minister in those years when Japan's ship of State was beset with difficulties.

The diary, now published in the *Jiji-shimpo,* an influential Tokyo newspaper, discloses many important incidents which have hitherto been known only among those few statesmen who enjoyed the unrestricted confidence of the late Emperor Mutsuhito. To the American public, however, the most interesting part of the document is those pages describing General Grant's audience with the late Mikado. The audience took place on August 10, 1879, at the Imperial Palace at Tokyo. Prince Iwakura, then Minister of Home Affairs, was one of the few men who were permitted to be present on the occasion.

That the Mikado reposed great trust in the General may be judged from the confidential nature of the many questions which he asked the Americam visitor. Prince Iwakura attentively listened to the Mikado's questions and the General's answers and, from his memory, carefully noted them in the diary.

General Grant evidently had a rather poor opinion of European Powers and their representatives in the Far East. He frankly told the Mikado that the officials from Europe had little respect for the rights of Japan or China, but were serving the selfish interests of the Governments they represented; that the Powers of Europe, anxious to establish a suzerainty over Asia, were eagerly looking forward to a rupture between Japan and China; and that Japan should gradually discharge foreign advisers with a view to become entirely independent of foreigners in her various undertakings.

General Grant's distrust of European Powers was voiced again when he told the Mikado that Japan should not borrow money of foreign nations. He pointed to Egypt, Spain, and Turkey as the most glaring examples of the evil effects of foreign loans. He counseled:

> "As your Majesty is undoubtedly aware, rich and powerful nations of the West are eager to gain control of backward nations of Asia. To attain this end, they are anxious to advance loans to such nations. I am happy to learn that Japan's foreign loans do not yet amount to very much, and I hope that she will in the future avoid incurring debts of foreign countries. What small debt she has at present she should by all means endeavor to pay at the earliest possible moment. . . . Japan must make the utmost exertion to forestall war in China. The ambitious Powers of Europe are but too glad to see the two countries fly at each other's throats, knowing that such an event will afford them a golden opportunity to finance both the belligerent nations with a view to the eventual establishment of suzerainty over the two Asiatic countries which have fortunately managed to remain independent."

Turning to the internal politics of Japan, the General exprest himself in favor of the gradual adoption of a constitutional Government. He cautioned against hasty change of the political system, and suggested that Japan first inaugurate a privy council, consisting of leading statesmen and publicists. Such a council, he said, should not enjoy legislative power, but should assist the Mikado by expressing its views on national affairs. This, in his judgment, should be a stepping-stone to the ultimate adoption of a representative Government. He saw lack of wisdom in the utterances of the Japanese press calmoring for the immediate organization of a parliament, and urged that education should be spread more widely among the masses before Japan is in a position to reap the real benefit of a constitutional Government.

At the same time Grant express his admiration for the progress which Japan had already achieved in the field of public education, and made the following suggestion:

> "I am glad to see that almost all teachers of your schools are Japanese. I have no doubt that they are capable and efficient. However, there is one thing which I wish to call to your Majesty's attention. The fundamental principle of education is the building of character—the making of a man. This can not be accomplished merely through text-books or by the dissemination of knowledge. This cardinal point young and inexperienced teachers are unwittingly liable to overlook. In America we usually have in each school one or two teachers whose age, character, and mature judgment are such as would command the respect of other teachers as well as the pupils."

PROSAIC CRONSTADT

EVER since the war began the folk who love romance have been lying awake nights waiting for something huge and dreadful to happen to, or at, Cronstadt. That hoary fortress has always been synonymous in their minds with gloom, and mystery, and intrigue; and now that the war is raging, it has apparently lapsed into as staid a respectability as a spinster's music-room. Cronstadt is the great disappointment of the war. It is as pacific as an art-museum, as harmless and undisturbed as—well, one might have said a cathedral, but nowadays all the fighting and excitement seem to be going on in the cathedrals, and a fortress is a modest, restful sort of place.

A special correspondent of the Providence *Journal,* who is in Petrograd, gives a sparkling account of the gray fortress and its failure to live up to its reputation. We are told, among other things:

> Cronstadt in the muzhik's mind means mystery, terror, legend, and grim impregnability. In particular, mystery and terror. Thousands of Petrograd citizens who lived only twenty miles away have never dared go there even in peace-times, when Cronstadt is as easy to see as the Winter Palace.
>
> The reason is that legend makes Cronstadt a terror. Half the cheap yellow novels called *liubotchniki knigi,* which Russian car-drivers and servant-helps devour, deal with Cronstadt; and when they have all been read, the car-drivers and helps turn to translations of Max Pemberton's novel, which describes Cronstadt exactly as it is not, but as all lovers of mystery, especially car-drivers and helps, wish it to be.
>
> Russia is grieved because Cronstadt has done nothing to justify its glory. In the first week of war nothing was talked of except Cronstadt. Three days after Kaiser Wilhelm's ultimatum, the lively *Novoye Vremya* told how six dreadnoughts bombarded the west end of the island, where there is nothing to bombard except a hen-house and an ancient fort; and next day a rival journal described the submarine tunnel through which Kaiser Wilhelm would reach Cronstadt with an army of eight hundred field-marshals and three million men.
>
> Of course the Germans could not land on dauntless Cronstadt, but the clever rascals had landed a year before at Seskar Island and made a tunnel under the sea to Cronstadt, through which they would emerge with fire, sword, and proclamations. As the distance is only fifty miles and the

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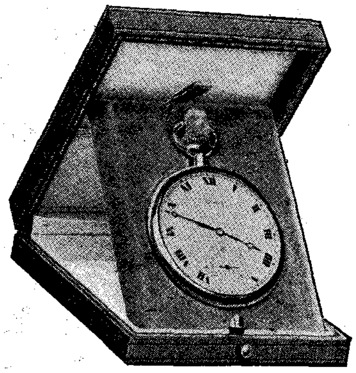

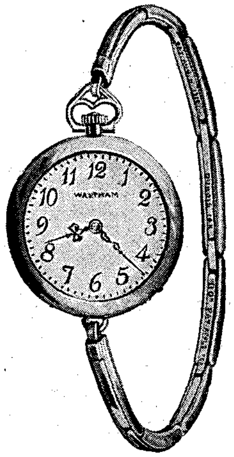

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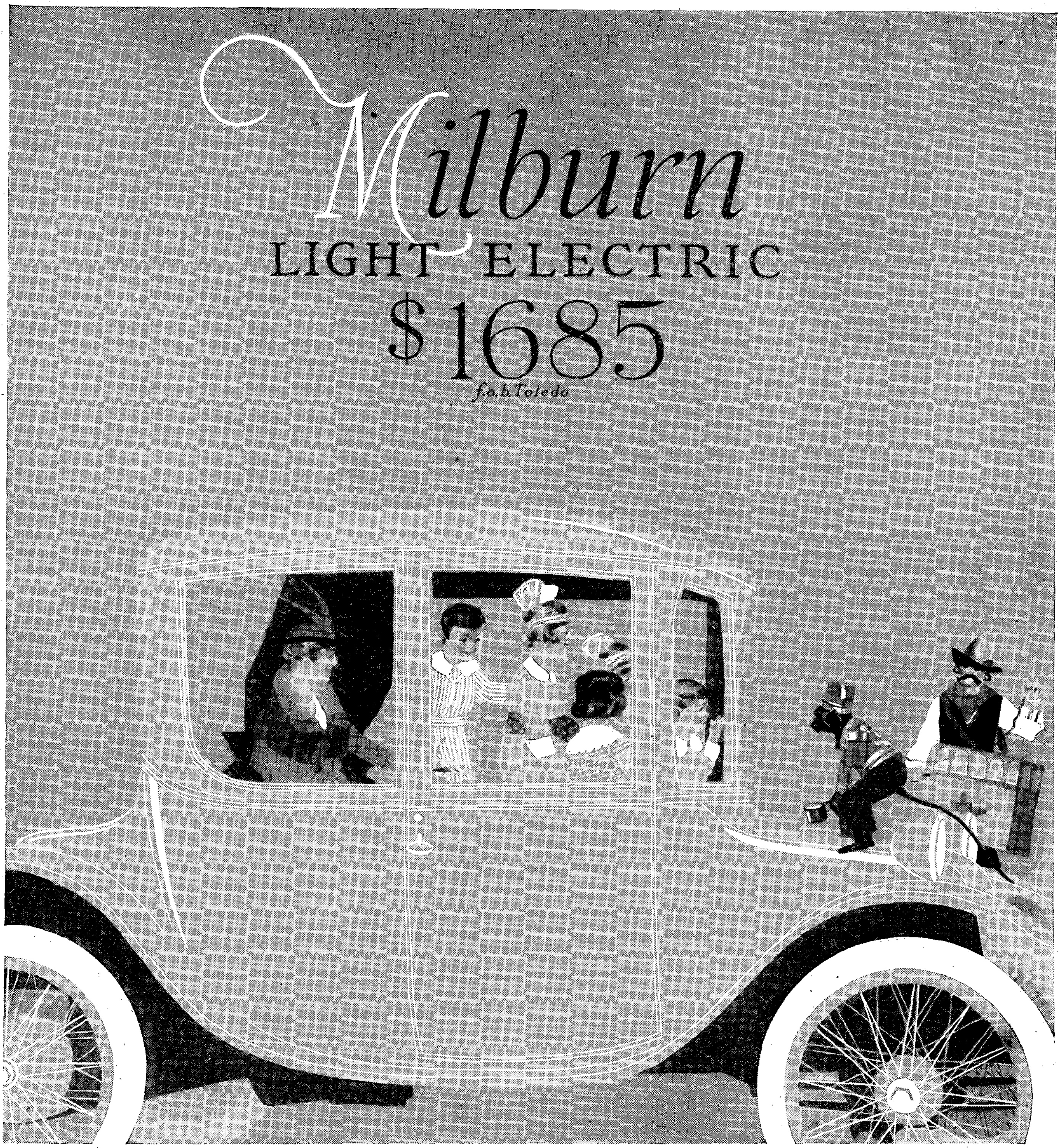

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sea-bottom is buttery ooze, obviously a race of technicians, like the Germans, could quickly make a tunnel.

"It is a lie," said some men who doubted German brains. "It is true," retorted the boomers of Cronstadt, "fishermen from Lakhta saw bubbles rising near Seskar, that proves the tunnel."

After that few doubted, and scores inquired why Russia didn't blow up the tunnel. When Czar Nicholas went secretly to Cronstadt every one knew he had gone to blow up the tunnel.

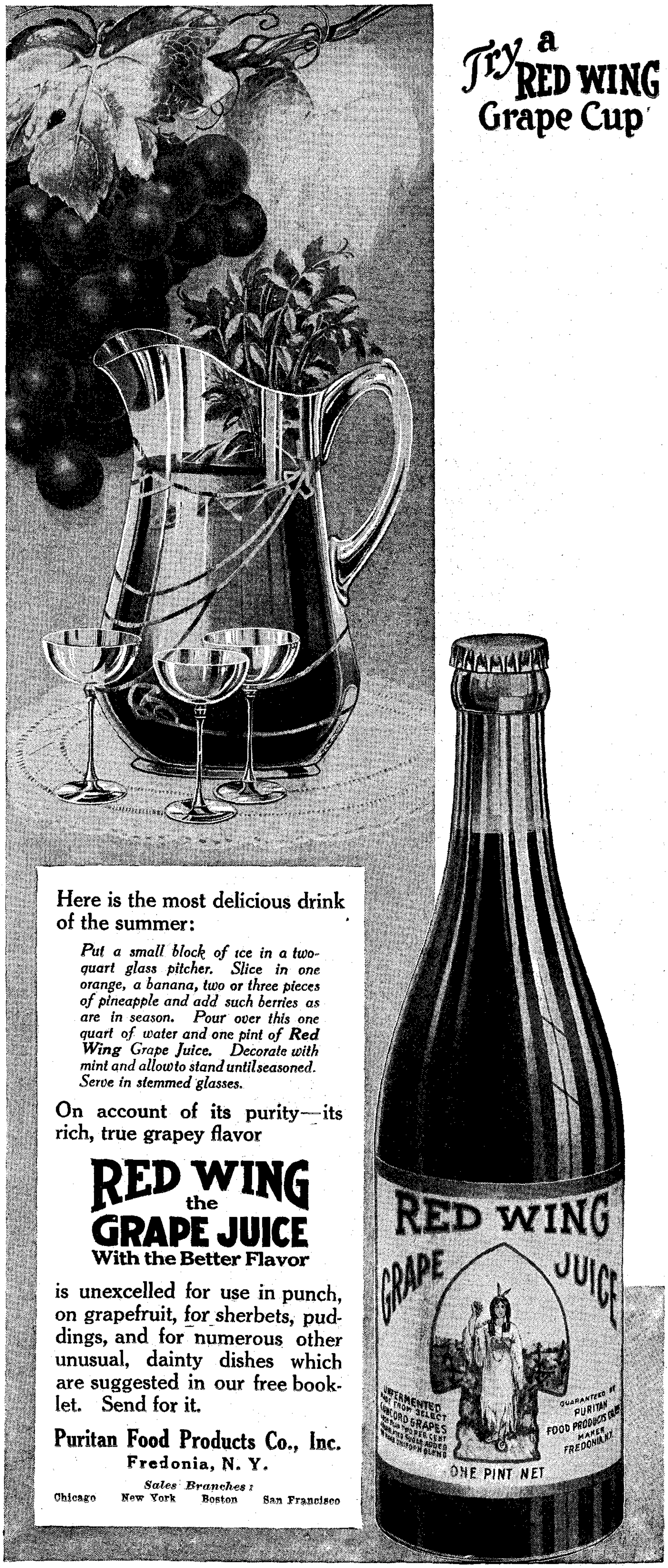
Next morning the news leaked out that Czar Nicholas merely went to talk to the wounded in the hospital, and that nothing was printed about this merely because nothing is ever printed about Czar Nicholas. After that Cronstadt had a slump. All the *Viedomostis* and *Viestnikes* said that the romantic yarns about Cronstadt were lies; the fortress has played a very mean, unromantic part in the war, the tunnel never existed, and the bubbles seen by the Lakhta fishermen came from a hiccuping fish.

The newspapers enraged readers by explaining that Cronstadt is not at all a place of mystery; even in war you can get there easier than Czar Nicholas can, for Czar Nicholas has to order a special steamer, whereas all a citizen wants is an indorsement on his passport. They added that Max Pemberton's novel is a fraud.

And the latest effrontery was the proposal to change the very name of the stronghold. Like Petrograd itself, it had a German name, Kronstadt, or Crown City, and the Russians wanted to get rid of it. The patriots suggested the change to Kotlingrad. This is hardly as majestic-sounding as Cronstadt, but it might have done, had not any one who knows the language been aware of its meaning. It means nothing more imperial than Kettletown! And because it happens to be built on Kettle Island, they wanted to name it that. A royal name for the old, romance-haunted pile!

Other enthusiasts wanted it called Czargrad, because the Emperor went there, but Czargrad is the Russian name for Constantinople, and—well, after the war, say the people—anyhow, no country has two important cities named the same. So the Government chose two new official names, but neither has found favor with the public. After all, there is nothing so mysterious, so imperial-sounding, as Cronstadt! We also gather from the account:

> The reaction in favor of the terror notion of Cronstadt is helped by revelations that the town is full of German agents—spies, naval officers drest as cooks, and stout Prussian Gretchens and Hedwigs, who pose as Olgas and Natashas, worm their way into unsuspecting Russian hearts, brains (and pockets), and extract love, truth (and rubles), for Germany's profit.
>
> The chief fact revealed about Cronstadt is that Cronstadt island is not the chief terror. Kettle Island is long, and the chief forts are not on it because it does not matter whether German ships try to pass at that place or not. Near Kettle Island is only one narrow navigable channel to Petrograd; elsewhere the gulf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is so shallow that even fishing-boats run aground, and there is no place where a ship bigger than a destroyer could pass. Also the part of Cronstadt town and port that counts is all on the east end of the island, where the Germans couldn't possibly get.

In the east are the war-harbor, the arsenal, and magazine, the commercial port, and there is a big fort, Kronslot, which prevents any one getting near that part. If battle-ships wanted to get to Petrograd and bombard it, they would have to go right into the war-harbor and let themselves get battered while they were steaming into the maritime canal, which is the one deep channel leading east. Forcing the Dardanelles is a Sunday-afternoon stroll compared with forcing the maritime canal.

Against small German ships the Russians have built forts which stick out of the sea like water-lilies in a stream. The forts stand on artificial islets, and they have tremendous guns. Once, three years ago, a solid practise-shot from a gun on a fort near the island went astray and it landed near Terioki, in Finland, which is twenty miles off. Russia, too, has floating mines, barriers, underground mines, and fifty other defensive devices.

So Cronstadt is a real terror, and it would play a big rôle in the war if not for the forts, mines, and other terrors at the mouth of the Gulf of Finland which prevent Kaiser Wilhelm's ships ever getting within 150 miles of Cronstadt. This fact again robs Cronstadt of its romance.

Just when the romance-lovers were in despair they discovered a new German plan to restore Cronstadt's glory. They discovered that Germany has built a flotilla of monitors of a brand-new kind specially designed to pass the Reval-Helsingfors barrier, to get at Cronstadt, and then to come on and blow Petrograd to bits. Petrograd is easily blown to bits if only you could get there. It is entirely flat, it has no natural defenses, and it is badly built on rotten piles and ooze. Every month a five-story building collapses and buries dwellers.

Petrograd is an easy target. From Cronstadt on a sunny day you can locate every quarter; you can see the dome of St. Isaacs, the spire of the Peter and Paul fortress church, and even the green glass globe on the top of the Singer building in the Nevsky Prospect. A single German "Black Bertha" shell could make a lane through Petrograd.

The Germans remember that. The expert Pastukhoff reveals that the Howardt Works at Stettin "have built ten flat-bottomed monitors which are mere gun-platforms, which can steam quickly, can not be blown up, and will not go aground even in 10 feet of water. Kaiser Wilhelm borrowed as model the British Dardanelles monitors, and his new monitors are closed in thick, mine-proof jackets of leather and rubber.

The jackets are filled with water, and when they are not needed, or when the monitors must steam fast, the water is expelled from the jackets and the jackets are taken off. The monitors each carry two 40-centimeter guns, which have nearly the same caliber as Black Berthas, but have muzzles thrice as long, and fire on an almost straight trajectory for twenty-seven miles.

If the monitors get past Reval and Helsingfors they need not get past Cronstadt; they can anchor seven miles to the west, practically out of range of Cronstadt guns, which could not hit a ship at that distance; and they can fire over Cronstadt into Petrograd. Just now Kaiser Wilhelm is not expected to use them; first, they are not ready; secondly, it is now light in Petrograd's latitude nearly all night; but when the monitors are ready next autumn it will be dark.

Some Russians doubt whether the monitors exist, but some believe. After the report was published a crowd went to the "Russia" Insurance Company and asked what was the premium for insurance of private houses against 40-centimeter shells.

Russia's military and naval men expect that Germany will make a try for Cronstadt. Cronstadt alone is worth nothing to them, but if they try to march to Petrograd they will have to occupy all the Baltic and Gulf of Finland ports as they proceed. That is necessary, as the attacking army would have to be supplied with food and munitions by sea. If the Germans advance at all from their present lines they must aim at Petrograd, as between Riga, which they are now near, and Petrograd there is nothing worth conquering. Russia is not asleep, and she is doing what she can to foil this German plan.

THE EASY JOB OF WRITING A NOVEL

An eminent editor used to say that if you were ever at a dinner-party and found your stock of conversational subjects at an end, all you had to do was to turn engagingly to your neighbor and ask: "How is your new book coming along?" That individual was sure to flush slightly, and then admit that he *was* engaged in the construction of what he fondly hoped would be the great American novel.

While this may be a humorous hyperbole, it is still true that thousands of plays are being written every year which are never produced; and if, as we learn, plays are harder to write than novels, it stands to reason that one trunk out of ten in this fair country holds a half-completed manuscript. It is Cyril Harcourt, the English playwright, who says that the novel is easy to write, and he ought to know, for he has written both novels and plays. The Philadelphia *Ledger* gives some of his reasons for thinking novel-writing an easy job:

> There are many reasons why I would rather write a book than write a play, and the principal reason, I think, is constitutional sloth. To write at all is an evil thing; it is probably a nuisance to the community, and it may cause oneself and other people much distress. One's health will almost be jeopardized, if not utterly destroyed; one will become self-conscious, elliptic, always on the lookout for an audience and one's character will become undermined generally. Vanity, of course, is at the bottom of the whole thing. Still, one does it, and the explanation is psychic and unnecessary. As a rule, one apologizes by calling oneself an artist. But this is usually a lie. Being from the cradle a lover of truth, I cheerfully confess outright that writing books is, to me, the

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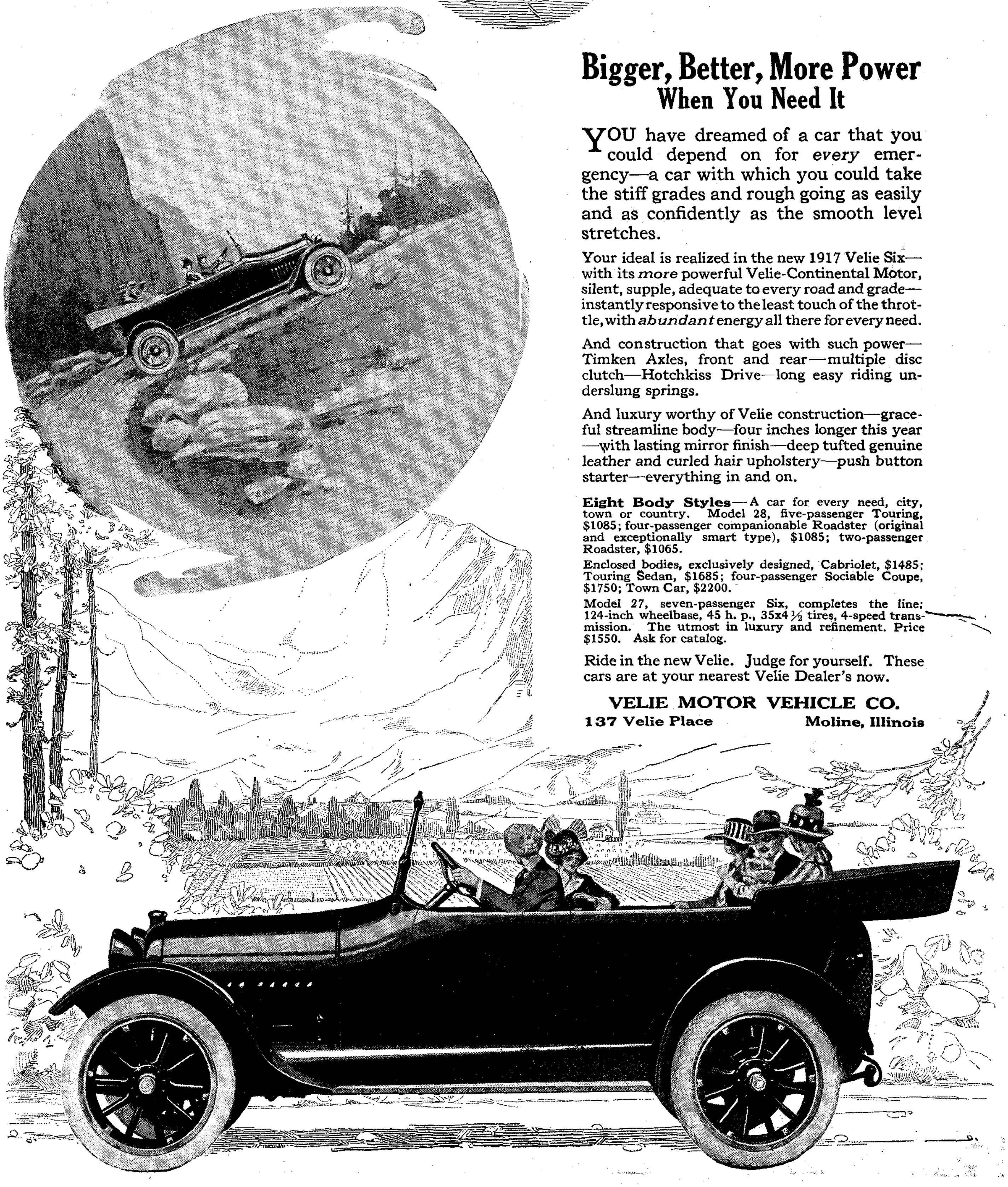

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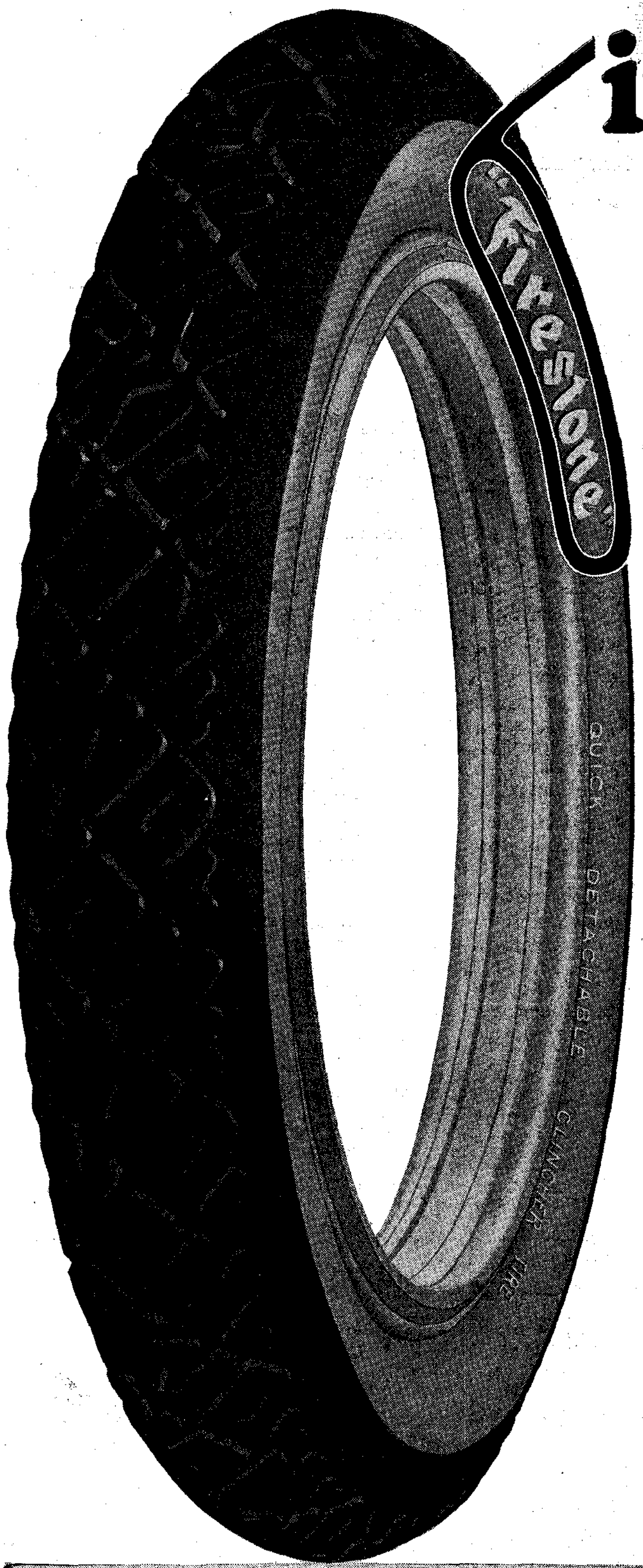

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> easiest way of assuaging this absurd desire to create something, however bad, and that is why I do it. To write books rather than plays is far less troublesome, and it is a pleasanter, more moral business altogether. There are no actors to bother one, no public whom one sees, no one to whom one is responsible; nothing is in the way but one's conscience, and, with practise, that may be stilled.
>
> In making books one is not tempted to go to the dreadful length of making a bow before an audience that probably has every right to hiss one off the stage. One does not sit in a box, the observed of all observers, drinking in one's own eloquence. But with a play one does these shameful things—and one does more. One puts on airs. One poses as an authority before people who regard one as a fool. And so one is—one is a fool to do it. If they know their job, or think they do, they, too, are artists—you can not teach them much. They won't be taught. So you sit and listen to them while they leave out all your commas and insert their own full stops. I do so frequently myself—when I appear in other people's plays. I set my own back then. For then I am an actor on the stage, and not an authority merely.

After relieving himself of these confessions, the author goes on to say that this is why he prefers to employ his abilities between the gay covers of a good, solid, sleep-producing novel. He looks with joy upon the opportunity given him to say what he wants to say in the way he prefers. He may punctuate as he likes, he may use a few hundred extra words wherever he likes, and it does not spoil the entire work. In a play, on the contrary, an extra word or two may "kill" a speech, and all that has been written would go for nothing. Speaking of the extra words, and they are always important, for authors are generally paid by the word, he adds:

> In a book they can always be "skipt," and no doubt they often are, because life is short, but superfluous words will kill a play—and to write them is so easy, not to write them so damnably difficult. For the devil, purring phrases, sits perpetually upon your shoulder and you hate to thrust him behind you. But unless you do, your sentences and his will be relentlessly removed before your eyes during rehearsals (if it ever comes to that), your protests notwithstanding—and when you have suffered this indignity you will never write another play; or, if you do, you will disappear first for some years while you learn how to write one. Or you may write books instead.
>
> To remember that the written word and the word to be spoken are diametrically opposed is the playwright's first lesson, and his hardest. It concerns the novelist so infinitely less. Stage dialog preeminently must be lifelike and vivid. In a book you may explain; you may ramble down attractive little by-paths. In a play you may not. You must stick to the point. You must write words that can be acted, not read, you must be crisp, sharp, definite, and compress your meaning; you must give the actor material. He is the mortar that cements the bricks in your wall. You can not and must not be your own unfettered self; whereas, in your

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(1372)

book your fetters are of another quality, and of a more elastic kind.

Thus it works out that I, who am the idle sluggard and not the active insect, admit the fact gracefully and prefer to come with words set in a delightful proportion—if my talents permit.

TRENCH-WARFARE AT FIRST HAND

THE bulletin in the daily paper says briefly that "troops of the Eighth Infantry took three German trenches, but were repulsed after a short bombardment." We read so many of these dispatches that we are apt to lose sight of just exactly what such tidings mean, and how they are to be brought about. One who has been in the trenches reads far more from these notices than simply the words, or the ultimate result. He sees beyond the short phrase endless scenes and sights that thrill, that amaze—and sometimes sicken.

A writer in *The World's Work*, having spent some time "dug-in" on the Western front, gives us some thrilling and graphic pictures of the day's work in the field. And through the whole mass of details we may follow the psychology of the soldier, and learn why it is that, tho there is mostly misery in the trenches, it is not the man standing in eighteen inches of water, but the man who lies helpless in the hospital who wants to change his position. This is one of the strange things that the war has brought out—that the man facing the bullets is happier than the one who is not.

The writer tells us this and other unusual aspects of the war, in describing a day in the trenches. He is emphatic in telling how the incapacitated men long for the firing-line, for they feel that when things are quiet a man is as safe in the trenches as he would be if he were at home in his own garden, and when there is a bombardment, a kind of fanatical excitement takes the place of caution and real thinking, and all are ready to take any chances that present themselves. The account starts the day, so to speak, the night before, for the men usually go to the trenches at night. It says in substance:

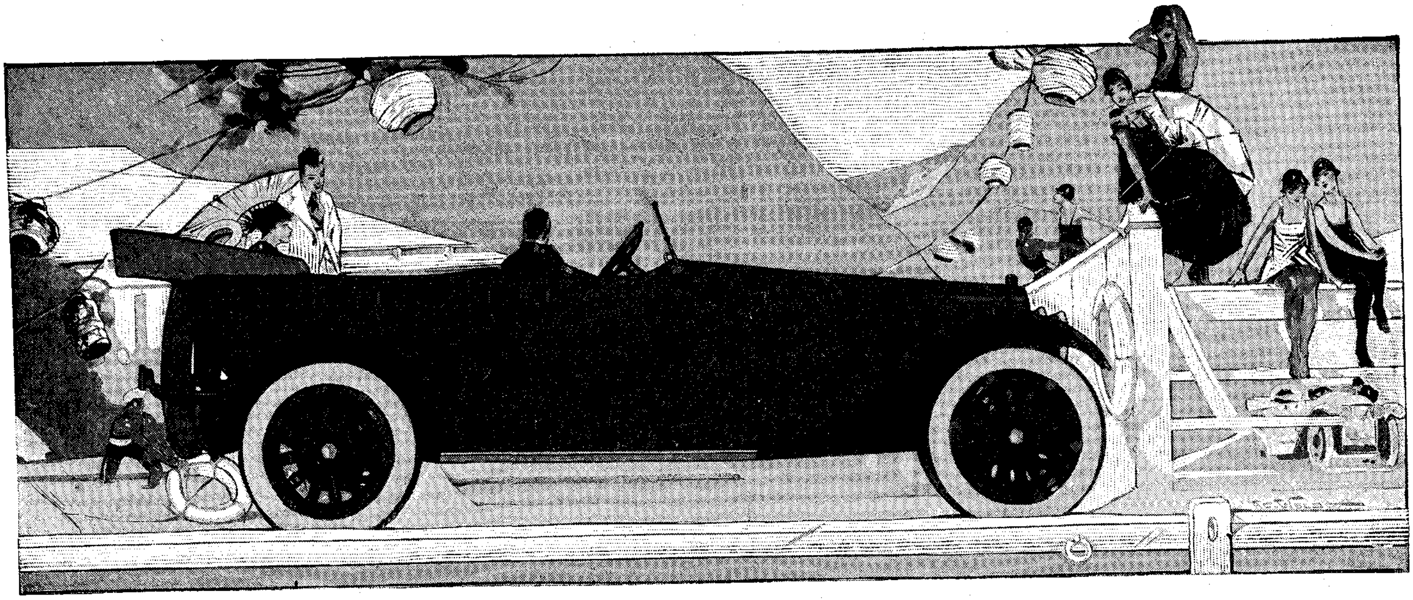
> The reasons for this are obvious. If they go up in the daytime they can be seen by the enemy. At seven o'clock we start for the trenches. We have six days to spend there, but that is much better than it was a few months ago when we did not know how long we had to stay when we went up.
>
> As we get closer to the firing-line we must be quiet. The word is passed back, all pipes and cigarets are put out, and we swing quietly along until we appear to be scarcely more than shadows except for the tramp, tramp, tramp of our hobnailed boots on the cobblestones. Ahead of us we can see the star-shells going up and making the whole place lighter than day. We know that we will soon reach the communication-trench, and then it is a case of slip and slide along through the mud, every man for himself. Yes, here it is already. The leaders have turned to the right again. Soon we will reach the trench, jump down into the mud, turn to our left, and follow the trench.
>
> Now we are in it, and are wondering how the fellows we are going to relieve have fared. My mate begins to grumble about the weight of his pack, but he has nothing to say against the ten-pound dog he has picked up and is carrying under one arm. His affections are all wrapt up in a dirty little mongrel he calls "Fritz." "Fritz" gets the best of all that is going, and Harry would starve himself rather than see the object of his affections want for a single thing. I will say this for my mate, he is no worse than any of the other fellows who have mascots, and not nearly as bad as some of them.

They are not alone, we learn, as they pass along the trenches on their way to their station, for from all the side trenches, leading off the communication-passage, come muffled voices asking, "Who's there?" and then, in turn, identifying themselves. Very often the newcomers meet comrades or old friends, and tho the time of separation may have been long, there is little or no chance for more than the curt greeting. So they pass like ghostly figures in the darkness, and our relieving corps goes on to its station. The narrator continues:

> We are going to "K" trenches and, as we pass along, some of the "rookies" who are nervous, but are struggling manfully not to show it, ask how much farther it is. We are so close now that it seems as tho we are almost on top of the Germans. The new men had no idea that we were going to be so close to the enemy.
>
> Here we are at last, and the poor chaps we are relieving are glad enough to see us. They have had a pretty tough time. As soon as we get there we proceed to make ourselves comfortable. Our packs are slipt off and pushed under the lookout-platform. The trenches we are in are pretty dry at present, but the Germans are on slightly rising ground in front of us. It is certain that they will be at their old tricks to-morrow and start pumping the water out of their trenches so that it will run down into ours. Then don't we curse them! We examine the straw under the platform, for that is our bed, and if it is damp or there is mud in it, we do some more cursing. We draw lots to see who will have first sleep, and Harry wins. I bemoan my fate and pick up my rifle, while Harry and his dog retire to woo the goddess of slumber.
>
> I have two hours to serve on the lookout-platform and, from the looks of things, it is going to continue quiet. When the star-shells go up I crouch down so as not to show too much of myself to the German snipers who are always on the watch at night. Snipers are always on the watch, and God help the poor devil who is so unfortunate as to be above his parapet when a star-shell goes up!
>
> I can hear two of the new fellows who are supposed to be sleeping under the platform telling each other what they think about France.
>
> After a time their conversation drags, and soon they are as sound asleep as tho they were in their own beds in London. Hot soup is being passed around and it certainly is good. A year ago I would have shuddered at the sight of it and called it a greasy mess. To-night I am glad to get it, and drink it with more pleasure than I would have got from a whole dinner a year ago.

While he takes his turn on the lookout-platform there is no event of importance. The casual fire goes on at intervals, but he has grown accustomed to it by this time, so that its booming fails to concern him in the least. At length, when the watch-period is over, there is only to reach down and kick the sleeping comrade, and tell him it is his turn, while the last watchman is allowed two hours in which to sleep or talk to his cronies back in the trench. He makes his choice:

> I am not a bit sleepy, so I guess I'll stay up this time. Harry rolls out, wraps his blanket around his beloved "Fritz," and, picking up his rifle, relieves me. I decide to go down the line a little way to where the fellows are gathered around a brazier talking about every subject imaginable.
>
> I am made welcome, and one of the new fellows comes up and sits down beside me. He is beginning to feel the awful loneliness that comes to us all at first. With ill-suppressed eagerness he begins to question me about what it is like when it comes to "mixing it up." I can't help feeling sorry for the poor devil, so I try to encourage him a little and cheer him up. I take good care that no one hears me tho, for I will get kidded by everybody if I am caught doing the "mother act." He tells me that his name is "'Ubert 'Ill" and that he is a coachman in civil life. He has a wife and two kiddies, and he shows me their pictures. I can't help pitying him, but there is nothing I can do. I have a little more than an hour left, so I guess I'll go and get a little sleep.
>
> I get back to our post and crawl in beside "Fritz," who welcomes me with much wriggling around and wagging of tail. I wrap him inside my blanket with me, and we are both asleep in no time. . . .
>
> Six o'clock, and everybody is up and around. I am feeling a little stiff from lying in such a cramped position, but the smell of the frying bacon, which the cooks are preparing for breakfast, makes me forget the stiffness. I have learned to like tea, and we get it at least twice daily. Our food is pretty much the same all the time. It consists of bread and bacon and tea for breakfast; meat and potatoes for dinner; and bread and jam and cheese and tea for supper. We get fresh meat every day, and also fresh bread. This bread is made at the base, and is sent up every day with the rations which come from across the Channel. It is really wonderful the way they keep us supplied with fresh food, all we want of it. I make my way to the field-kitchen where I am given a half a loaf of bread, two great slices of bacon, and a quart can full of hot tea. Never did I enjoy my breakfasts in civil life as I do these! As I carry my breakfast back to where our "kit" is I slip along and get my hands plastered with mud. It is all over my bread, and perhaps there is some in my tea, too, but it makes no difference to me. I will enjoy it all just as much as if it were being served in the breakfast-room.
>
> After breakfast, our company-officer calls us to attention and informs us that we



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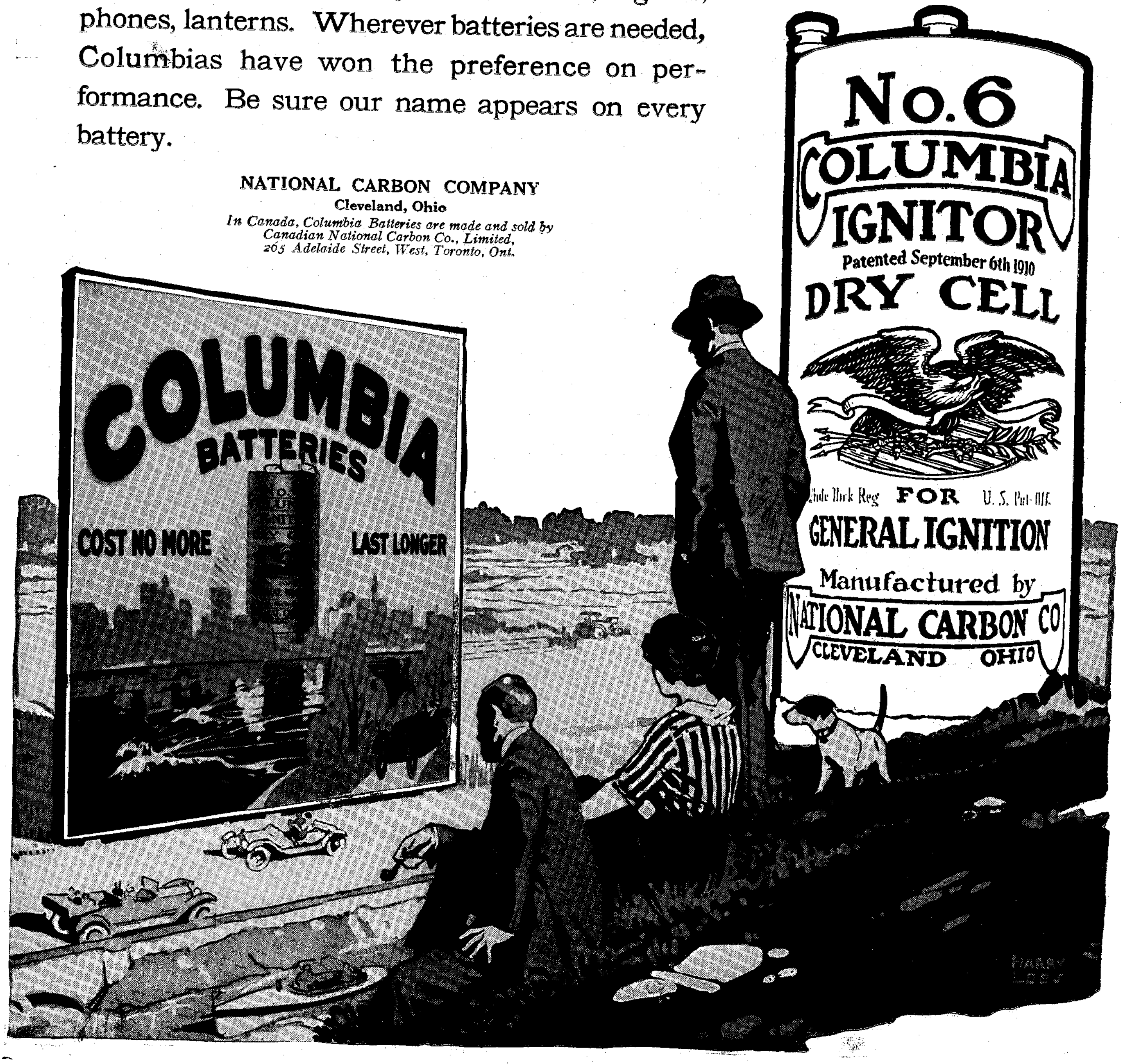
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have some work to do to-night. He advises us all to take things easy during the day, and if we have any letters to write to write them now and hand them to him and he will see that they are sent away as soon as possible. He says that he has every faith in us and in our ability to do whatever may be asked of us, and that he is proud to think that he is going to lead us in whatever the undertaking may be. This kind of a talk from our officer is very helpful, for it gives us the feeling that he is with us to the last gasp, and makes us feel that he is depending on us. It causes the rookies a lot of uneasiness, and I can see poor Hill as white as a sheet, but I am glad also to notice that his jaws are clenched, and there is a look of determination on his face. Immediately after this little talk we have the daily roll-call, and find that during the night we have lost seventeen men killed or wounded from our battalion. I guess this is about the average, altho I have known three or four days to pass without losing a single man.

The morning passes quietly. The fellows write their letters, speculate on what is coming, and chaff each other a good deal. I often wonder how much of this chaff is bravado and how much is genuine. About eleven o'clock, as the water is bothering us again, the fellows start bailing. A rookie on the same platform as I am is working real hard, but is getting more and more careless about showing himself. Harry notices this, and shouts a warning to him.

"Hey, you bloomin' ass, cawn't yuh keep that 'ead o' yours down? I calls what you're doin' simply awskin' for trouble!"

"I'm all right, matey," says the rookie, and he swings another bucket of water up as he says it. The words have hardly left his lips when he falls back with a bullet through the temple. He doesn't even moan; he has fallen in a sitting position in the bottom of the trench, and the bucket is right between his knees. As some of the chaps near him rush to pick him up, I hear Harry mutter something about "serves 'im bleedin' well right."

It is immediately after dinner, at half past twelve, the account continues, that the company is called to attention by the officer and the work laid out in detail. It is simple enough: they are to attack the German position at seven o'clock, take three trenches from them, and hold them for three hours. Then they are to return to their original position. This would seem a tremendous waste of men, since there was to be no material gain, but the men know that there is to be a real thrust at the Teuton line somewhere along the front, and when the five attacks are launched at once, one of them is to be real and the others feints. The soldier says of the officer's directions:

He tells us that our artillery will bombard the German first- and second-line trenches for an hour and a half. At the end of that time our artillery-fire will lift to the third line, and we will go after the first line with the bayonet. We will hold the first line until we are again ordered forward, and our artillery-fire will again lift. In this way we will keep a curtain of fire between ourselves and the main body of the Germans all through the attack. At the end of the three hours we will retire to our original position under the cover of a heavy artillery-fire, but during the three hours we must hold the German trenches at all costs.

From now until seven o'clock is the hardest part of the whole affair. There is the terrible feeling of uncertainty! If only we might go right at it and get it over with! The afternoon drags on. At five o'clock we have tea, and I notice that not many of the fellows have very good appetites. The meal is quickly over, and we all wait expectantly for the bombardment to begin. At five-thirty sharp we hear the distant crash of our guns to the rear of us, and the shells begin to scream over our heads. We can see them bursting over and in the German first- and second-line trenches. Our fellows certainly have the range down fine, and not many shells are being wasted. They are giving it to them hot and heavy. The noise is deafening. "Fritz" begins to whimper and whine, and tries to hide his head under Harry's coat. It is his first time under fire, and he is nearly scared out of his skin.

The order for us to get our equipment on comes along, and then to lie down flat in the bottom of the trench, for the Germans are sure to retaliate by shelling our first-line trenches. We obey our orders as quickly as possible, and we have hardly got our packs on before the shells begin to land in and around our trench. Here we must stick like rats in a trap for more than an hour yet, and when the whistle blows we have got to jump the parapet and charge into the very jaws of it. Harry and I are lying close to each other, while "Fritz" is whimpering and crying in between us. Harry is worrying about what will happen to the dog when we have to leave the trench. He makes me promise to love, honor, and protect the little beast if anything happens to his master. The German fire is increasing in intensity, and, from what I can see and hear, they are doing us some damage. During momentary lulls we can hear groans and screams of some of the poor fellows who are hurt already.

Suddenly the word is passed along: "Stand by! Ready!" We gather ourselves together for the spring which will take us over the parapet. A moment's wait, and then a sharp blast of the whistle. No sooner are we over the parapet than the German machine guns open on us, and fellows begin to fall all around us. Harry and I are side by side, running for all we are worth. We lose some time getting through the paths through our own barbed wire, and there is trouble for us ahead if we ever live to reach it, for the German wire is not all down. We head for an opening through it, and in a few seconds jump down into the first German trench.

The fighting here is a hand-to-hand matter, and there is nothing to do but cut and slash the way forward. It would seem that the fanatic recklessness so often spoken of in war-studies takes possession of the invaders here, for they see nothing but the indistinct faces of the foe whose business it is to stop them, and they are determined to be stopt by nothing short of death. It is a question of give death or take death, and, having cut down a man, they never take the trouble to turn and see whom or what

Peace-
then what?

Reconstruction, of course! When the great war is over, shattered Europe must be rebuilt. Mediaeval architecture, crumbled by cannon, will be replaced by well-lighted, well-ventilated, convenient and sanitary buildings of the present day.

In this tremendous rebuilding, CERTAIN-TEED Roofing will play a leading role; for CERTAIN-TEED is the twentieth century answer to the demand for roofing that is economical to buy, easy to lay and inexpensive to maintain.

Certain-teed
Roofing

is made in rolls; also in slate-surfaced shingles. There is a type of CERTAIN-TEED for every kind of building, with flat or pitched roof, from sky-scraper to smallest residence or out-building.

It makes a clean, attractive roof, with a very low cost per year of life. It is guaranteed for 5, 10 or 15 years, according to ply (1, 2 or 3). Experience proves that it out-lasts the period of guarantee.

If you are interested in roofs, investigate CERTAIN-TEED before you decide upon the type to buy. You will find CERTAIN-TEED for sale by responsible dealers, all over the world.

The long life of CERTAIN-TEED is due to the quality of the roofing felt, and the character of the asphalt saturation. This is a blend of soft asphalt prepared by the General's expert chemists. The highest quality roofing felt is thoroughly saturated with this soft blend, and is then coated with a blend of harder asphalts, which prevents the drying-out process so destructive to ordinary roofing.

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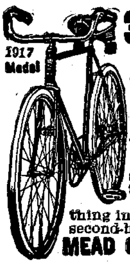

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Boys, be a "Rider Agent" and make big money taking orders for bicycles and supplies. Get our *liberal terms* on a sample to introduce the new **"RANGER."**

TIRES, equipment, sundries and everything in the bicycle line **half usual prices.** A few second-hand bicycles $3 to $8 to clear.

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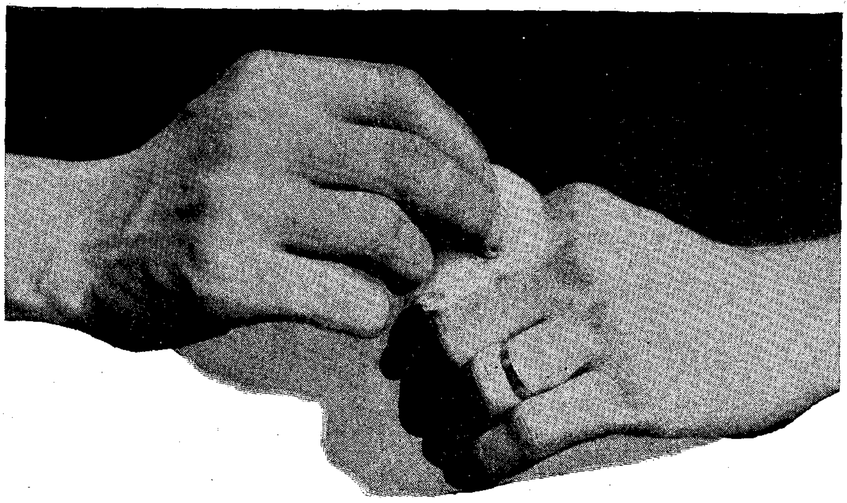

to the injured hand
-to any cut or small wound
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to prevent infection.

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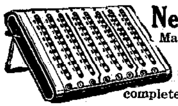

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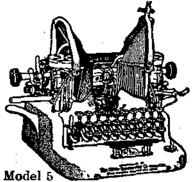
THE STANDARD DICTIONARY is needed in every American home where education and culture are truly esteemed.



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it is they have so summarily wiped out of their path. They rush on, and we learn that here and there spring up small conflicts, where men, disarmed, are rolling about in the mud, grappling at one another's throats. Finally they reach the trench, cleared of its Teuton owners, and fling themselves limply into the bottom of it.

They wait for the whistle to sound again, and a trembling seizes them—the reaction from the tenseness of the attack. The writer admits:

> I am trembling all over—with fear, I guess. All around us are men praying, groaning, panting, cursing, and sobbing. They are mad, and have no idea what they are doing, and it is a good thing they don't.
>
> The whistle sounds and we drag ourselves to our feet and get away. It is easier this time, and we don't stop at the second trench at all. Right through to the third one we go. It is only a flimsy affair, but it is enough to last us the three hours we intend staying there.
>
> On the signal we retire to our original position. Then we look around to see what is left! We came into action just twenty-four hours ago, numbering 1,148. Out of that number there are just 332 left, but our attack was a success.

PHILADELPHIA'S MODEST CLAIMS

THE main theme in life to an advertising man is to tell *all* the world, *all* about yourself, in *all* the different ways you can. In other words, the shrinking violet is a back number, and the silver of speech has outvalued the gold of silence. The man who is unwilling to have due note taken of his capacities is decidedly of the past and, according to the advertisers, can not expect to travel with the procession, when most folks are going ahead on six cylinders, and a lot on eight. And the same thing, they would have us believe, is true of the community.

Philadelphia recently held a great jubilee and convention of advertising men, and the good old town forgot her early training in decorum and Georgian modesty, and promptly told the visitors all about herself. Some of her main *coups*, as recounted in the Philadelphia *Ledger*, are well worth remembering, not only because they are credits to an old city, but because so many of them are bound up with the history and tradition of our own country. We are glad to read:

> Whatever may be said about finishing things, Philadelphia has had a way of beginning them which is unique. Our nation itself began in Independence Square.
>
> Philadelphia was our first capital.
>
> Here, for the first time, a man was placed in command of all American armies, and no man since Washington has had the autocratic power which the Continental Congress bestowed upon him.
>
> The Stars and Stripes were born in Betsy Ross's house in Arch Street.
>
> Our Federal Constitution was written in the State House.
>
> Here met the United States Supreme

1899 1916

THE tradition of 17 years of initiative in the manufacture of fine automobiles lends to the Oldsmobile Eight a prestige which but few cars of today enjoy. That the Olds Motor Works, after nearly a decade of manufacturing, during which it has built every type and kind of car, from one-cylinder to six, should at this time concentrate upon the Eight as its chief model, conclusively establishes the merit of that construction. A surprising thing is the price, $1195, f. o. b. Lansing. *Write for our illustrated booklet, "The Light Eight De Luxe."*

Motor: Eight-cylinder, V-type, high speed motor, 2⅞ bore, 4¾ stroke, developing 48 h. p. at 2,600 r. p. m. Action superbly smooth and flexible,—a power stroke to every five inches of car travel. Almost absolute quiet. Aluminum pistons and balanced connecting rods reduce wear and vibration to a minimum. Crankshaft very sturdy, with large bearings, 2⅛ inches diameter. Construction admirably simple and accessible.

Performance: Eight cylinders, combined with light car weight, less than 2800 pounds, enable the Oldsmobile to set the pace in traffic or on hills. Very rapid and smooth acceleration. Minimum gear shifting. Nothing to do but drive. No mental strain on driver or passengers.

Comfort: Wheel base of 120 inches, with short hood, made possible by compact motor, gives unusually ample leg room. Seats wide, cushions deep and soft. Body sides high, so that passengers sit in, not on car. Roll edge upholstery conveys arm chair comfort.

Easy Riding: Long, flat, underslung springs, and careful balance of chassis smooth out road obstructions. Full floating rear axle of pressed steel, very light and strong, reduces unsprung weight to a minimum.

Operating Cost: Car is very economical, gasoline average from 15 to 17 miles per gallon. Oil consumption nominal. Tires invariably outwear guarantee with ordinary usage. Strain on tires less severe than with other types of car, due to smoothness of action.

Appearance: Body lines distinctively Oldsmobile. Effect low and smart, suggestive of grace and litheness. Colors royal green and black, coach work finish, applied in 17 operations. Solid German silver radiator and clear hickory wheels, in natural finish, add to attractiveness.

Refinements: Imported Circassian walnut in dash, with silver finished instruments, mounted flush. Walnut steering wheel. Upholstery superb long grain French leather, dull finish, rich and dignified.

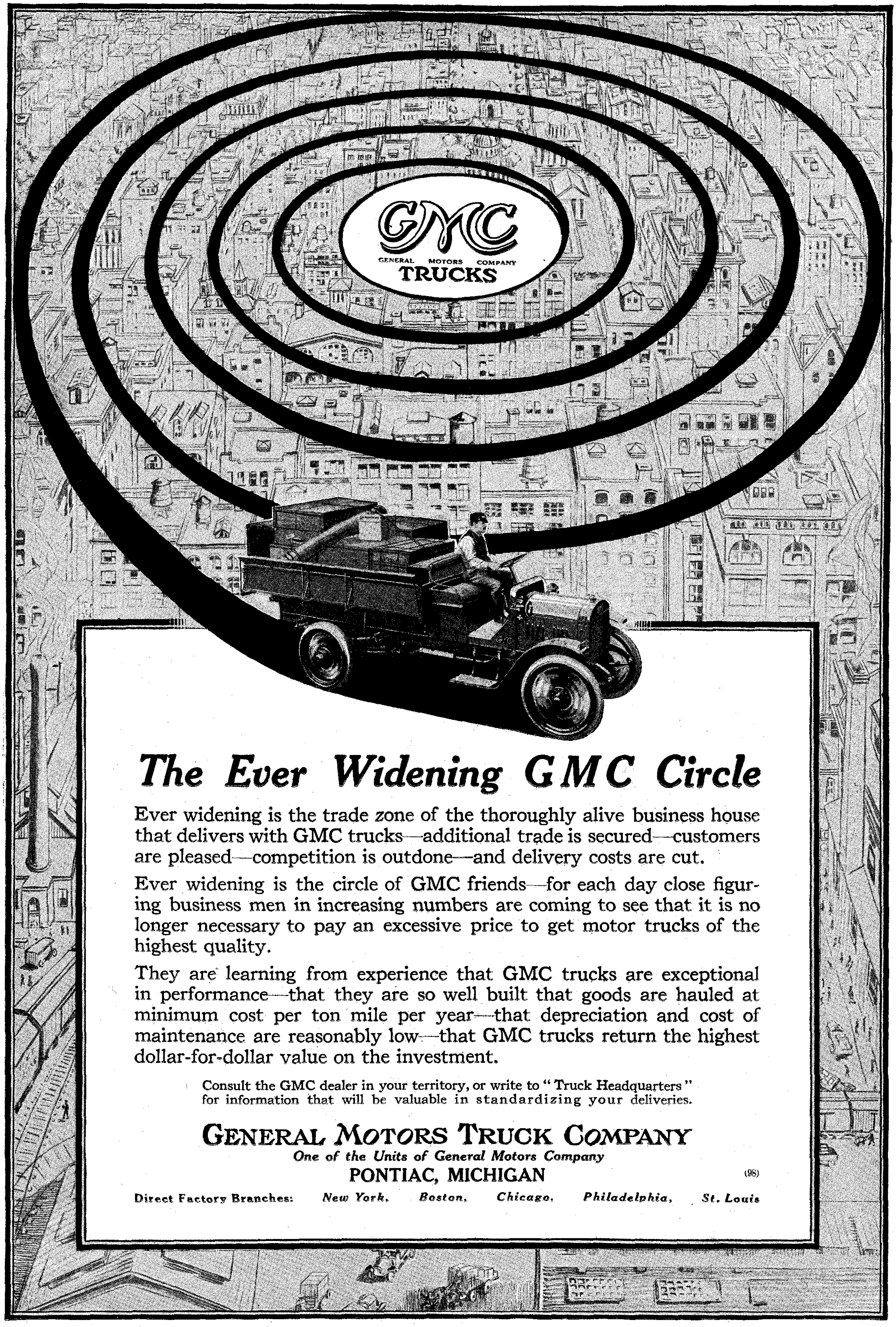
Body Styles: Five-passenger touring, and three-passenger roadster, with rear compartment convertible into leather upholstered seat for two extra passengers.

The above are a few of the many Oldsmobile advantages. Among the others are Delco lighting, starting, and ignition, Hotchkiss drive, Timken bearings in front axle, rain vision windshield, one-man top, and many more. Write for our illustrated booklet, "The Light Eight De Luxe."

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICH.
ESTABLISHED 1880 INCORPORATED 1899

Many of the geniuses of the automobile industry are the product of the house of Oldsmobile,—a school where men are trained to be thorough and accurate.

Oldsmobile



The Ever Widening GMC Circle

Ever widening is the trade zone of the thoroughly alive business house that delivers with GMC trucks—additional trade is secured—customers are pleased—competition is outdone—and delivery costs are cut.

Ever widening is the circle of GMC friends—for each day close figuring business men in increasing numbers are coming to see that it is no longer necessary to pay an excessive price to get motor trucks of the highest quality.

They are learning from experience that GMC trucks are exceptional in performance—that they are so well built that goods are hauled at minimum cost per ton mile per year—that depreciation and cost of maintenance are reasonably low—that GMC trucks return the highest dollar-for-dollar value on the investment.

Consult the GMC dealer in your territory, or write to "Truck Headquarters" for information that will be valuable in standardizing your deliveries.

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK COMPANY
One of the Units of General Motors Company
PONTIAC, MICHIGAN
(98)

Direct Factory Branches: *New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis*

Court to hear argued the initial Federal case.

Franklin published in Philadelphia the paper which has had the longest continued existence of any American journal.

That genius also gave to the world its first lightning-rod.

Our visitors of the advertising clubs are interested in paper, and when they journey up the Wissahickon they may see the site of America's first paper-mill.

In this town was melted the first American pig iron.

Philadelphia may not have made the first pair of American eye-glasses, but David Rittenhouse, this nation's first real astronomer, made for Washington the most famous ones. It was when the "father of our country" looked through them on an historic occasion that he made his oft-quoted remark:

"My eyes have grown dim in the service of my country, but I have never doubted her justice."

If any ad man becomes ill while in Philadelphia, he may be taken to the Pennsylvania Hospital, which was the first one built upon American soil.

He may have for his physician a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, which was the first medical college in the United States.

Or he may prefer a man from Jefferson, which is our country's largest school of medicine.

Mentioning doctors reminds me of death, and death leads to the question of insurance. The Contributionship was the first fire-insurance company in any of the Colonies, and it is doing more business to-day than ever.

In this city was also started the plan of selling permanent insurance.

At Seventh and Walnut Streets the ad visitor may deposit money in our country's first savings-bank, and so place his cash in an institution which has over 100,000 more depositors than any other bank in the United States.

The first American school to be heavily endowed was Girard College, and it is to-day the richest one on earth.

In Philadelphia was born ice-cream soda.

Upon the site of America's first city water-works, Philadelphia is now building a beautiful art-gallery.

Our country's first and oldest circulating library is still doing business in this town.

At the University of Pennsylvania the first moving pictures were made by one of the professors.

The first screw propeller fitted upon any war-ship was made in this city.

Before Robert Fulton ran his steamer up the Hudson, Thomas Fitch, another Pennsylvanian, was navigating a steam-vessel in the waters about Philadelphia.

There is no novelty now about a river bridge, but the first one in our country was flung across the Schuylkill at Philadelphia.

Street-paving and street-lighting were both introduced to America here.

James Fenimore Cooper's first great novel, "The Spy," was published in this city.

A young Irishman, the late Thomas Hunter, initiated the now popular scheme of chain stores. He started in Philadelphia with one and ended with nearly 400.

Most of Europe and part of Canada have recently adopted the plan of "more daylight" by moving the clock ahead one hour. Franklin suggested that very thing 132 years ago.

Philadelphia was the first place and remains the only place in America where a first-class battle-ship can be built and equipped from keel to armor and fifteen-inch guns without going beyond a State border for the materials.

Many of our visitors came to the city on the Pennsylvania Railroad—the first in the world to give us all-steel passenger-cars.

Philadelphia has been starting things ever since William Penn surprized the world by agreeing to pay the Indians for their property and by assuring everybody in his colony of the right to worship God to suit himself.

ALONG THE OPEN ROAD

WALT WHITMAN wrote a poem called "The Open Road," in which he gave an appalling catalog of all the sights, and scenes, and influences which could be encountered along any thoroughfare. Under the force and magic of his insight a road became a section of life, and all that passed down its dusty way served as a résumé of what we are to find in living. But the open road has not passed with the "good gray poet," for, in the New York *Sun*, recently appeared a paragraph or two telling what a Sunday motorist saw on a section of Jersey road in the space of an afternoon. It is enough subject-matter for another "Essay on Man." For instance, there were seen:

> Citizens breaking beer-bottles and then stooping, in the heat of noon, to scatter the fragments so widely on the Belleville pike that no motor-car shall escape.
>
> Motorists getting out of cars to sweep a trackway through the broken glass.
>
> Pedestrians spreading out across the road to compel cars to stop.
>
> A man in half of a Palm Beach suit lying in the position necessary to repair a loose transmission-shaft.
>
> A shaded gravel walk beside a concrete road, and all the natives walking on the road.
>
> A town marshal opening a motor-party's lunch-basket to see whether a child without a health certificate was concealed therein.
>
> The driver of a car using both hands to light a cigaret, leaving the wheel in the care of Providence.
>
> A middle-aged couple flying along on children's pushmobiles equipped with motors.
>
> A family lunch-party under a tree with a fireless cooker.
>
> Sarsaparilla-drinkers in a chartered trolley-car smashing the bottles on the highway.
>
> Motorists stopping on the Hackensack Meadows road to pick cattails: the kind that were gilded and hung on parlor walls in 1882.
>
> Children playing in the road under a sun of 110 degrees when a shady field was only twenty rods away.
>
> Father of family using butter from lunch-kit to grease a neglected differential.
>
> A woman driver adjusting the mirror so that she could see her face instead of the road behind her.
>
> A feather boa in the limbs of an overhanging tree.

THE MAN THAT HINDENBURG FEARS

IT is not the Grand Duke Alexander, nor General Brusiloff, nor Kuropatkin who is the grimmest foe of the conqueror of the Masurian lakes; it is a man who has slipt like a wraith in among the German lines and done more damage than any of these generals. It is Earless Peter, the guerrilla king, and the German chief of staff has offered $20,000 for his capture, dead or alive.

Peter has seemed supernatural, according to the accounts of a writer in the Buffalo *Express*. He seems to be able to be everywhere at once, and no sooner has the German Army discovered his depredations in one quarter, and thrown a cordon around a district, than he reappears in another locality and is as uncomfortable as ever for the Teuton forces. All along the thousand-mile front between the Baltic and Bukovina he ranges, busy with raids, cutting wires, tearing up roads and railways, spying—and always escaping in incredible ways. Says the account:

> Just now, Earless Peter is ranging in Galicia. His last exploit was to get right behind Pflanzer-Baltin's lines, cut off an outpost, and circumvent a much stronger force sent to relieve the outpost. Peter and his horsemen rode through the foe. They lost twenty out of eighty, but on their wild ride home they cut to bits a picket and carried the pickets' caps as trophies into Tarnopol town, where Peter got gloriously drunk, slashed a mirror with his saber, and threatened to slay the persistent newspapermen who worried him to tell them yarns.
>
> All over the thousand-mile front guerrilla warfare is being waged, and for months at a time the slaughter done by guerrillas exceeds the slaughter done by the inert trench-warriors.
>
> Altogether there are 50,000 guerrillas, organized in about 300 brave bands with grim and relentless leaders. Bravest is the band of Earless Peter, and grimmest, most relentless of leaders is Peter himself.
>
> Earless Peter is in Russian Piotr Besukhi. Both of Peter's ears exist and are painfully sound. Peter, in fact, can hear, smell, see, and feel with the abnormal intensity of a Pawnee. He is "earless" merely because he is deaf to appeals for mercy. Earless Peter's two brothers were killed at the battle of Krasnik, the first stiff fight between Russians and Austrians; and to-day Peter gives no quarter and asks for none. He slaughters no prisoners, but he refuses to take them. If an enemy wants to surrender, Peter gives him a fair fight, which often ends in the enemy going under, for Peter tolerates in his band only picked fighters. Peter is careful about his men's food, clothes, arms, accouterments. Having private funds, he outshines in these details the hard-up rival guerrilla chiefs. He punishes ruthlessly any of his men who shirk or offend. In general, he shows himself as earless to Russian weaknesses as he does to the cries for quarter of German and Austrian foes.
>
> Earless Peter's biography is a parody of the perverted, whimsical, and extravagant Russians found in Dostoyefsky and Gleb Uspensky. Peter's real name is

BERNARD-HEWITT & CO.
Desk E88, 564 W. Monroe St.
CHICAGO, ILL.

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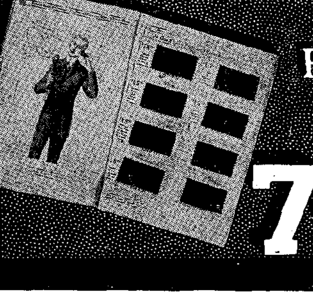

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Handsome $25 Blue Serge Suit Made to Measure only $15

A SPECIAL proposition to introduce the wonderful values offered by our new system of tailoring. We have no agents—no dealers—no traveling salesmen—our values make their own customers—and once a Bernard-Hewitt customer always a Bernard-Hewitt customer.

Thousands of business and professional men, college men, men in all walks of life the country over, wear and enjoy Bernard-Hewitt fine made-to-measure clothes. We want you, too, as a regular customer, and, as a special inducement to secure your first order, will line your suit with a guaranteed

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$4 SATIN LINING FREE

This suit is made to your individual measure from the very finest all-wool blue, light blue, black or gray serge, in any of the latest styles you may select and by the very best tailors in this whole city.

If you don't care for a serge suit, our Fall catalog, which we will send, contains generous samples of the latest fabrics, plain and fancy mixtures ($15.00 to $27.50), unusual values all. The satin lining goes with any selection.

All we ask is that you make a trial of our system, that you learn how easy it is to take your own measure and save money on every suit. We take all the risk, you none, for this is

OUR GUARANTEE You Don't Pay Us One Cent

unless you are more than pleased in every particular—in fit—in style—in workmanship and material. Could anything be fairer? Write today—wear tailor-made clothes of exceptional style and value—dress better and save money.

Take Your Own Measure—Save $10

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Our big new Fall and Winter book is ready for you—contains 70 samples latest woolens—also lowest prices on men's hats, shoes and furnishings. It is your guide to correct and economical clothes buying. Mail coupon above or send post card for your copy. Please mention LITERARY DIGEST so that we can identify this special offer.

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STOPS SNORING AND MOUTH BREATHING
Made of Gold, $2.00 in U. S. Postpaid. Money refunded any time without question. 3 sizes—Small, Medium (90% of sales), Large. Athletes use it to promote nose breathing and avoid "dry mouth." From Marathon's to Golf. Comfortable and Convenient—Information on Request.
SIMPLE DEVICE CO. MIDDLEBURG, VA., BOX 12

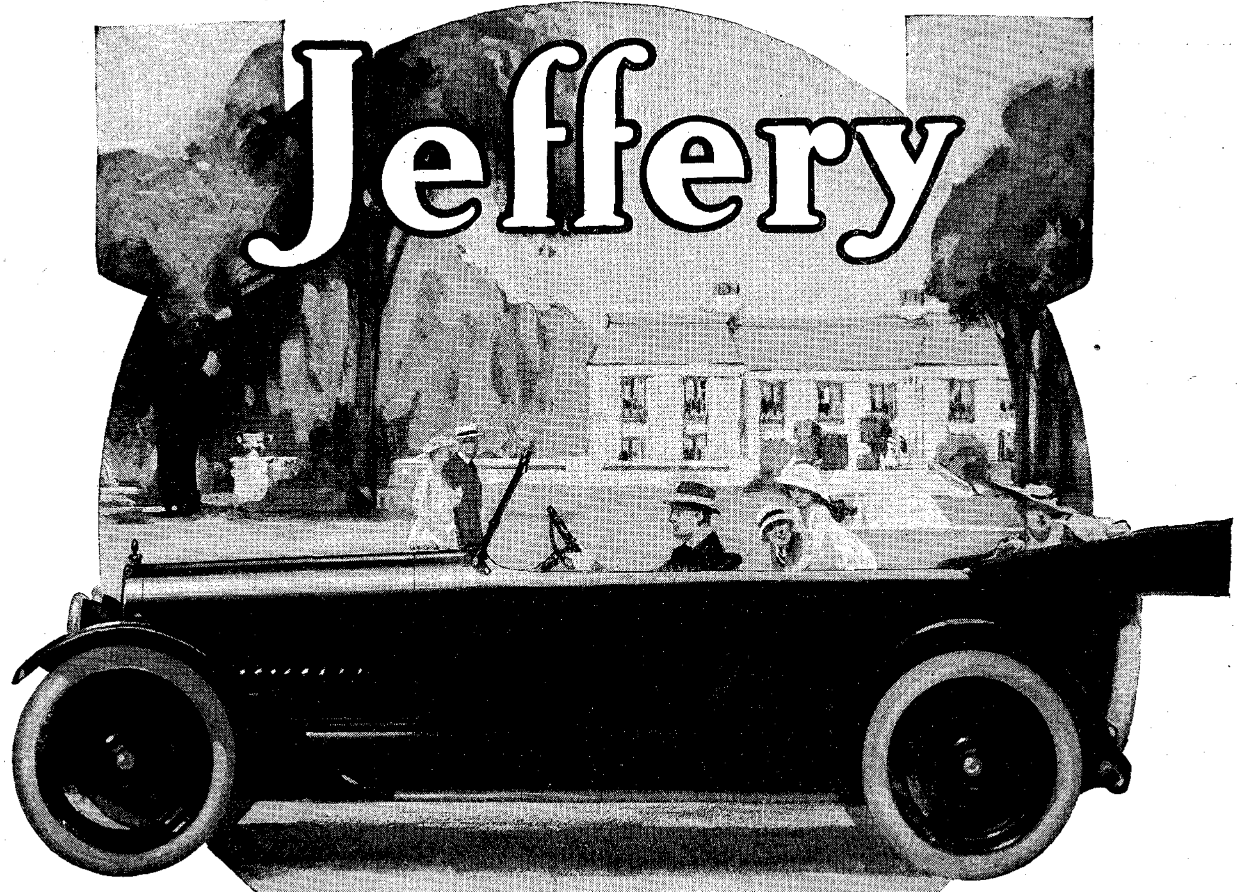
Levachoff, and he is the thirty-six-year-old son of a rich Smolensk manufacturer. He is religious, a drunkard, charitable, fierce, grim, frivolous, and pleasure-loving. He did no military service, and as he could not get taken as a volunteer he started a guerrilla corps of his own.

Peter got money from his rich father. The father was in despair at the loss of two of his three sons who were killed in battle, and he gave their intended fortunes to Peter on condition the money should be spent in fighting Russia's invaders. Peter was much attached to his brothers. He went to Smolensk, prayed on his knees with his father, and vowed that he would slay 2,000 Germans and Austrians for each brother killed. This was a big order for a band numbering eighty. Peter began in winter near Dvinsk. His eighty men were in white uniforms or covered with sewn sheets; their boots were covered with white fur, and their rifles were painted white, so that nothing but dark eye-slits showed.

They began by approaching enemy outposts, sniping or pouring in volleys and running away. Later they got bolder, for they found that on moonless nights they could approach silently and invisibly to within a few yards of the Germans without being detected. The Germans' nerves were strained. The midnight ghosts appeared in German proclamations about keeping order in the civilian population. When Peter moved south to the important railroad center Baranovitschi, which for nearly a year was Grand Duke Nicholas's headquarters, he got bolder. All German outposts and trench-commanders were ordered to remove the snow from a belt 100 yards wide in front of their positions. The Germans in this way hoped to sight Peter's white marauders before they got near. On a background of snow they were seldom seen.

Peter wrecked a German train at Gulievitchi. Next he nearly captured the famous German staff expert, Platten. Platten is Germany's best authority on electrical live-wire defenses; it was he who designed the live entanglements in the Masurian lakes which baffled for months Rennenkampf and Sievers. When Platten was inspecting wire defenses, Peter's invisible men poured in a volley. Peter was pulling Platten from his horse when a superior enemy force appeared, and Peter got away with Platten's shoulder-strap, which he now wears as trophy under his St. George's Cross. By the time this exploit was done, Peter had already slain 500 of the 4,000 Germans whom he swore to slay.

But Peter is not invulnerable. He nearly lost his life, the account goes on to say, when he began the New Year with an offensive in Galicia. His band was cornered and surrounded by one of Austrians with superior numbers, and thirty of his men were killed. Peter escaped, as he has always escaped, but with an ugly wound in his thigh. This, however, only served to make Peter turn cavalryman, for he declared that his ill luck was due to his slow legs, and, seeing that the majority of those left of his band were horsemen, he decided to recruit only those who could ride well. From then on he committed his depredations from horseback, which made him all



SIXES—

Seven-Passenger Touring	$1365
Seven-Passenger Sedan	1530
Roadster	1335

F. O. B. Kenosha

Jeffery

FOURS—

Seven-Passenger Touring	$1095
Seven-Passenger Sedan	1260
Roadster	1065

F. O. B. Kenosha

Power A-Plenty and Parlor-Car Comfort

Motor-Poise and Luxurious Ease in the Latest Jeffery Six Quickly Awaken an Owner's Friendship

THERE is a beautiful, mechanical poise in the new Jeffery Six. So perfectly is the motor attuned to its tasks that at *every* speed the mechanism is in pleasing harmony.

There is no vibration *anywhere.* Always a happy, rhythmic willingness to serve in the supple fifty-three horsepower motor.

This steady flow of ready stamina delights the Jeffery owner. His motor has no "bursts of temper"—no rebellious, quarrelsome "back talk" at certain speed points to be avoided in travel.

Long, flat springs enhance the riding comfort which the *soft* motor brings. There are no sudden plunges when the car passes a bad spot—never an inclination to "hold on" for support.

The Jeffery owner is at heart's ease in his car. Add, then, to such sweet going still other comforts he finds in his car.

$1365 **Seven-Passenger Touring, 53 horsepower, 6 cylinder 125-inch wheelbase.**

F. O. B. Kenosha

> *All Jeffery motors, before being placed in the chassis, are individually subjected to what we believe to be the severest tests given by any manufacturer.*
>
> * * *
>
> *Upon each new Jeffery Six there appears the device shown at the bottom of the illustration.*
>
> *It stands for the ideals of accuracy upon which the great Jeffery organization is built. And as such it is the owner's guaranty of inherent worth.*

The Nash Motors Company
Manufacturers of Jeffery Motor Cars and Trucks
Kenosha, Wisconsin, U. S. A.

The graceful, low-hung body affords an easy entrance step—a cordial invitation to the passenger.

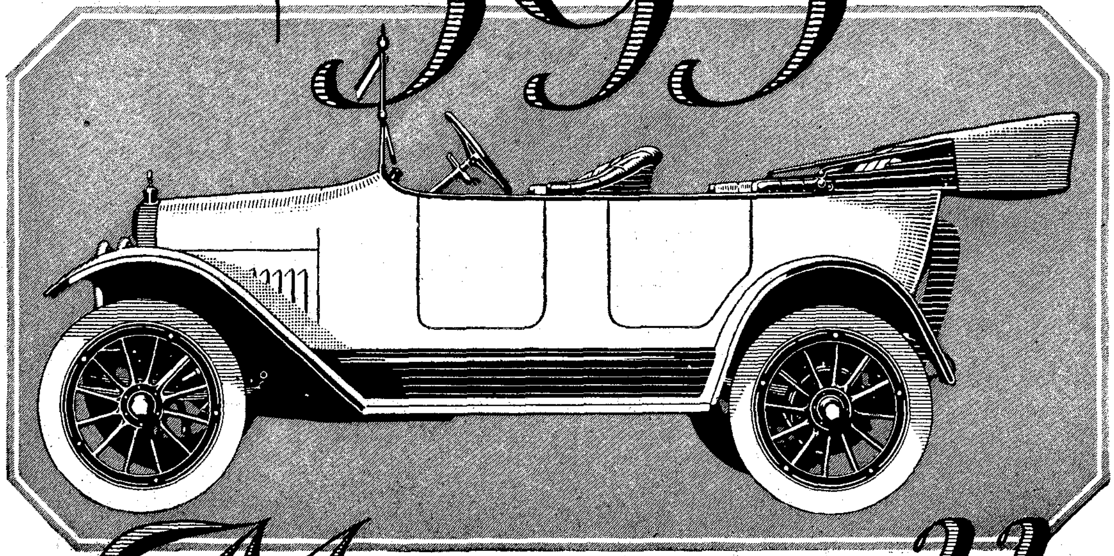
Sensible design of seats, divided in front—rich upholstery—real leather and real hair—hospitality of generous roominess with true parlor-car comfort in every seat—all these contribute to the Jeffery owner's riding repose.

Levers, brakes, throttle and instrument board are all placed to become added comfort auxiliaries.

Artistic coach-work—all Jeffery-done—with lavish attention to the rich Midnight Blue finish, complete this aristocrat of the road.

Little wonder then that the Jeffery owner is on good terms with his car, from the first—that his good will feeling toward it is little short of affection!

$595



Maxwell

THE DOMINANT MOTOR CAR VALUE

THINK back three years—when the Maxwell Motor Company was organized. You read the announcement then—this Company would produce a high-grade automobile—make it complete—as the public wanted it—*and sell it at a very moderate price.*

We asked your confidence at that time—asked you to wait and see the result. The first car was an innovation—was an unheard of value in the motor car industry.

The Maxwell car made good from the first—and it has steadily been improved. When we had made it exactly as we wanted it—as you wanted it—the price at which we sold it was everywhere conceded to represent the utmost value that could be obtained in any motor car.

All this time, the Maxwell organization was improving its manufacturing processes—was standardizing every part of the car—and today the new price, $595, is the result of close adherence to the Company's original plan.

Our materials are purchased in large quantities at advantageous prices, our parts are manufactured in enormous quantities—our whole organization is efficient. There is no waste—no loss of time, labor or materials. The Maxwell is a standardized car—made by a "standardized" organization.

And now, people are realizing that a product may be "possible" for the Maxwell Company—and impossible for others.

They are realizing that the Maxwell ideal is being fulfilled to the letter.

And they are coming to Maxwell dealers by the thousands to buy Maxwell cars—and demanding them immediately. Never in the history of the great success of this Company has the demand even approached the mark that is now being set.

The reduction of the Maxwell price for 1917 has established this car beyond any doubt as *the dominant motor car value.*

Roadster, $580; Touring Car, $595; Cabriolet, $865; Town Car, $915; Sedan, $985.
All prices f. o. b. Detroit. All cars completely equipped, including electric starter and lights.
Canadian prices: Roadster, $830; Touring Car, $850, f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario.

Maxwell
Motor Company Inc. Detroit, Mich.

the more deadly to the enemy, for he was now able to escape more readily. The account tells this story of him:

Peter played a big rôle in the third partly successful Russian attack, and he accomplished his great feat of what he calls "a voluntary massacre." His new second in command did not know the rigid rule to accept no quarter and give none, and he captured thirty of Baltin's Hungarian Honved cavalry. Peter was annoyed. He had never taken prisoners, and he had no means of guarding them or feeding them; but once they were taken he could not kill them. He asked the Austrian commander, a Captain Drosek, if he would like to escape.

"Naturally."

"Well, here's your chance. You must fight us; if you beat us you get away, and if you are beaten the survivors can take their chance and ride off."

"That's no chance, as you're ninety to our thirty."

"That is not my plan. My plan is a fair fight."

He told Drosek that he would pit thirty of his men against the Honveds.

Levachoff (that is, Peter) took his sixty non-fighters, paraded them on the stream-bank, and watched. The Honveds were given back their arms and ammunition. Peter warned his men impressively not to interfere, and ordered the thirty to charge the Honveds. The Russians dashed wildly against their enemy, but the excellent Honved horsemen made a wonderful maneuver, let the Russians pass through, and tried to crush them together so that they could not shoot or use their swords. Some Russians fell; the rest had to break away, but the Honveds were after them, and the fight developed into a mix-up with carbines and swords hard at work.

At first it was even. One of the Russian watchers observed a big Honved riding at the back of a Russian who was already engaged in single combat. The Russian watcher could not restrain himself; he raised his carbine and shot the Austrian dead. Peter saw the deed. He drew his revolver, rode slowly to his follower, and said, "Say your prayers!" The Russian was frightened, begging for pardon, and, seeing he would get none, crossed himself. Peter blew out the man's brains.

"Mercy is discipline," said Peter when the second in command hinted that he might have had mercy. The Chevy Chase battle went on; nine Austrians and about twelve Russians were killed; but later the Russians got the upper hand, and were about two to three strong. The surviving Austrians abandoned their dead and wounded, and rode away under a volley from the victors which knocked four from their saddles. Peter was delighted. He buried the dead of both sides in a common grave, inscribed with the words: "Brave men, both."

After that Peter was summoned by Ivanoff, and offered a commission as officer. "No," said Peter.

"Not even if you get the rank of captain straight off?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because as officer I must take quarter and give it, and I have sworn to do neither."

Peter got instead the St, George's Cross, which he wears above the shoulder-strap of the German expert Platten.

SPICE OF LIFE

Overheard at Sing Sing.—"Isn't pocket-picking a difficult and dangerous art?"

"Yes, till you get your hand in."—*Lamb.*

Exit.—JOB-SEEKER (entering office unannounced)—"Is there an opening here for me?"

CHIEF CLERK—"Yes, sir, right behind you."—*Nebraska Awgwan.*

Preparedness. — RECTOR (going his rounds)—"Fine pig that, Mr. Dibbles; uncommonly fine!"

CONTEMPLATIVE VILLAGER—"Ah, yes, sir; if we was only all of us as fit to die as him, sir!"—*Tit-Bits.*

Her Reason. — GIRL (to swimming-teacher)—"I want to take a few lessons in drowning."

"Drowning?"

"Yes. There are one or two handsome men at the hotel I would like to have rescue me."—*Life.*

Justified.—"Look here, Snip," said Slowpay indignantly to his tailor, "you haven't put any pockets in these trousers."

"No, Mr. Slowpay," said the tailor, with a sigh; "I judged from your account here that you never had anything to put in them."—*Harper's Weekly.*

Something for All.—WILLIS—"How do you stand on Sunday baseball?"

GILLIS—"I'm against it."

WILLIS—"Don't you think the people should be allowed to enjoy themselves on Sunday?"

GILLIS—"Aren't they doing it now? The rich have their golf clubs and the poor have their automobiles."—*Puck.*

Founding a Career.—"That was a great speech you made," said the enthusiastic friend.

"Do you think it will help me?" asked Senator Sorghum.

"Unquestionably. It may not have much influence in public affairs, but it ought to get you an engagement with any lecture bureau."—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

He Knew.—They were homeward-bound from church.

"According to the minister's sermon this morning," said Mrs. Enpeck, "there is to be no marrying or giving in marriage in heaven. Do you believe that?"

"Well, I have no reason to doubt it," answered Enpeck. "There must be some way to distinguish it from the other place." —*Indianapolis Star.*

Safety in Numbers.—"I have here," said the agent, "a utensil that no housekeeper can afford to be without."

"What is it?" asked the woman at the door.

"It's a combined corkscrew, can-opener, pocket-knife, screw-driver, tack-hammer, glass-cutter, and —"

"Hold on a minute. I don't want one of those things."

"Why not?"

"By keeping all those tools separate it is impossible for my husband to lose more than one at a time."—*Birmingham Age Herald.*

You Are Cheating
Yourself, Mr. 'Phone User!

You'll believe it when you use
The Phone-Meter

$3.50

One-half actual size

How Long Is Three Minutes?

If you use the telephone, it's a vital thing for you to know. Only *one man* in 12,000 can guess it with fair accuracy, but 'long distance users' waste *Sixty Million Dollars* every year *trying* to guess it. The average call is 1⅓ minutes. You pay for three minutes—use them.

You are sharing this loss. A Phone-Meter on your desk will prove it. It doubles the efficiency of toll service. It checks interruptions, settles disputes;—gives you a *square deal.*

Thousands of business men are using Phone-Meters, also hundreds of great corporations such as General Electric Co., Pierce-Arrow Co., Campbell's Soup Co., Washburn-Crosby Co., etc.

On receipt of price, or an authorized order from a rated firm, a Phone-Meter will come to you by next mail. Unless it convicts you of inefficiency, return it at our expense and we'll refund the price. *It Costs Little—Saves Much.*

Also invaluable for laboratory work, industrial tests, photography, athletic contests, etc., etc. *Ask for booklet.*

Gun-Metal Finish, Hardwood Base, Prepaid $3.50
French Leather Incased, Prepaid 5.00

Graves Timing Device Co.
2601 Parkway Philadelphia, Pa.

IMPORTANT: Tear out name and address before you forget. You'll want it at your office when ordering. Don't delay. Do it NOW. It's a 'Stop Loss' order.

25% Bran
In Wheat Flakes

You who want the benefits of bran should get it in a dainty. Otherwise you will not use it long

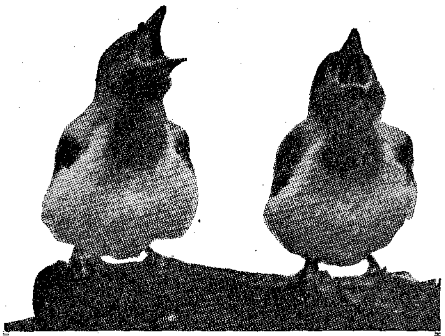
In Pettijohn's the bran comes hidden in luscious flakes of wheat. As the bran is unground it is doubly efficient.

You'll enjoy this morning delicacy, and enjoy the days that follow. Prove this for yourself.

Pettijohn's
Rolled Wheat With Bran Flakes

At grocers—15c per package.
Also Pettijohn's Flour—75 per cent patent flour with 25 per cent bran flakes. Use like Graham flour in any recipe. 25c per package.

The Quaker Oats Company
Chicago (1356)



Books for NATURE Students
and Lovers of the
GREAT OUTDOORS

Baby Birds at Home. By Richard Kearton, F.Z.S. Beautiful plates and colored pictures from direct photographs; and interesting text concerning the family life and habits of the birds. Octavo, cloth, $1.25 net; postpaid $1.38.

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FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
354-60 Fourth Ave. New York, N. Y.

Victory at Any Price.—The Lawyer—"The precedents are against you, madam."

The Lady—"Well, sue them too, then."—*Boston Transcript.*

Requires *Finesse*.—The situation needs careful handling when you want a woman's graphophone at your party but don't want her.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

To Help Him Out.—"You are lying so clumsily," said the observant judge to a litigant who was making a dubious statement of his case, "that I would advise you to get a lawyer."—*Browning's Magazine.*

Not So Sure.—Sentry (to McDougal, returning from wedding festivities)—"Pass, friend, all's well."

McDougal—"Thank ye, laddie. But ye dinna ken the guid wife or ye would na' be so sure."—*London Opinion.*

The Worst.—"Talk about torture."

"Yes."

"Nothing is worse than sitting in a barber's chair with your mouth full of lather watching the boy trying to give another customer your Panama hat."—*Life.*

It Was So Sudden.—The Suitor (in a rhapsody)—"I adore everything that is beautiful, exquisite. I love the serene, the perfect!"

The Maid (coyly)—"Oh, Harry, how can I refuse you when you put it so beautifully?"—*Puck.*

Verdict or Confession.—In western Georgia a jury recently met to inquire into a case of suicide. After sitting through the evidence, the twelve men retired, and, after deliberating, returned with the following verdict:

"The jury are all of one mind—temporarily insane."—*Tit-Bits.*

Good Example.—Once a very youthful chicken-fancier had in his possession a couple of bantam hens that laid very small eggs. He finally hit upon a plan to remedy this.

When the lad's father went the next morning to the chicken-house he was surprized to find an ostrich egg tied to one of the beams and above it a card with this notice:

"Keep your eye on this and do your best."—*New York Times.*

Compromising with Wife.—Young Hopkins had become a happy benedick and his father thought it advisable to administer to him a curtain-lecture on how to make marriage a success.

"When you have any differences of opinion," he began, "if you are not able to persuade your wife that you are right—and you probably will not be able to do so—you must compromise."

"Yes, father," replied the son, most respectfully.

"And in this connection I will give you a little experience of my own just to illustrate my point. Well do I remember that your mother desired to spend one summer in Switzerland, while I was equally anxious to go to Brighton."

"And how did you arrange a compromise, father?"

"Well, we stayed from Friday to Monday at Brighton and spent the rest of the summer in Switzerland."—*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.*

Efficiency.—"Bridget, why have you put the fly-paper out on the grass?"

"They ain't no more flies to ketch in the house, mum."—*New York World.*

A la Mode.—Diana—"I hope when you marry, Aubrey, it'll be a love-match."

Blasé Brother—"My dear Di, of course it will—with a very wealthy girl."—*Judge.*

Hopeful.—New Parson—"Well, I'm glad to hear you come to church twice every Sunday."

Tommy—"Yes, I'm not old enough to stay away yet."—*London Opinion.*

Neutral Question.—High—"There's Fred Scads over there. He made a million in the Street last year."

Lowe—"Honestly?"

High—"I don't know, but he made it."—*The Lamb.*

Honor Among Thieves?—First Crook—"Is there much competition in this town in our line?"

Second Crook—"No—there's only six crooks here! And three of them are handicapped by police jobs!"—*Puck.*

The Pleasing Chap.

"Why do you turn, O summer girl,
The end of the novel to see?"
"Why, don't you know," she gently said,
"It's the last chap pleases me?"
—*Newark Star.*

A Bit Slow.—"How are the incubators getting along?" asked a friend of his neighbor who had recently bought some.

"Why, all right, I suppose; but altho I have had them for two weeks now, not one of the four has laid an egg yet."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Ecclesiastical Dues Enforced.—"I can na' get ower it," a Scottish farmer remarked to his wife. "I put a twa-shillin' piece in the plate at the kirk this morning instead o' ma usual penny."

The beadle had noticed the mistake, and in silence he allowed the farmer to miss the plate for twenty-three consecutive Sundays.

On the twenty-fourth Sunday the farmer again ignored the plate, but the old beadle stretched the ladle in front of him and, in a loud, tragic whisper, hoarsely said:

"Your time's up noo, Sandy."—*Chicago News.*

Merely Incidental.—An aged negro was crossing-tender at a spot where an express train made quick work of a buggy and its occupants. Naturally he was the chief witness, and the entire case hinged upon the energy with which he had displayed his warning signal.

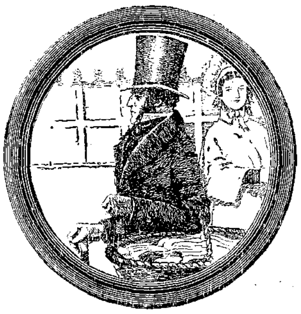
A gruelling cross-examination left Rastus unshaken in this story: The night was dark, and he had waved his lantern frantically, but the driver of the carriage paid no attention to it.

Later, the division superintendent called the flagman to his office to compliment him on the stedfastness with which he stuck to his story.

"You did wonderfully, Rastus," he said. "I was afraid at first you might waver in your testimony."

"Nossir, nossir," Rastus exclaimed, "but I done feared ev'ry minute that 'ere durn lawyer was gwine ter ask me if mah lantern was lit."—*Puck.*

Our Mr. Downs



If you had lived in New Haven, Conn., back in the early forties, you would have seen Mr. Downs quite often.

He used to go from one store to another with a basket on his arm.

If you had looked into the basket, as he argued with the skeptical storekeeper, you would have been astonished to see queer shoes, made of a strange new material. It was rubber.

Mr. Downs was the first salesman employed by the first firm ever licensed to make rubber goods—a firm founded in 1842.

Today, 6500 Mr. Downses are required to sell the enormous volume of footwear developed by the United States Rubber Company during the last 74 years.

There are 47 great companies which are the producing units of the United States Rubber Company, *the largest rubber manufacturer in the world.*

In the early days, rubber shoes were crude and few. They were an oddity, suspected by the public and only accepted by the doubting retail dealers for sale on a commission basis.

How time has changed all this!

The world has learned to look on rubber footwear as a blessing. You see it on the streets, in homes, playgrounds, industries, camps and wilderness. You find it in every shoe store.

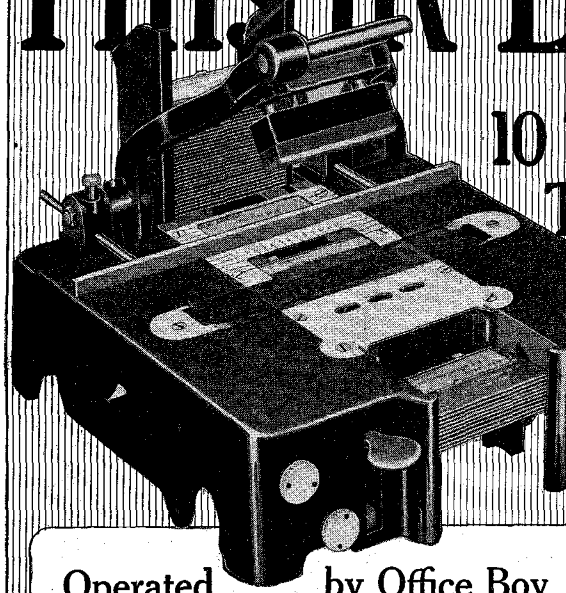
Over sixty million pairs of rubber boots, shoes, overshoes and canvas shoes with rubber soles were produced in the factories of the United States Rubber Company in the last twelve months—enough to shoe half the people in this vast country.

Yet the production of footwear is only one of the activities of the United States Rubber Company.

On an equally tremendous scale it makes *raincoats*, *tires*, *druggist sundries*, *hose*, *belting*, *packing*, *and all rubber goods for mechanical uses.*

The output of the United States Rubber Company, though huge, is balanced. Its prosperity does not depend on any one product. And thus the full and continued degree of service rendered by this great organization to the public is assured.

United States Rubber Company



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10 Times Faster Than Typewriter

$37.50 and up

Operated by Office Boy

TEN high salaried typists cannot equal the speed—or secure as uniform "matches" in filling in letters as can your office boy with a Hand Addressograph. This simple machine also addresses envelopes and circulars—heads up statements and ledger sheets—imprints pay forms, shipping tags and labels, and the like, 100% accurate.

EXCELLENT WORK

"OUR Hand Addressograph most successfully fills in names and addresses—and makes excellent 'matches' to actual typewritten letters or duplicating machine letters. It saves endless time and needless expense and never makes mistakes" —writes the Dutchess Manufacturing Co., Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

TEN DAYS' TRIAL—NO COST

YOU can install it as easily as pen and ink—it's far easier to use. Let our salesman carry a Hand Addressograph right to your desk and give you a 2-minute demonstration. Or we shall gladly send you one on 10 days' trial.

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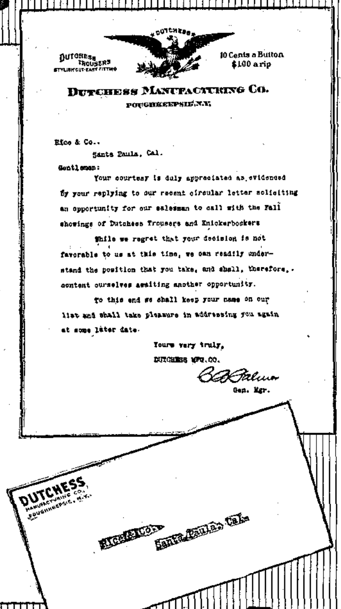


Dutchess Trousers
Stylish Cut-Easy Fitting

Dutchess

10 Cents a Button
$1.00 a rip

DUTCHESS MANUFACTURING CO.
POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y.

Rice & Co.,
Santa Paula, Cal.

Gentlemen:

Your courtesy is duly appreciated as evidenced by your replying to our recent circular letter soliciting an opportunity for our salesman to call with the Fall showings of Dutchess Trousers and Knickerbockers

While we regret that your decision is not favorable to us at this time, we can readily understand the position that you take, and shall, therefore, content ourselves awaiting another opportunity.

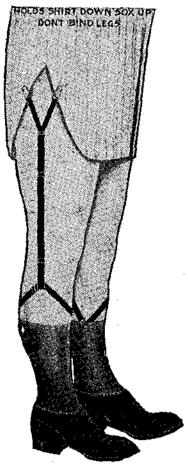
To this end we shall keep your name on our list and shall take pleasure in addressing you again at some later date.

Yours very truly,
DUTCHESS MFG. CO.
C.A. Palmer
Gen. Mgr.

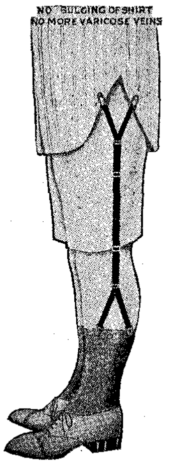
DUTCHESS
MANUFACTURING CO.
POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y.

Rice & Co. Santa Paula, Cal.

Addressograph
TRADE MARK
PRINTS FROM TYPE


HOLDS SHIRT DOWN SOX UP
DONT BIND LEGS

Style A



Style B

Two Ways to Secure Summer Comfort

Two different styles, both the genuine Shir Gar, give you summer comfort and garter satisfaction.

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By attaching to the shirt, holds it down—smoothly and neatly. No mussy bulging.

By relieving the pressure around the leg, it removes the cause of swollen muscles and varicose veins.

Get your pair today?—50c at dealers, or by mail if he can't supply you. Specify style. Manufactured exclusively by

SHIRT GARTER CO.
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CURRENT EVENTS

THE EUROPEAN WAR

WESTERN FRONT

August 10.—In an air-raid on the railways and batteries held by Germans in France, Allied fliers drop 413 bombs, doing, Paris says, considerable damage.

A fourth contingent of Russian troops is landed at Brest, in France, for service on the Western front.

August 12.—French troops penetrate the German third line to a depth of nearly two-thirds of a mile between Hardecourt and Buscourt. Maurepas is partially recovered from the Teuton forces, together with 1,000 prisoners.

August 13.—Third-line German trenches from Hardecourt to the Somme are taken by the French after terrific bombardment.

Along the Somme the French make a gain of about 400 yards on a front a mile long. Trenches are taken from the Teutons in the direction of Martinpuich.

August 14.—The British suffer a slight reversal of fortune near Pozières, where the Teutons retake some of the trenches recently lost. On the left of the Fay-Deniecourt road the French take several trenches, according to word from Paris, which also states that Reims has been again bombarded by a German aeroplane.

August 16.—Another Allied gain of a third of a mile along a three-mile front is reported from the Somme district. The occupation of Maurepas, where the French have a foothold, is assured, and the advancing army is brought nearer to Combles and Berny. South of Belloy-en-Santerre, the French take three-quarters of a mile of trenches with a number of prisoners.

EASTERN FRONT

August 10.—General Lechitzky with his forces comes within six miles of Stanislau, while the drive northwest of this point is three miles away, and twenty from Halicz, a Lemberg defense. The Zlota Lipa River is crossed at its junction with the Dniester.

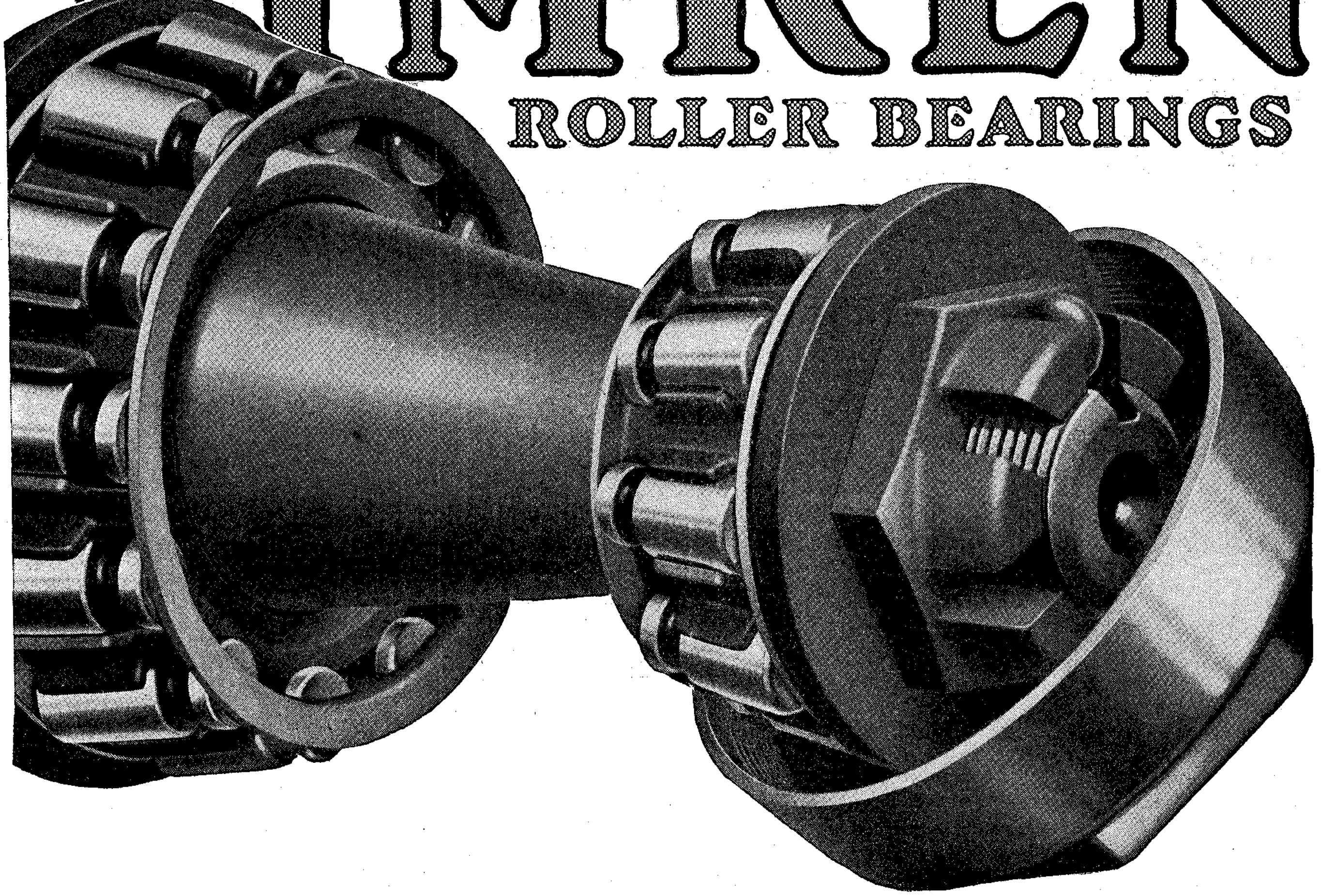
August 11.—Belated dispatches from Petrograd announce that the Russians took Stanislau on August 10, after terrific fighting, and that the Austrians are in retreat toward Halicz. In the Sereth region, a success is reported in the shape of the capture of Monasterzyska, with 5,000 prisoners. Near the confluence of the Zlota Lipa, recently forded by the Russians, the villages Ustiezelone and Mindigorie are taken from the Teutons.

August 12.—The Russians occupy the entire region of Austrian winter positions before Tarnopol and Buczacz and the line of the River Stripa. The capture of Gliadki, Cebrof, Czena, Vorobievsk, Pokropivna, and Kosloff is reported. In the central offensive, the Russians cross the River Koropice and take Slobudkagurna and Folvarki. Several villages south of Stanislau are announced as taken, while to the north, according to Petrograd, the Hindenburg offensive is stopt.

August 13.—London reports General Bothmer in retreat along a line running through Zlochow, Pomorzany, and Brazany to Halicz. The Russians complete

TIMKEN

ROLLER BEARINGS



What's *Under* the Hub Cap?

Any good anti-friction bearing can give satisfactory service at certain points in a motor car, but a vital question to the car owner is—*What's Under the Hub Cap?*

There is a vast difference between the tests that bearings have to meet on the fan shaft of a motor or the stem gear of the transmission and those which they *must meet* in the hubs of the wheels.

Under the hub caps, the bearings in your car fight the forces of weight from above and pressure from the side. Resilient springs and deep upholstery cushion the road shocks for the occupants of the car, but the bearings in the wheels must take them for hours without relief. Every cobblestone, rut and car track delivers its blow with the force of a sledge hammer.

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Some bearings can.

Timken Bearings do—

And the proof of that statement lies in the fact that one hundred and fifty-nine makers of motor cars—pleasure and commercial—put Timken Bearings under their hub caps.

Long before the first motor car was built Timken Bearings were used in the hubs of heavy horse-drawn vehicles, and they made good because the basic principles of their design (which have never been changed) enabled them to resist the forces that caused other bearings to wear out.

Timken Bearings have proven their ability to stand the punishment no wheel bearings can escape. But there are still other places where good bearings are equally essential — fully as important. On the pinion shaft and at the differential where gears must be held in perfect mesh and shafts in true alignment—in the transmission through which full power must come to the rear axle. Here, too, you need Timken Bearings.

Send for booklet C-3, "The Companies Timken Keeps." Know what cars use Timken Bearings—where they are and how many they have. You may have this book free, together with another book on the "Care and Character of Bearings" which will give you even a better understanding of the question, "What's Under the Hub Cap?"

There are many sizes of Timken Bearings—but only one quality.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO.
Canton, Ohio

the crossing of the Stripa and Koropice, and establish themselves on the west banks. General Lechitzky takes Madvorna, while Mariampol, on the Dniester, and Podgaicy, on the other side of Halicz, also fall to the invaders.

August 14.—Southeast of Lemberg, the Russians take Tustobaby, while general advances are reported in the Sereth sector. Berlin asserts that the invaders have been repulsed at Kovel, where affairs appear to be at a deadlock.

August 15.—The advancing Russians take Jablonitza, at the pass of the same name into the Karpathians. Further north, the advance continues the crossing of the Zlota Lipa and the Bystritza-Solotvina, and at the same time General Sakharoff cuts the Lemberg-Tarnopol railway at another point, near Zborow.

August 16.—In the Karpathians, the Russians capture Vorokhta and Ardzemoy, and drive the Austrians westward into the foothills. About 358,000 prisoners have been taken in two months.

THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN

August 10.—Advancing toward Trieste, the Italian troops under the Duke of Aosta win several victories, including the capture of Boschini and the penetration of trenches northeast of Monte San Michele and near San Martino. Vienna admits losing Göritz.

August 11.— The Italian drive toward Trieste progresses with the capture of the entire Doberdo Plateau, according to a dispatch from Rome. The capture of San Martino del Casso, reported from the Quirinal, puts the offensive within twenty miles of the Austrian port. Rubbia, on the Monfalcone-Göritz railway, is also taken, and the Italians reach the Vallone River. Rome is said to have taken 15,000 prisoners since the fall of Göritz.

August 12. — General Cadorna's troops cross the Vallone and take Oppacchiesella from the retreating Austrians. They also take a stand on the western slope of Monte Nadlogem, part of the Carso Plateau. The army is now six miles south of Göritz.

August 15.—The Italian advance in the Isonzo campaign reaches the suburbs of Tolmino, which are razed by shelling. The offensive is now thirteen miles from Trieste. Part of the Austrian fleet is reported to have sailed from Trieste, destination unknown.

August 16.—The German General Staff organizes a force to aid in the defense of Trieste, according to Rome. The force is said to be on the way to the Austrian port. The Italians continue to go ahead on two sides of Göritz, taking trenches on Monte Pechinka, and also near San Caterina and San Marco, to the east of Göritz.

CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE TURKS

August 10.—In the Caucasus the Turks report having gained enemy positions dominating Bitlis. In Persia the Russians are reported in retreat toward Kenkaver and Hamadan.

August 13.—British troops are again defeated in Mesopotamia, according to a dispatch from Constantinople. The Porte states that the British were repulsed near Massirieh with considerable losses after two hours' fighting.

August 14.—Turkey reports continued success in driving the Russians from Essadodabad to Hamadan, clearing the latter plain on August 11. In one battle 1,000 are reported killed or wounded, and the final outcome of the campaign is asserted to have been the complete repulse of the Czar's forces.

GENERAL

August 10.—A delayed report from Rome states that a week ago Italian light cruisers shelled Durazzo, which is held by the Austrians. The harbor was entered and an enemy steamer torpedoed.

August 11.—Paris announces the start of a Balkan drive on the part of Allied troops as the final link in the general Allied offensive. Doiran, on the southeastern border of Servia, is captured, and the combined forces of Austrians and Bulgars driven back.

Stockholm receives official Russian notice that the commanders of the Russian submarines who tried to torpedo two German ships in Swedish waters have been removed and punished. Petrograd expresses regret and a firm intention to support and respect Swedish neutrality.

August 12.—Another air-raid on Dover is reported from British sources. Two seaplanes are said to have dropt a few bombs, doing practically no damage.

August 13.—London reports that, following conferences in progress between Austrian and German authorities, the freedom of Poland and its constitution as an independent State is expected to be proclaimed within a few days.

In German East Africa the Belgians occupy Karema, fifty miles north of Kirando as, with the British, they push the German forces along the way toward Tabora.

August 15—Three hundred are drowned as the Italian dreadnought *Leonardo da Vinci* catches fire and later blows up in the harbor of Taranto, according to a dispatch from Paris. It is believed that the vessel, which capsized, can be floated and repaired.

August 17.—General Ruzsky, formerly in command of the northern Russian army until January, 1916, is reappointed commander-in-chief of the northern army. General Ruzsky was credited with the charge of the operations which culminated in the fall of Lemberg earlier in the war.

GENERAL FOREIGN

August 12.—The Government of Colombia asks the Swiss Government to send it three competent Swiss officers to superintend the reorganization of the Colombian Army on Swiss principles.

August 14.—Chinese troops attack the Japanese garrison at Cheng-chiatun, between Mukden and Chaoyangfu, killing several. The barracks is reported by Tokyo as besieged.

The Lower House of the Rigsdag votes in favor of selling the Danish West Indies to the United States if the plebiscite held in the islands favors the sale. It is said throughout Denmark that the Upper House may reject the treaty.

DOMESTIC

WASHINGTON

August 12.—President Wilson orders 25,000 more State militiamen to the Mexican border. The militia of Kentucky, Ohio, and Vermont are the principa ones sent. No official reason is given for the move, but it is widely believed that it is for the purpose of impressing the Mexican-American Commission about to meet to discuss the Carranza-Villa situation.

August 14.—Justice Louis D. Brandeis declines to serve on the Mexican Commission on the plea of press of Supreme Court duties.

August 15.—The House passes the Naval Bill, calling for three-year construction plan and entailing an expenditure of $488,000,000. The vote was 283 to 51.

GENERAL

August 11.—The National Woman's Party, in session at Colorado Springs, decides to combine all efforts in the twelve suffrage States to defeat the Democratic Administration because of the latter's failure to pass the national amendment enfranchising women.

Dr. John B. Murphy, of Chicago, one of the world's most renowned surgeons, dies of heart-disease at Mackinac Island, Mich.

August 14.—Railway employees, about to strike, reject the peace-plans proposed by the managers, but agree to submit the case to President Wilson for mediation. If negotiations fail, the general opinion is that the country will suffer an unprecedented tie-up, with possible famine for the cities.

Preference.—Being single and his mother and sisters being well provided for by the business, a patriotic Scottish grocer decided to enlist, leaving his assistant, one Mackay, in charge. But a few months later the master was dumfounded to meet his late assistant, attired in khaki, "somewhere in France."

"Hie mon," he said, angrily, "did I no' tell ye tae stay at hame in chairge o' ma shop?"

"So I thocht at the time, maister," replied Mackay, "but I sune fun' oot it wisna only the shop I was in chairge o', but a' yer womenfolk. 'Man,' ses I tae maself, 'gin ye've got to fecht gang an' fecht some one ye can hit!' So I jined."
—*Tit-Bits.*

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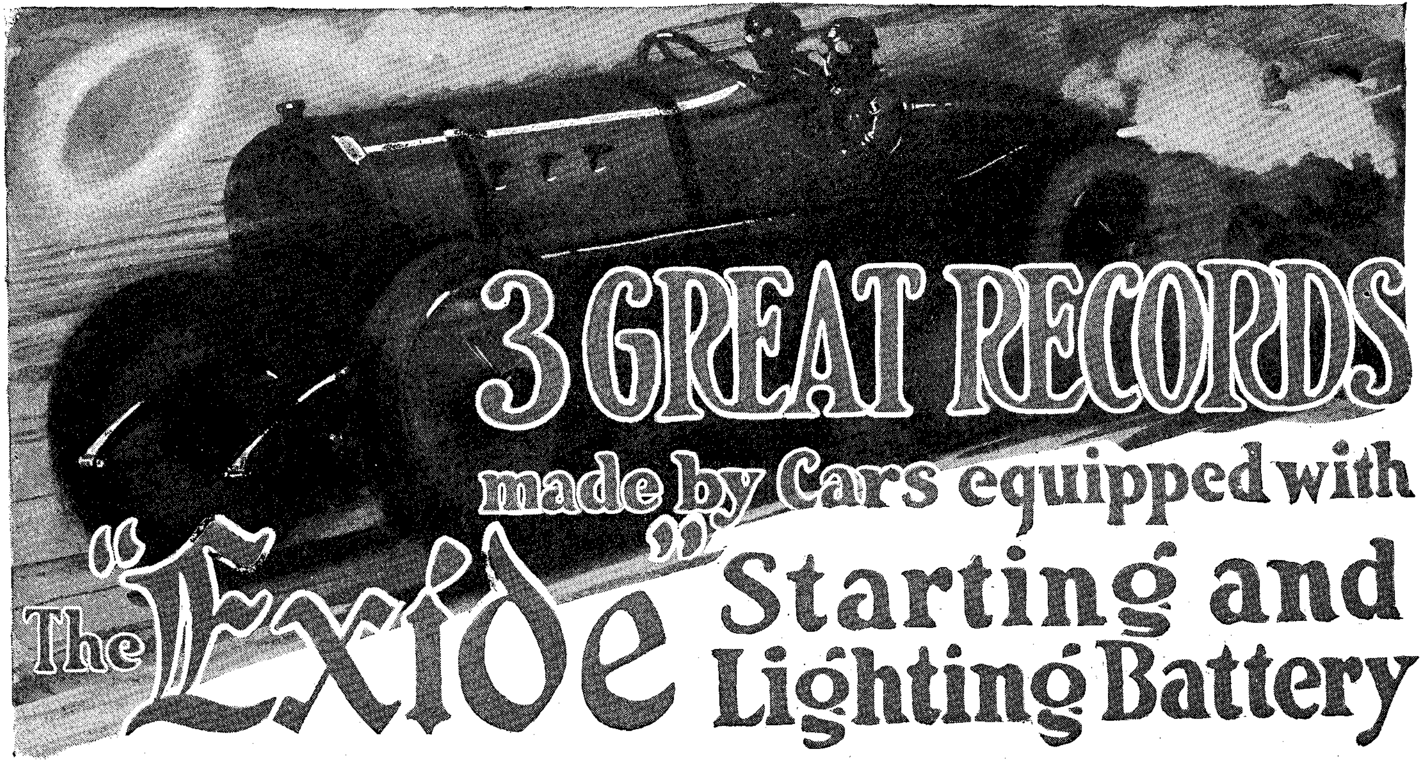
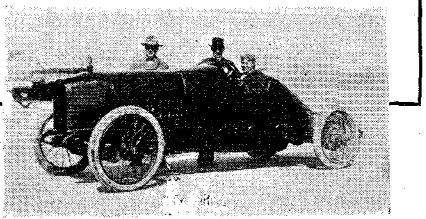

3 GREAT RECORDS
made by Cars equipped with
The "Exide" Starting and Lighting Battery

The three statements printed below—two from the Hudson Motor Car Company and one concerning a Cadillac Roadster—require little comment. They witness with cold, hard facts the persistent dependability of the "Exide" Starting and Lighting Battery even under the most terrific service.

HUDSON
Fastest Stock Chassis Mile

"Needless to say, we feel that the "Exide" Battery is, to a certain extent, responsible for our success in the 24-hour world's record. You will be interested to know that the battery which is in this stock chassis has been at Daytona, where it made 102.53 miles an hour. I believe that this is about as fast as an "Exide" Battery has ever traveled before and I am sure that 1,819 miles in 24 hours is as far as any battery has traveled in that time. We have had no trouble with it whatever, and this is really marvelous when you stop to think of how a man would have been laughed at, three or four years ago, if he undertook to put such an unreliable thing as a storage battery on a car in which he intended to set out for a long-distance speed record. The progress made in the last few years by storage-battery manufacturers has unquestionably resulted in their putting their product in a class where it is just as reliable as any other part of an automobile. In our opinion the "Exide" Company stands foremost in this respect."

HUDSON MOTOR CAR CO.
(Signed) E. V. Rippingille
May 20th, 1916 Assistant Sales Manager



CADILLAC
Trans-Continental Dash

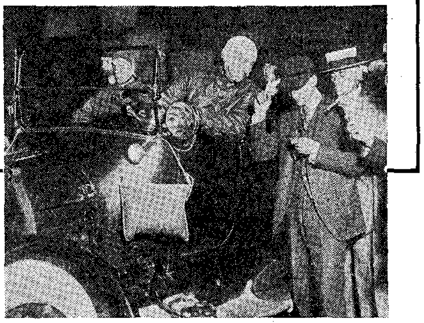
New York City and Los Angeles were brought three days, nineteen hours and twenty-three minutes *nearer by automobile.* E. G. Baker completed the cross-continent run in seven days, eleven hours and fifty-two minutes. The distance covered was 3,471 miles.

Baker said of the trip:

"Our best day's run was 567 miles. We would have averaged over 500 miles a day if it had not been for the bad roads we struck in Missouri. It took us eighteen hours to drive about 300 miles, and it was rain and mud all the way. It took two hours to do ten miles, and at one place I pulled out into the field around five autos stuck in the road.

"The engine didn't miss a shot, not even a spark plug needed cleaning. We never lifted the hood, except for oil, and once to adjust the carburetor."

The "Exide" Battery with which the car was equipped gave perfect service throughout the trip. The service demanded of the battery was unusually severe, due to the fact that a great part of the distance was covered at night, and, consequently, that the electric lights were used so many hours.



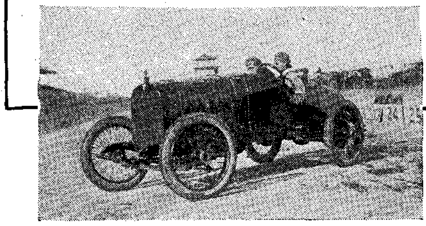
HUDSON
World's 24-Hour Record

"I am sending you a cut of Ira Vail in his Super-Six which gave such a splendid account of itself in the Metropolitan Trophy Race, in New York. I am sure you will be interested in having this picture because Vail carries an "Exide" Battery with him, just as we have done in all our record-breaking stunts. To my knowledge, there has never been a magneto fitted to a Super-Six on the track. Therefore, a part of the credit for their excellent performance so far is undoubtedly due to the Delco System and the "Exide" Battery we use.

"Perhaps I can say nothing stronger in regard to the battery than that we have disregarded it at all times as being a possible source of trouble. Let alone, and given a little water occasionally, and we have never worried about the battery on our cars at Sheepshead Bay, Daytona, or on other tracks where we have made records. We must certainly credit to the genius of the electrical engineers of the last decade the fact that the storage battery is now sufficiently reliable to be taken into a 24-hour endurance run or entered in a racing contest in company with some of the most expensive and fastest cars of the day.

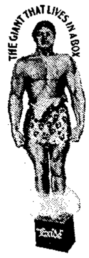
"All the Super-Sixes on the track have self-starters, which make them unique as racing cars. It is also unique inasmuch as I believe this is the first time a storage battery has ever been regarded as reliable equipment for track-racing work."

HUDSON MOTOR CAR CO.
(Signed) E. V. Rippingille
June 27th, 1916 Assistant Sales Manager



Each one of these events established a startling record and marked an altogether new epoch in the history of automobile racing and driving.

The "Exide" Batteries with which all three cars were equipped furnished current for operating the starters and in connection with the generator system also furnished current for ignition.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INVESTMENTS - AND - FINANCE

AMERICAN BUSINESS AFTER TWO YEARS OF THE WAR

When the business historian casts up the income account of the United States for the two-year period following the outbreak of the world's greatest war, remarks a writer in *The Annalist* (New York), "he will have to leave much white space on the right; but on the left side, where the gains are set down, it will be a closely written sheet." And these, he says, are some of the things that will make it so:

> "An adverse trade balance turned into a favorable balance, despite the expansion of imports to record figures.
>
> "The volume of home trade swelled proportionately as much as, or more than, our foreign trade.
>
> "A flood of gold from abroad, where normally there is an export balance against us, tho we have taken back American securities formerly placed in Europe and made loans to foreign powers to an aggregate of perhaps $3,000,000,000—the beginning of an evolution from a debtor to a creditor nation.
>
> "Banking resources so vastly increased as to leave a safe margin against any emergency which might develop after all of the extraordinary demands attending record business volume have been satisfied.
>
> "Industrial depression changed to activity unparalleled, and manufacturers still unable to meet the tremendous demand.
>
> "The state of employment reversed—from a serious problem in unemployment to an acute labor shortage, with jobs enough for all and to spare.
>
> "High prices, largely compensated from the workman's point of view by high wages, and resultant large profits.
>
> "Commercial mortality at a low ebb and tending still lower.
>
> "Mining booming as it never did before.
>
> "Rural communities enriched by high prices for big crops, save only where King Cotton holds sway, and prosperity at last established even there.
>
> "Fat instead of lean for those interested in investment and speculation.
>
> "Railroad earnings attaining new peaks with the passing of each month.
>
> "The birth of new industries, producing industrial essentials at home and insuring economic independence.
>
> "The extension of American banking to foreign fields in which we were not represented before the war.
>
> "A revival of American shipping, with the prospect of a real American merchant marine once more."

In other words, this period has ushered the United States across the threshold of a new era—"an era of world-wide opportunity and commercial power." Moreover, he points out, "even those conditions resulting from the war which are generally considered unfavorable have a brighter side." Thus:

> "Just at present the shortage of labor is embarrassing industry; but that is an embarrassment much easier to endure than the one which attends the finding of jobs for a horde of idle labor. So, if the check which has been administered to immigration has aggravated the labor shortage, it has also been a prime factor in solving the serious unemployment problem which confronted us before the war broke out and which became acute shortly thereafter, and might still be with us if the flow of immigration had not been arrested. And if the war has been accompanied by an unprecedented rise in prices, with consequent suffering for some, to others it has spelled big profits, and on the whole the country is undoubtedly the wealthier for it.
>
> "But, besides the improvement which can be gaged from the study of rows of figures placed side by side, the two war-years have been marked by progress which can not be treated statistically at all, but which, nevertheless, is fully as important as those things which can. Outstanding among such events were the achievements of far-seeing American bankers who have, by the establishment of branches in foreign countries, opened the way to new fields for American business. Trade with South America, with Russia, and with other countries, which are classed as "economically undeveloped," had long been hampered by the lack of American banking representation there, with all the facilities to commerce which such representation carries. Now we have those facilities, they are steadily expanding. With their expansion American interest in foreign trade has reawakened. We are no longer provincial. The United States has become, temporarily, perhaps, the world's banker, and at the same time the world's chief provider and its greatest market-place. And its position as such is becoming more firmly established all the time. That is one of the great achievements of the last two years."

THE CROPS AND BUSINESS

Little surprize was felt in financial circles at the Government's report of the crops, according to *The Financial World* (New York), for they were more than half prepared to learn of the damage caused by the prolonged hot spell. Not since 1911, as the Government estimate shows, have we had so small a winter- and spring-wheat crop, the total of which is placed at 654,000,000 bushels, a shrinkage within a month of 105,000,000, and a decrease from a year ago of 358,000,000. The outcome of the corn crop is more favorable, and is estimated at 2,777,000,000 bushels, compared to 2,866,000,000 bushels on July 1, and 2,918,000,000 bushels a year ago, and this authority comments on these figures as follows:

> "Roughly speaking, the shrinkage in crops reported means to the farmer a visible loss of about $500,000,000, based upon current prices for wheat, and on corn of about $150,000,000. Therefore, the aggregate loss to the farmer, when figured in dollars and cents, and when uniformly distributed, will cause no material financial injury, since the annual wealth the fields return to the farmer is placed around $9,000,000,000 to $10,000,000,000. We are prone to fall into the habit of basing our calculations of the harvest upon the unusual bumper crops we have been favored with during the past few years. As it is, this year's harvest will not fall below the average of normal years.
>
> "As a market factor the crop report fell flat. There was a time, not far back, either, when the market blew hot or cold in accordance with the state of mind that the crop report influenced. Poor crops meant or were taken as an unfailing sign of pending depression in business, for it was figured that it meant less freight for the railroads, that the farmers were badly hurt and would not have as much money to spend

on machinery, household supplies, and clothing, and that their financial requirements would place a drain upon the money market. No such fears are entertained this year; there is no reason for it, as the farmer will enjoy the prosperity that comes with a normal year, will get better prices for his crops, and will not have any stocks left to carry over into another year.

"Our industrial prosperity and the necessities of the European countries have swelled our exports of manufactured goods to a point where they make up the shrinkage in our crops. Consequently, the let-up in a bumper harvest, while it hurts to some extent, does not bring any such injury as to occasion any concern about the continuation of the prosperity throughout the country which is now so generally shared."

With reference to the weather, "always the dominant factor" in the crop situation, a writer in *The Annalist* (New York) notes that all during the growing season it was of the "most widely differing character," and he tells us that:

"Continued precipitation was, in some sections, succeeded by prolonged droughts, while, on the other hand, lengthy spells of dryness were followed by continued rainfall that shows no sign of letting up. In general, wet years are those of large harvests, but to a large extent, especially in the great grain-growing sections, precipitation came at the wrong time, that is, early in the spring, when it hindered planting and materially reduced that intended increase in acreage which always follows hard upon a season of high prices for grain. Equally damaging was the long drought, accompanied by fierce heat, which prevailed so unbrokenly in July in most of the Southwest, West, and Central West.

"Of all the great agricultural staples, winter wheat has alone exceeded its earlier promise. The total yield will be a fairly good one, with well-filled heads and large berries of most excellent quality, for harvesting was done under generally favorable conditions.

"With spring wheat, however, it was the old story of one misfortune after another. A continued wet fall, that prevented much of the necessary plowing, was succeeded by a wet, cold spring, with constant rainfall, alternating later on with periods of fierce, torrid heat. It is small wonder, therefore, that blackrust and blight combined to reduce the prospective yield to one of the smallest for many years. Such comfort as may be extracted from the wheat situation is to be found in the large surplus carried over from last year and the prevailing high prices which show no signs of weakening, and which are always a stimulus to business in grain-raising sections."

The wheat production of the world is apparently smaller than last year, while the demand remains "insistent and apparently unappeasable," according to this informant, who points out that:

"There is, moreover, a vital distinction in the relation of the high prices of wheat and other grains, both to commercial and agricultural situations, for it all depends as to the extent that they are either feed or money crops. Wheat is distinctly and almost entirely a source of cash revenue to the farmer. Even more so is this true of flax, and to a lesser extent of barley and rye, while corn and oats are distinctly feed crops, the greater proportion of them being used directly on the farm. High prices, therefore, in these two latter great staples are often as much of a misfortune as an advantage, since the market prices of corn and oats have but little direct interest to the farmer who feeds them to his live stock, and, on the other hand, such high prices are a calamity to the farmer whose yield of

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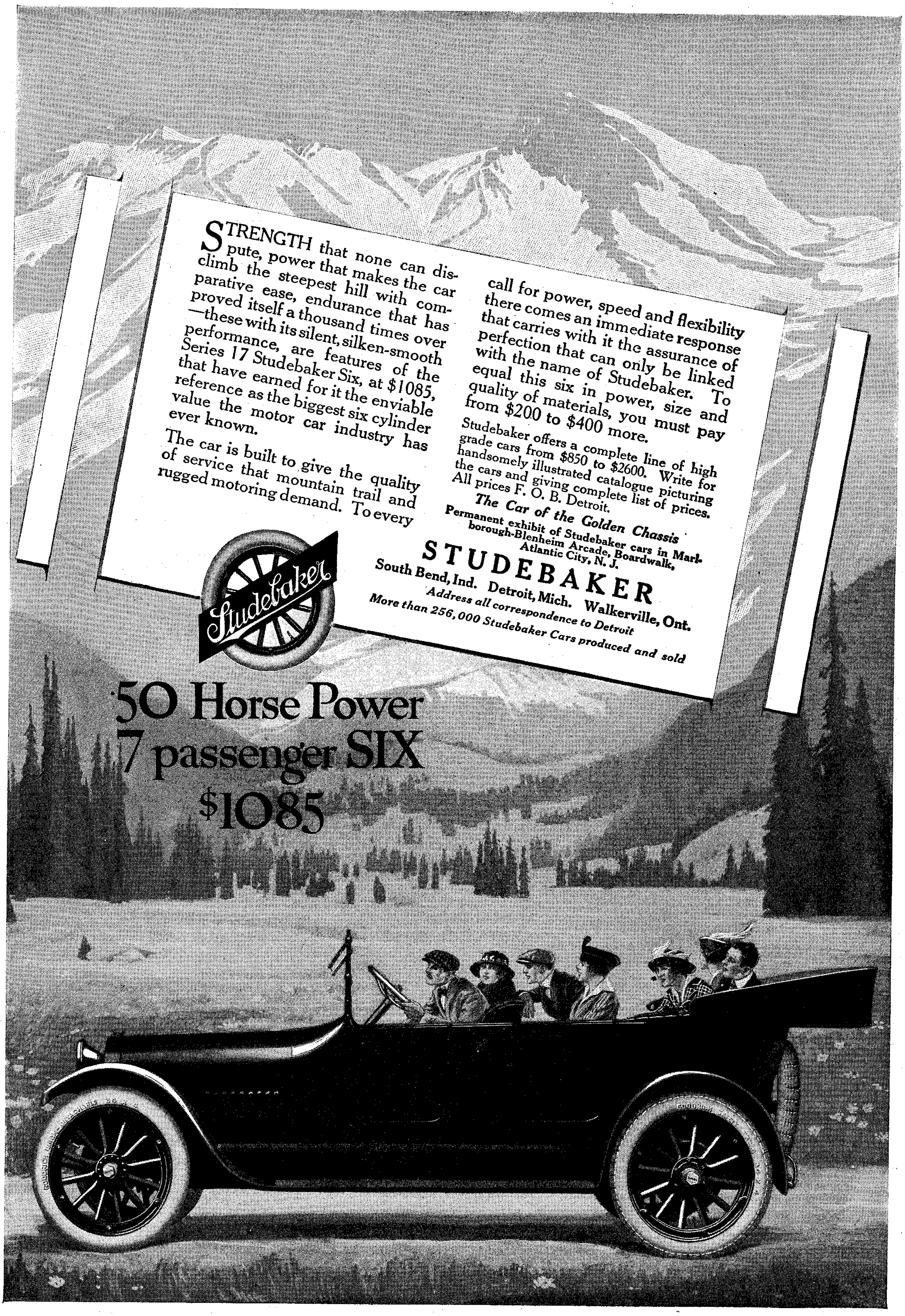

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these staples was short and who has to buy them for his cattle, horses, and hogs. The redeeming feature of the situation is that barley, rye, and flax all promise rather more than the average yield, and to this must be added the high condition and large acreage of rice (entirely a money crop) in Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, and California. The steadily growing production of rice in the Sacramento Valley is a high tribute to the extraordinary intelligence and enterprise of the people of California, who are fast making their State the most highly diversified agricultural country, for its area, in all the world. Another saving grace is the large yield of hay of all descriptions, both tame and wild, also alfalfa and all the various forms of clover. This means cheap and abundant food for live stock, which, in turn, tends to lower the prices of meat to the consumer.

"In the semiarid regions of the Great Plains States—Kansas, Oklahoma, eastern Colorado, and northern Texas—there is a fairly good yield of non-saccharine sorghum forage-crops, millo, feterita, Kafir and Sudan grass. This, too, despite the long-continued drought in these sections, for even such untoward conditions appear to be more to the liking of these drought-resisting plants than the excessive rainfall of last season. Sudan grass, in especial, seems to have the camel distanced in its capacity for going without water."

Furthermore, we are told, there is a large crop of peanuts, not only in Virginia, North Carolina, and Alabama, where they are always grown, but also in Oklahoma and Texas, where, to an extent, they are a new venture. In Texas half a million acres were planted with the peanut, which is described as "a many-sided proposition," for its leaves, branches, and cake serve as food for live stock, its oil as a condiment for salads, the nuts as food for human beings, and the roots inoculate the soil with needed nitrogen. Turning then to the damage wrought to the all-important corn-crop in July by heat and drought, the writer observes:

"This great cereal has had a parlous time from the beginning when a continuous cold, wet spring prevented the contemplated large acreage. Much corn was consequently late-planted, especially in the great corn-growing States north of the Ohio River and the 36th parallel of latitude. Consequently it was in no condition to withstand the blazing sun of July, for if it be not high enough to shade the ground when that critical time arrives, it is up against a strenuous fight for its very existence. It also has a limited span of life, varying in length according to latitude, decreasing progressively from south to north, so that if ever it gets far behind in its growth it has no chance of ever catching up. It has likewise two critical periods in its history—its condition at the end of June and the nature of the weather at the period of tasseling. This year both of these factors went wrong, so that there is much corn north of the Ohio River and of the northern lines of Arkansas and Oklahoma that will mature only with the most favorable weather. Fortunately, the increasing number of silos throughout the country render such corn available as ensilage for live-stock food throughout the winter. Meanwhile the damage done by heat and drought has been severe in a wide-extended section, comprising much of Oklahoma, most of Kansas, the larger part of Missouri, the southern portion of Iowa, parts of South Dakota and Nebraska, central and southern Illinois, southern Indiana, northern Arkansas, southern Texas, northern Mississippi, western Tennessee, and Kentucky. In all the sections named, however, there are many local exceptions to this statement in the shape of numerous, tho scattered, rains that have greatly relieved the situation wherever they fell. The greatest damage is in Oklahoma, Kansas, and Missouri, where the hurt done ranges from 25 to 40 per cent. The outlook at present is for a total yield of about the average for the last ten years.

"Of the various agricultural products that are so important locally and that help to swell the total annual creation of new wealth, the story is one of general encouragement. There will be plenty of Irish and sweet potatoes, sugar-cane, sugar-beets, beans, apples, citrus fruits, nuts, and untold quantities of vegetables of all kinds, and of cantaloups and watermelons. The raising of these last two items is largely centered in certain localities, where they are large sources of revenue to the inhabitants, and the total sales run into many millions of dollars. The Imperial Valley of California shipped ten thousand car-loads of cantaloups this summer, while the output of watermelons in Florida, Georgia, and Missouri runs into many thousand car-loads."

Taking up the question of the cotton-crop, the writer tells us that the prospect for a large one is not encouraging, despite an increase in acreage of about 12 per cent. over last year, and he explains:

"It suffers in general from extreme dryness west of the Mississippi River and too much rain east of that stream. In the South Atlantic States, in some sections, fields are overrun with grass and weeds. Boll-weevil damage is likewise serious in several States east of the Mississippi. It suffered severe and wide-spread damage from Virginia to Florida, and in Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, from the tropical storms in July. Its future is purely a question of weather during August and September. A favorable season from now on will put a new face on the situation, while a continuation of unfavorable weather will still further reduce the present estimate of yield.

"The general story of live stock is that of slowly increasing numbers at high and remunerative prices to the farmers, altho the great grazing ranges of the West and the pastures in many of the Great Plains States are much in need of rain. The surest foundations for the future and for a possible reduction in the price of meat to the consumer are: the ceaseless campaign waged by the Department of Agriculture and the State universities against hog-cholera, the foot-and-mouth, and other diseases; the increasing raising of cattle, hogs, and sheep on small farms as necessary adjuncts to successful agriculture, and the filling up of the South with high-grade, pure-bred cattle as the Texas cattle-tick is gradually exterminated.

"The lumber interest is doing well, as a whole, tho dull in spots, and is the best index of that activity in building which is so far-reaching in its effects, and so vital in its importance to the commercial world.

"Mines and quarries are running full, save where strikes prevail, more particularly in coal-mines. The zinc- and lead-mines of the Southwest show decreased outputs because of lower prices for their products.

"Railroad-shops are busy, and the large business now done in getting out railroad-ties in southeastern Missouri and western Kentucky is a straw indicative of wide-spread railroad activity.

"Oil and gas industries flourish despite the declining prices of crude oil.

"The sheep-raising districts of the Southwest and Northwest rejoice over a large wool-clip at high prices.

"The industrial tide is at flood, with factories full of orders and high prices prevailing for most products. The general

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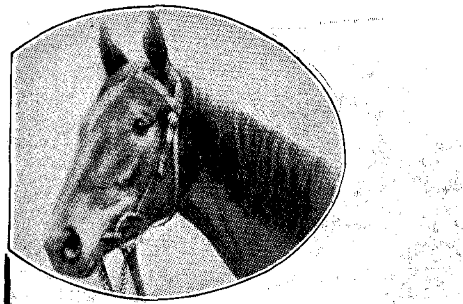

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problem is not to relieve unemployment, but to secure needed labor.

"Most potent of all and most assuring of all, for the continuance of prosperity, are the wide-spread ambition and endeavor that seek the material and intellectual betterment of each locality with the development of its resources, and the general attitude which faces the immediate future with courage and confidence, and with but scant concern as to imaginary or possible dangers."

TELEGRAPH-OPERATORS WHO BECOME RAILROAD PRESIDENTS

A question recently asked by the New York *Sun* was: "Why Do Telegraph-Operators Become Railroad Presidents?" *The Sun* declares that as often as we read that the winds will be moderate and southerly, and that Villa is dead, just so often do we read that the new head of the so and so railroad began his business career as a sender of Morse messages. So it was with Bernet, of the Nickel Plate; Calvin, of the Union Pacific, and Level, of the Western Pacific, "three of the present summer's new crop of presidents who went, as a railroad poet might say, from the sounder to the scepter." It is recalled by the writer that the list of distinguished railroad presidents of these and older days is full of operators, and includes Van Horne, of the Canadian Pacific; Hughitt, of the Northwestern; Newman and Brown, of the New York Central; McCrea, of the Pennsylvania; Hayes, of the Grand Trunk, and Tuttle and Todd, of certain New England lines. Richard Spillane, writing in *Commerce and Finance*, asks why did not *The Sun* include Earling, of the St. Paul; Stevens, of the Chesapeake & Ohio; Underwood, of the Erie, and a score of other railroad presidents? Mr. Spillane declares that it is "a simple matter to explain how the Knights of the Key climb the railroad ladder:

"Every railroad-dispatcher necessarily must be a telegrapher and a good telegrapher. Telegraphy sharpens the wits, makes a person acute. A bright young man who is a telegrapher in the railroad service learns more of the various branches of railroading in one year than a conductor, an engineer, a motive-power head, general passenger agent, general freight agent, or a car accountant does in five years. He is in touch with every branch of the service. He is one of the impulsive forces of the organization. He has to think quickly and act quickly. He has to know what to do in case of wreck or emergency. He has to know how to keep things moving. If he does not, the railroad suffers, and he is likely to lose his job. He is in touch with everything and everybody connected with the operation of the system. If he is made of the right stuff, he gains recognition.

"Telegraphy as a profession is unremunerative but it is a great incubator. Some of the greatest editors and some of the best writers in America were graduated from the telegraph-key. There are scores of playwrights and actors who were telegraphers. William Gillette was an operator. So was George V. Hobart. Harry Desouchet, who wrote 'My Friend from India,' probably the best comedy ever fashioned by an American playwright, was a telegrapher. Henry Guy Carlton began as a telegrapher. So did Frank Munsey. Langdon Smith, whose poem "Evolution" is a classic, worked for the United Press as an operator. George Kennan, who is one of the foremost writers of America to-day, was a telegrapher. Edison was an operator. There are a thousand men prominent in the professions and in business who are disciples of Morse. Nearly every one of them is a high-strung, quick-witted, earnest, temperamental person.

"No one except a practical telegrapher can know the benefit there is in telegraphy in the development of the senses. There is a beauty, a charm, an appeal in telegraph sound that is beyond the understanding of the ordinary individual. Walter P. Phillips, who was head of the United Press and head of the Associated Press, and in his day one of the greatest telegraphers, would sit for hours listening to the sending of a master telegrapher. There was more of music, more of rhythm, more of poetry, more of emotion in the sending of a man like "Billy" Gibson, or William Waugh, or Johnny McCloskey to the finely attuned ear of Walter Phillips than in the greatest composition of Verdi or Massenet, Wagner or Offenbach.

"No man of phlegmatic disposition can become a great telegrapher. Only one of fervor, of imagination, and of emotional temperament ever rose to high rank. This is the secret of why telegraphers have gone to the headship of railroads and have gone to the front in other lines they have entered."

OUR RECORD-BREAKING FOREIGN TRADE

For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1916, our exports aggregated $4,333,698,604, and our imports, $2,197,984,842. Thus, exports show an increase of 57 per cent. over the fiscal year 1915, and imports a gain of 31 per cent. From *Bradstreet's* (New York) we clip the following table:

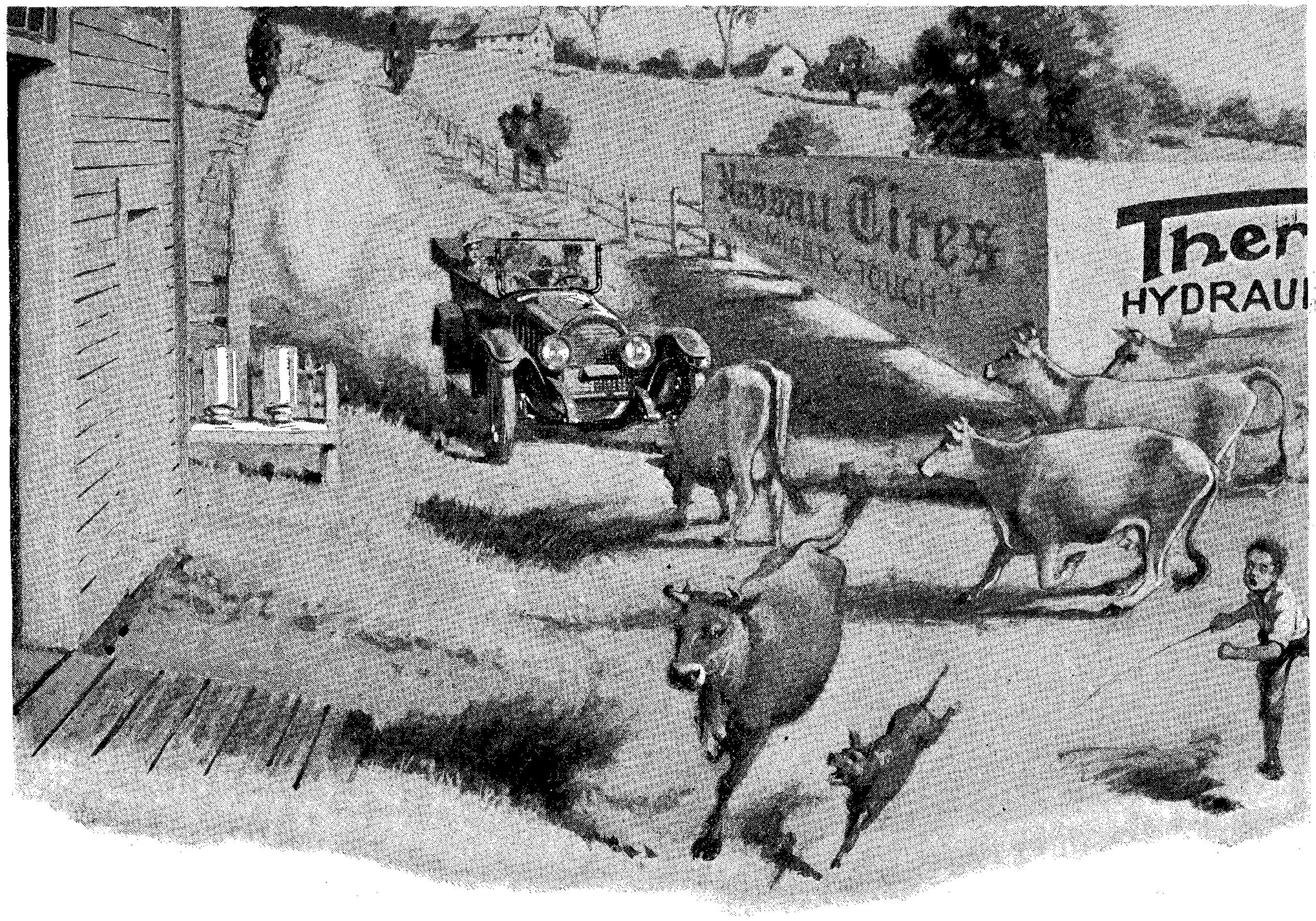
YEAR ENDING JUNE

Imports	*1914*	*1915*	*1916*
Free..........	$1,127,502,699	$1,033,526,675	$1,492,765,118
Dutiable.......	766,422,958	640,643,065	705,219,724
Total........	$1,893,925,657	$1,674,169,740	$2,197,984,842
Exports			
Domestic......	$2,329,684,025	$2,716,178,465	$4,272,406,069
Foreign........	34,895,123	52,410,875	61,292,535
Total........	$2,364,579,148	$2,768,589,340	$4,333,698,604

Analyzing these figures, *Bradstreet's* goes on to say:

"Of a total gain of $523,000,000 in imports in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1916, $369,000,000 was furnished by crude raw materials for use in manufacture, $52,000,000 was contributed by foods, and $122,000,000 by manufactures intended for further use in manufacturing, whereas manufactures ready for consumption showed a decrease of $20,000,000. Thus, import trade declined only in the takings of manufactured goods ready for consumption. In exports, out of a total gain of $1,556,000,000, manufactures ready for consumption gained by $1,189,000,000, or fully three-fourths of the entire gain, while manufactures intended for further use in manufacturing furnished a gain of $307,000,000, making a total gain in exports of wholly or partially manufactured goods of $1,496,000,000, or a total gain in all manufactures of a sum only $60,000,000 less than the entire gain in the year's domestic export trade. Exports of raw materials gained only $26,000,000, but while crude foodstuffs decreased $127,000,000, mostly wheat, manufactured foodstuffs exported gained by $142,000,000, making the net gain in all foodstuff exports $15,000,000."

Noting that our imports for the past fiscal year are the largest on record, "notwithstanding the war, which has completely prevented imports from Germany and Austria, and the fact that nearly all European countries are so busily engaged in the production of munitions of war that we might



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This common incident in the life of every automobile driver calls for quick, sure action of the brakes.

An injured car or cow means expense and annoyance.

It seems incredible that, with much at stake, men who own cars or have trucks running around will take chances by buying any old kind of brake lining. Perhaps the only time they think about it is when they're in a pinch—in danger—and the brake lining doesn't grip. ***Friction—friction,*** but there is ***no*** friction. Now try the other way—line your brakes with

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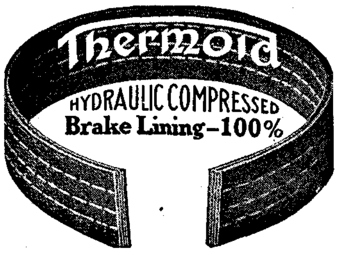
Thermoid is all friction—100% friction—from surface to surface—through and through—*all friction.* That's the kind of Brake Lining that will grip and hold your car.

Thermoid is made of high grade long fibre Canadian Asbestos, spun on brass wire. Woven into cloth, thoroughly impregnated with a friction compound, folded, stitched, then hydraulically compressed into one single solid mass. Thermoid has "body"—substance—wearing qualities. It's there with the friction until it is worn to paper thinness. Tell your supply or garage man you *must* have Thermoid.



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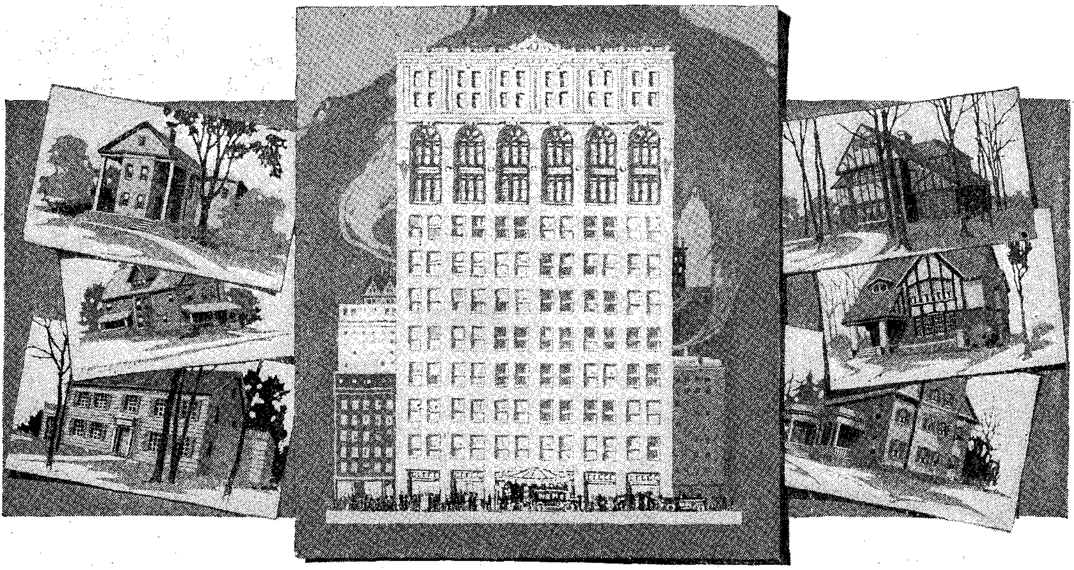

Various, divergent, even capricious, is the architecture of residences. A man builds his house to his individual taste or perchance to that of his architect. But modern business buildings are of standard types. Their architecture reflects the universal requirements of utility, convenience and service.

Motors, too, are designed either to suit an individual's taste or to meet universal requirements.

Of the manufacturers of motor cars and trucks in America, some still build their own motors. Each retains faith in his own genius or that of his designer; each naturally thinks his motor the best. But the variations are wide; few manufacturers accord to any other the sincere flattery of imitation. Their motors continue to reflect their personal preferences.

But more than one hundred and fifty manufacturers now use one or more models of the Continental Motor. Many of these formerly built their own motors. The combined experience of them all has been weighed, sifted, and summed up in the Continental Motor. Because it thoroughly satisfies the universal requirements of utility, convenience and service, it qualifies, without challenge, as America's standard motor.

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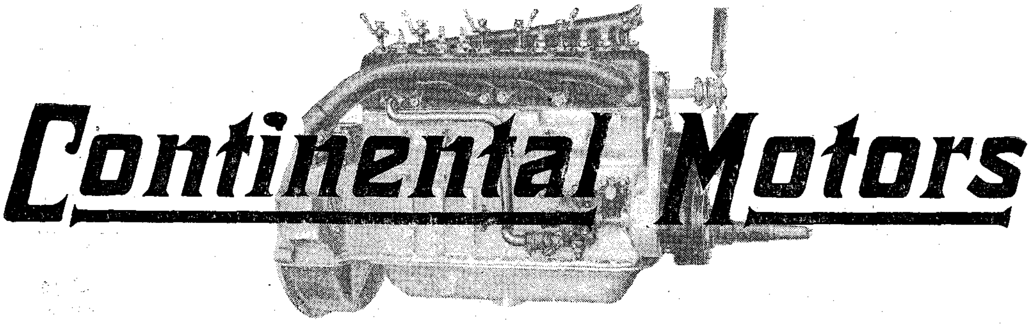


Continental Motors

suppose that they would have but little stuff for exportation," *The Manufacturers Record* (Baltimore), proceeds to study the figures from another angle. We read:

"The most important fact connected with this heavy increase of importations, and of largest significance to the country, is that of the total increase in importations, $459,238,443 was the gain in non-dutiable merchandise as compared with an increase of $64,576,659 in dutiable merchandise. We are thus increasing our importations of dutiable goods at a very slow rate, while we are making an enormous expansion of our importations free of duty. The increase in non-dutiable merchandise for the year was nearly 45 per cent., a remarkable gain, fraught with serious significance to the industrial interests of the country.

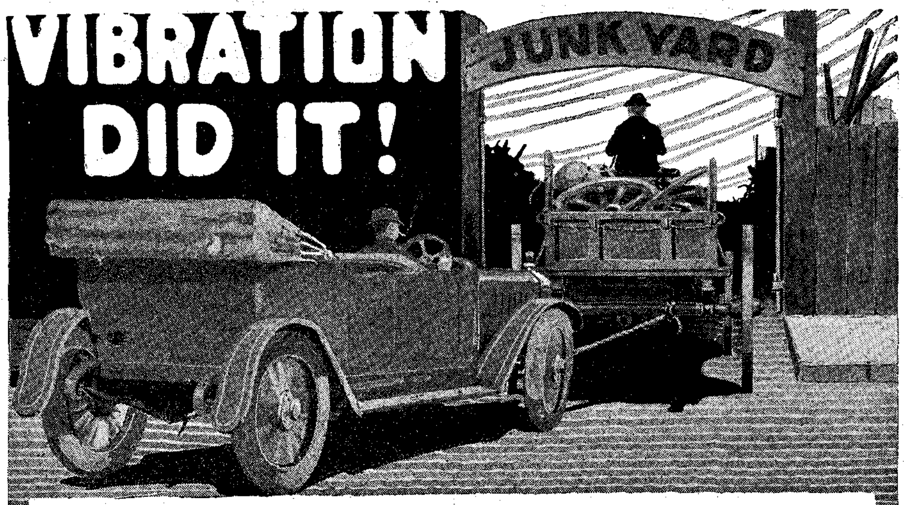
"If, with nearly all Europe at war, with Central Europe completely cut off and unable to export goods to this country, and with the exorbitant freight-rates which have prevailed during the last twelve months or more, our importations can reach the highest figure in our history, and our importations of non-dutiable goods show an increase over the preceding year of more than $459,000,000, what may we not expect when the war is over and Europe turns its munition factories back into peace activities and undertakes to flood our market with the product of its amazingly efficiently developed industries operated at low rates of wages and compelled to seek a market regardless of profit. . . . . .

"We are already beginning, even while the war is raging and ocean shipping-rates are unprecedentedly high, to get a faint suggestion of the magnitude of the imports which will flood our country when Europe's war factories are turned into peace factories, and when Europe's soldiers, quickened to unprecedented efficiency and eager to earn a living in peace work rather than to be engaged in war, will operate these factories at a degree of efficiency which was nowhere in Europe deemed possible prior to the war. The danger to this country can easily be foreseen."

After reminding us that our heavy export trade has an impermanent foundation in the present war business, the Baltimore weekly goes on to say:

"But we have a right to look for permanent prosperity based on the development of our domestic and foreign peace trade when the war is over, provided our legislation is wisely guided. . . . . . .

"We are seeking to open up in South America and in other countries an export business, anticipating that we shall be able to supplant Europe in supplying these neutral countries with the stuff which they have formerly bought from Europe. The hope is visionary if it is based on any thought that Europe will not be able when the war is over to give us in these neutral countries a far more vigorous competition for their trade than we had before the war. Europe will then be in a position to produce at the lowest possible cost of labor, with the highest possible degree of efficiency, and with women trained to do work which it had never been supposed that they would or could do. Every effort of European Governments will be concentrated upon aiding their people in regaining and enlarging their foreign trade. Competition against us will be far more vigorous than it was before the war. We are making some progress toward laying the foundation for a permanent export trade in manufactured products with the neutral countries of the world, but our progress is not yet sufficiently great to justify any expectation of as rapid development as many public men are expecting."



MANY a motor car reaches the junk yard prematurely. The answer is "Vibration."

Vibration is the insidious foe of steel, iron and all other metals. It disturbs and gradually disintegrates the molecules which constitute them, until crystallization follows and finally breakage. Slowly but surely, vibration loosens nuts and bolts and ruins the alignment of parts. On an automobile its ravages are stayed effectually by the

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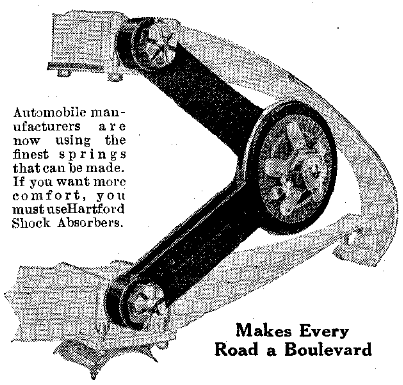
which adds years to an automobile's life and a world of comfort to its use.

The Hartford Shock Absorber scientifically utilizes friction to absorb road vibrations, jolts and jars. It does it by means of frictionally-acting discs which control the movements of the automobile spring and curb every tendency toward violence when it contracts or recoils. These discs assimilate all the superfluous energy of the spring whether in the form of pronounced or minute oscillations.

The car which wears the Hartford Shock Absorber, *glides* over road irregularites, because its springs never act abnormally; it is long-lived, because, with vibration checked, wear and deterioration are necessarily lessened.



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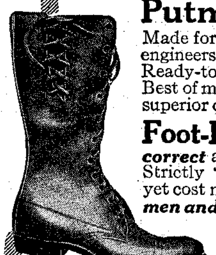

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A CAUTION ABOUT "MOVIE" STOCKS

The critical period through which the moving-picture industry is now passing impels a writer in *The Magazine of Wall Street* (New York) to warn investors against putting their funds in "movie" stocks. Yet, risky as many of them are, he is unwilling to be too pessimistic about their future as he recalls that "when an evil is known it is half cured." In the case of moving pictures this evil is "overproduction," and the remedy is discerned in the efforts being made by the larger companies to stabilize the industry. That enormous profits are being made in this field, we are told, is the natural thought of the average person, not in the business when confronted with the fact that the daily attendance at the "movies" in this country is more than 10,000,000, but—

"Strange as it may seem, this is decidedly not the case at the present time. It is almost a fundamental law that no matter how great the public demand for any particular thing is, if it is possible to increase the supply, this will be done, and so rapidly that sooner or later it will exceed the demand. So with the 'movies,' the demand continues to be enormous, but the supply now is also enormous, and competition has set in, with the natural result that profits have been decidedly lessened.

"The large profits made in the 'movies' the past decade attracted many people to the business, especially as it was a business that did not require an excessive amount of capital. Hundreds of producing companies started up throughout the country and the older companies rapidly increased their output of films. The result of this haphazard production is that the market is now glutted with films. Formerly there was a good demand for almost any kind of a film, now only the unusual are sought after. This has resulted in big inducements being made to prominent actors to take the leads in screen-plays, and the popular favorites have been able to name their own prices, as witness the $680,000 a year for Charlie Chaplin."

The great rise in the salaries of "stars" has reacted sharply on the "rank and file," and the writer advises us that "hundreds of moving-picture actors whose services formerly were in demand at excellent salaries are now out of jobs or working for a pittance." We are told further that many of the large producing companies which were showing very handsome profits a year ago are now "not doing much more than covering expenses." We read then:

"Take, for example, the companies whose stock the public was persuaded to buy of rather freely. World Film sold early in 1915 between $5 and $6; it is now $1. On July 15, 1915, a dividend of 3 per cent. was paid, accompanied by a statement that earnings were more than sufficient to warrant a quarterly dividend at this rate. Contracts were signed with the Equitable and Paragon from which profits during 1916 of $750,000 were predicted. That this was a very poor guess is obvious when the fact is considered that the present market value of the capital stock of World Film is only about $1,000,000, a rather ridiculous valuation if it had any such earning power.

"Triangle Film, put out around $5, sold to over $9. It is now $2.50.

"William A. Brady, president of the World Film, believes that a general reorganization and regulation of the industry is necessary, and this is the belief of the more prominent men in the moving-picture field. It is a great industry, but its mushroom growth has caused inordinate waste and a general slackness of methods that will have to be eradicated before large profits will again be seen. Moreover, some effort will have to be made to bring some of the more powerful units together so that there will be a lessening of the present killing competition.

"Several mergers have been proposed. The very latest is one in which the Triangle Film Corporation, the Majestic Film, the Reliance Film, and the New York Motion Picture Company are to form a part. This will probably be the start of several mergers which will have the effect of stabilizing the business. Many of the smaller companies will find these large units too hard to compete against, and gradually drop out or be taken over, and in this way the production of films could be kept well within the demand."

With regard to overproduction, the writer turns for confirmation to *The Photo-play Magazine* (Chicago), from which he quotes as follows:

"During the last year there has been a very decided overproduction of films. This has been due in part to the open market, which appeared to let down the bars to the little fellows, both good and bad, and partly to the change from regular program films to features. A lot of the films that have gone to make up an overproduction have been trash, but nevertheless they have increased the supply of stuff for sale and have diminished the profits in the business.

"During the past two years there has been an overstimulation of the public taste. People have had so many thrills, put across in so many different ways, by so many different head-liners, that their taste has become jaded, making it difficult for a film made by any one at any price to get over. Most important of all has been the management of the companies. The motion-picture business, being a hazardous proposition, dependent upon the public taste, does not lend itself to such systematizing as do most other lines of business. It has been impossible for the heads of the concerns to lay out any definite policy and stick to it. In many instances this has led companies into loose ways of doing business. The time is at hand when a producer can scarcely make a profit."

Yet, in spite of all, the writer in *The Magazine of Wall Street* assures us that no industry that has as much life and vitality as this comparatively new arrival "can remain consistently in the dumps," and he adds:

"The only question is, When will the tide turn? President Zukor, of the Famous Players, altho entirely appreciating the difficulties that now beset the industry, is optimistic as to its future. He was recently quoted as follows:

"'Talking for the Famous Players Film Company, I need not tell you that ever since its organization, more than four years ago, we have accepted every opportunity presented, and have constantly sought new means to produce greater and better photo-plays.

"'History repeats itself, even in the film business. The same unfavorable conditions that existed in the industry four years ago have returned in a larger degree to-day. Then the easy success that had been won by film-producers had led them to lower their standards and produce such inferior subjects that the public was already becoming tired of the consistently poor merit of the average moving-picture program and was deserting the photo-play theaters in alarming numbers. The Famous Players Film Company was organized at that time in recognition of this situation

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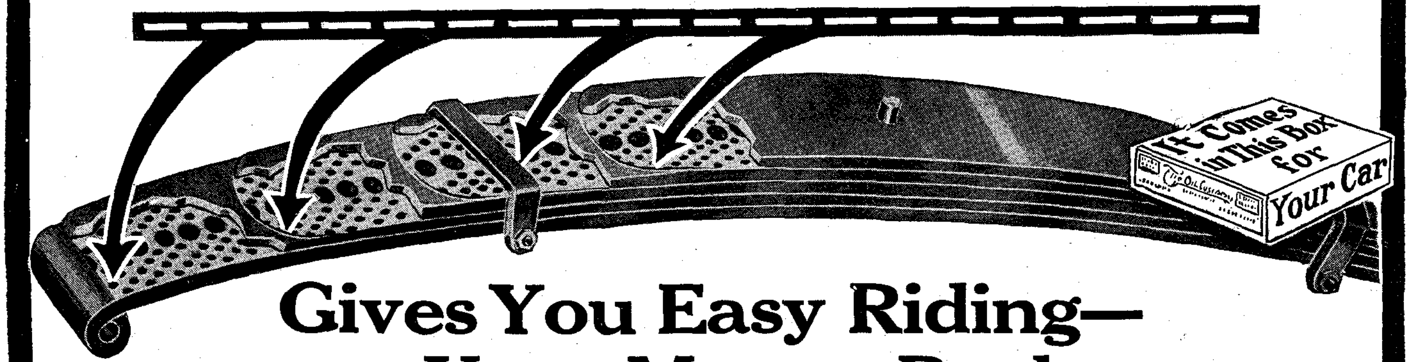
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and with the determined purpose to raise the falling standards of screen-production. Similar disadvantages have again arisen. Due to destructive competition and new detriments, photo-play merit seems again certain to be lowered.'

"The stocks of the larger companies that are available to the public, World Film and Triangle, are selling at a price that would appear to have largely discounted the unfavorable conditions of the industry. Even at these low figures they, however, should be regarded as rather risky purchases as there is no definite information as to just what their earning power is at the present time. It is very possible that the opportunity will be presented shortly to make an investment in the stock of moving-picture corporations which will offer fair prospects of enhancement in value. Until a definite turn for the better has taken place, however, the best idea is to hold off. Many smaller companies and new promotions under present conditions are in a bad way and their stocks should be left severely alone."

RUSSIA'S NEED OF AMERICAN CAPITAL

We are reminded by *The American Banker* that the Czar's dominions, with their population of more than 170,000,000, offer a limitless field for financial operations, and that an American bank is about to open two branches in the Empire, one of which will be in Petrograd, and the other in Moscow. This journal goes on to say:

"Today, Russia is becoming what the United States has been in the past, a continental area of limitless wealth, of which the surface has not even been scratched as yet. Europe finds this country a market for exports more valuable than any other part of the world, and hence the eagerness with which the various commercial nations seek entrance into the American market.

"To-morrow, Russia will be of far greater value commercially to her Allies than the United States to Europe since 1815. All the natural wealth which this country possesses is held in even higher degree by Russia, and the first step toward the utilizing of these resources has yet to be taken. This is why the American banking institution above spoken of is so anxious to be in the field and open branches in its two principal cities. These American newcomers are welcome in the country which they seek to enter. They will find an inviting field and opportunities of financial expansion and commercial development without a parallel in any other part of the world.

"Half a century ago, or, for that matter, for a generation prior to the Civil War, this country had territory without population, and so was forced to wait for time and immigration to give it the inhabitants which were needed to build up its industries. Russia has no need to wait for settlers from abroad, because it already has a population which is well-nigh double that of the United States. What Russia does need, however, is capital, and the coming of this indispensable agent of prosperity is urgently sought.

"American financiers have in Russia one of the most inviting fields in the world for profitable investment in manufacturing plants, mines and oil-fields. When these opportunities are made use of this country will find its capacity for embracing foreign opportunities more than exceeded by invitations which will be extended."

NOT OUTGROWING OUR FOOD-SUPPLY

From the Committee on Statistics and Standards of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States come comforting statistics proving false the idea that the growth of population in this country is in greater ratio than the supply of food-products. This committee, of which A. W. Douglas, of St. Louis, is chairman, reaches the conclusion that "the problem of imports of foodstuffs into the United States need not give us serious concern either now or in the near future." In a discussion of these reassuring statistics, the New York *Commercial and Financial Chronicle* says:

"From the production of the leading cereals and tubers, according to the committee, during the last fifty years, it is claimed, that while the population increased about 200 per cent. during that period, the production of wheat increased 560 per cent.; corn, 270 per cent.; oats, 475 per cent.; barley, 2,000 per cent.; Irish potatoes, 250 per cent., and rice, over 3,000 per cent. 'The usual argument that we are becoming a food-importing country is based on the statement that our exports of foodstuffs are decreasing, while imports are increasing,' the committee goes on. 'In the case of wheat, the greatest of all cereals used directly for human food, the exports vary decidedly from year to year, being affected by a great number of contributing causes, but exports have shown an appreciable increase during the past five years, while the imports always have been and still continue a negligible quantity.'

"The falling off in exports of corn is ascribed to the numerous new uses found for it at home in ways often not directly as human food. The past two years show a large increase proportionately in imports, principally from Argentina. These imports were actually in small volume compared with the production of any surplus-growing corn State, and had small relation to the question of food. They were largely the result of decreased domestic production, owing to drought in the two years in question, and consequent high prices.

"The case of rice is cited. Rice, it is stated, is peculiarly a plant of tropical and subtropical countries, and consequently can be raised only in a comparatively small portion of the United States. Yet, while both importations and exportations have increased in about equal proportion, production has outstript them both, thus indicating that the largely increased demand is being met by domestic production even more than foreign importation. A very definite proof of surplus production of agricultural products beyond our needs, according to the report, is the fact that each year we carry from the former harvest into the succeeding harvest from 20 to 25 per cent. of the yield of the principal cereals.

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in this country, and, because of the lack principally of suitable climate, it is a question whether we ever will do so save in a limited way,' is one of the deductions. 'Consequently, our importation of such articles is entirely a question of taste, and our extensive use of them is an evidence of our ability to gratify this taste and not a matter of necessity. In case of stress we could well get along without them, as was generally done in the South during the Civil War, which is a very different proposition from not raising enough wheat for our own use and trying to get along without that. The statement that our agricultural exports during the last quarter of a century have shown a decreasing percentage of our total exports has not in reality any more to do with the case than have the flowers that bloom in the spring.'

"Cane-sugar is pointed to as a most remarkable exhibit. It is largely a tropical and subtropical product, and consequently can be grown only in a limited area in the United States. Likewise, the production of sugar in this country has always been complicated by the matter of tariff. Yet, despite these facts, according to the report, domestic production increased about 1,600 per cent. against about 1,000 per cent. in imports. Meanwhile, exports from this country have increased over 2,000 per cent. There is scarcely an agricultural food-product, either primary or secondary, the production of which has not outstript the growth of population in the last fifteen years, it is claimed, and 'the real problem is not to seek needed supplies abroad, but to find an adequate and satisfactory market for the constantly increasing domestic output.'

"It is stated, that the number of cattle in the country has been slowly increasing since 1912 and that the causes of this are still in active operation. A chart indicates that the decline in the number of hogs was but temporary as there are now more hogs in the country, it is asserted, than ever before. Furthermore, the committee declares that conditions were never more favorable for an increase of hogs."

MANILA THE KEY TO OUR FAR EASTERN MARKETS

The one step necessary to place American trade-interests on a proper footing in the Orient, according to Mr. Jefferson Jones in *The Nation's Business* (Washington), is the establishment by our Government of a "free commercial zone" with ample warehouses at Manila. To quote:

"There is a Malay word in universal use throughout the Far East called 'godown.' In English, it means 'warehouse.' You will find godowns at Osaka, at Kobe, at Hongkong, and at Singapore, but with the exception of the big Government Army and Navy warehouses along the Pasig River, together with several small shipping godowns, Manila to-day is without proper warehouse facilities. It may be that 'godown' is the answer to the question 'How shall we put America first in the Far Eastern market?' At any rate, it is worth consideration in the face of the fact that American trade has steadily declined in China during the last ten years.

"American merchants sold more goods to China last year by $10,165,769 than they did five years ago. In 1905, our total imports into China amounted to $27,884,518; in 1910, $29,990,370, and in 1915, $40,156,139, reaching the highest mark in the trade-relations between the two countries.

"So far, so good. But when we consider what other nations have accomplished during the same period, the foregoing figures are not quite so satisfactory. While

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America's trade in China has increased, the trade of other nations with China has increased at a far greater rate. American merchants who controlled 14.9 per cent. of the total foreign trade of China in 1905 are scarcely able to-day to hold 9 per cent. Where ten years ago each Chinese user of foreign goods was spending fifteen cents with an American manufacturer, to-day he is spending only nine cents. And the American, once China's second best merchant, is now a poor third.

"And this decline has been made in the face of an increasing friendship and a mutuality of interests between China and the United States, thus making the problem a serious one to the merchant bent on business in the Far East. In examining trade statistics of the Orient, it has been too easy for him to draw the conclusion that our inability to reap a fair share of the Chinese trade is due to the nearness of other nations to the Asiatic markets. The American merchant has seen how Great Britain controlled the trade of Southern China from its base at Hongkong; he has watched the Japanese trader load his goods at Osaka and Kobe, and within six days' time unload them again on a wharf on the Chinese coast, and he has decided that 'nearness to market' is one of the main factors that is causing America's share of the trade in China to dwindle. But is such the case?

"Since 1898 the United States has held a trade-base in the South Pacific, the Philippine Islands, which, if properly established, could be made to command a commercial influence over the Far East which would be felt from Calcutta to Peking. What the position of Hongkong has meant to British trade in China could be made to apply to our own insular port of Manila. Not only then should we be able to regain our former share of the Chinese markets, but we would further strengthen, financially and educationally, the commercial growth of the Philippines.

"The one step necessary to place American trade-interests on a proper footing in the Orient is the establishment by our Government of a 'free commercial zone' at Manila. The measure has been advocated for several years by our merchants in the Philippines, but little thought was given the project in this country. The breaking out of the European War since that date has aroused the American manufacturer to the need of foreign markets, and it is expected, with Governmental recognition of American financial aid to China, the American trader will seek to regain the position in the East that he held a little more than a decade ago. Here is where our insular possession can play its part.

"Naturally, Hongkong with its 'free port,' with its Kowloon, Cosmopolitan, and Aberdeen docks, with its godowns adjoining wharves, has been the Far Eastern base of freighters from the seven seas, and ships that otherwise might have made their reprovisioning anchorage at Manila, but 631 miles distant, have turned their business over to the British port instead. Even the American Pacific Mail fleet of vessels, which resumes its service to the Orient on August 29, has limited its stop at Manila to two days, while its ships will be docked at Hongkong for ten days.

"The United States is losing millions of dollars through this arrangement. Not only are American vessels paying into British ports heavy harbor dues that could just as well go to the up-keep of the Philippine Islands, but they are diverting to Hongkong a large American-tourist trade. . . . . . .

"To consider briefly the expenses that American shipmasters pay over to British authorities when they take their vessels into Hongkong: The tariff-rates charged at the British docks on gross tonnage of the vessels are $475 for a 1,000-ton vessel, $495 for a 1,100-ton vessel, and 45 cents for every ton beyond that amount. For the above rates a vessel is allowed to remain in dock but three days and, for every day after the third, American ship-owners have been required to pay $110 for 1,200 tons and 9 cents per ton beyond that limit. With American vessels entering Hongkong scarcely ever having a gross tonnage less than 20,000 and with a scheduled stop of ten days, the expenses are obviously large.

"But there are further harbor duties. For discharging cargo along the wharves and using the ship's gear, a progressive scale of prices has been arranged which includes $1.25 for less than two tons; $1.75 for less than five tons, and so on. Lighterage is taxed at 12 cents a ton. Thus it can be seen that American vessels entering British ports in the Orient, besides providing work for hundreds of natives, are compelled to pour thousands of dollars into British coffers, to be utilized for colonial development. This might better go to the development of Manila and our insular possessions.

"What American shippers and traders need, if they are to regain their commercial position in the Far East, is the 'free zone' at Manila. Let our Government set aside fifty acres of reclaimed land in the Porte district along Muelle San Francisco and there erect godowns alongside the three concrete piers they have built on the waterfront. Provide a commercial coaling base and then invite the ships of the world to dock at piers and discharge what goods they may within the district free of charge and without the usual tedious delays of the customs office. Provide suitable shipping facilities so that American vessels can spend ten days in Manila, and Hongkong will become a port of call for two days, as are Shanghai, and Kobe, and Yokohama. Give the American 'round-trip' tourist the opportunity to journey over the Manila railroad to the beautiful mountains at Baguio. Let him get the thrill and pride of what the American occupation of the Philippines has meant to the Islands and natives. As the travel increases the spirit of America will gradually be infused in the Filipino. . . . . . ."

Summing up his argument, Mr. Jones concludes:

"The United States controls the Philippines trade. Practically all goods brought into the Islands are subject to duty except when coming from the United States. This assures the American manufacturer of a 'home market' that is second to none. By the establishment of the 'free zone' in Manila he would not only be able to keep stock for the constant and growing trade of the Islands, but he would be in a position to trade with Calcutta, with Singapore, and with the vast and wealthy provinces of southern China. Hemp from the Philippines which is now shipped in British bottoms to London and then reshipped to Boston and New York, thereby causing needless expense, will soon, under proper shipping legislation, avoid this by going to American ports via the Panama Canal. With the 'free zone,' American merchants will be able to barter and trade any surplus stocks with the rubber-merchant from Singapore or the tea- and silk-merchant from Hankow and Canton. Manila will have become one of the leading commercial cities of the Orient, the tradal warehouse of a vast trade to the East; the American tourist will spend his money in our own possessions, and Manila will have become the terminal point of American commerce in the Pacific from which will radiate into Asiatic markets the American salesman, ready to deliver his goods in no more than two weeks' time. That would mean 'America First' in the Far East."

THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the current use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"J. E. B.," Hopkins, Mich.—"(1) What is the meaning or significance of the name *Theresa?* (2) What historical bearing has the name? (3) What is its correct pronunciation?"

(1) Charlotte M. Yonge in her "History of Christian Names," vol. i, p. 271, says: "From θερω [*therō*] (to heat), came θερος [*theros*] (summer), which, in sunny Greece, came likewise to mean the summer crop, just as in Germany *herbst* serves for both autumn and harvest. Thence θερίζω [*therizō*] (to reap or gather in the crop), and from this verb, the pretty feminine Theresa, the reaper."

(2) The first to bear the name *Theresa* was a Spaniard, the wife of a Roman named Paulinus, both devotees under the guidance of St. Jerome. There were in addition (1) *Theresa*, Countess of Portugal, born about 1070. She was the daughter of Alphonso VI., King of Castile and Leon, and in 1095 married Henry of Burgundy. (2) *Theresa*, Infanta of Portugal and Queen of Leon who, in 1189, married Alphonso IX., King of Leon. But the greatest of all was (3) a remarkable woman who made the Roman Catholic Church resound with the fame of her enthusiastic devotion—*Theresa Cepeda*, or more fully, Teresa Sanchez Cepeda Davila y Ahumada, who was beatified in 1614, and cannonized in 1622 by Pope Gregory XV. Saint *Teresa*, educated by the Augustinian nuns at Avila, entered the Carmelite Convent of that city when twenty years old (1535). The Catholic Encyclopedia (vol. xiv) affords an illuminating insight into the character and the activities of this Mother of the Church and adds: "A word must be added on the orthography of her name. It has of late become the fashion to write her name Teresa or Teresia, without "h," not only in Spanish and Italian, where the "h" could have no place, but also in French, German, and Latin, which ought to preserve the etymological spelling. As it is derived from a Greek name, *Tharasia*, the saintly wife of St. Paulinus, of Nola, it should be written Theresia in German and Latin and Thérèse in French" (p. 516).

Whether the name is derived from the sources cited by Miss Yonge or from *Therasia* (θηρασία), a small island in the Ægean Sea, opposite to Thea, but westward, mentioned by Pliny, or one of the Lipari islands near Sicily, mentioned by the same author, the LEXICOGRAPHER is unable to say.

Two centuries later the world saw another strong and noble personality in Maria Theresa, Archduchess of Austria, queen of Hungary and Bohemia, and wife of Francis I., ruler of the Holy Roman Empire. This was the woman who appeared before the Hungarian magnates in the Diet, at Pressburg, in 1741, bearing her infant son (Joseph II.) in her arms, and who made so noble an appeal for help that she won their hearts and they responded with the well-remembered cry "Moriamur pro Rege Maria Theresia!" This was the woman who was despoiled of Silesia by Frederick, King of Prussia, who, as Lord Macaulay describes it in his "Essays," "determined to commit the great crime of violating his plighted faith, of robbing the ally whom he was bound to defend, and of plunging all Europe into a long, bloody, and desolating war, and all for no end whatever except that he might extend his dominions. He determined to assemble a great army with speed and secrecy to invade Silesia before Maria Theresa should be apprized of his design and to add that rich province to his kingdom." These incidents brought about the Seven Years' War—1756-63.

(2) The name is pronounced te-re'sa—the first *e* as in *moment*, the second as in *see*, and the *a* as in *sofa*."

"B. M. B.," Canadian, Texas.—"Is there anywhere any authority for spelling the word 'intervener' *intervenor?*"

Intervenor is used in England as a variant legal form of *intervener;* but *intervener* is the only form given by American dictionaries.